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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

IV.

DR. LAVENDAR always said that his brother Joseph lived with him ; but the fact was, Mr. Joseph Lavendar could spend only his Sundays at the rectory. He used to come down from Mercer on the Saturday morning stage, but he traveled back again on Monday morning to his music-teaching. "My profession takes me away from home during the week," he used to explain. That one day with his brother really made a home for this simple, honest gentleman, whose occupation was to drill short-petticoated misses in their scales.

But although Mr. Lavendar came to Old Chester only to spend Sundays, the village, quite as much as his brother or himself, would have resented the suggestion that his home was not at the rectory ; for everybody loved Joseph Lavendar. To be sure, he was something of an exquisite, which is not usually endearing : his suit of brown broadcloth was immaculate, his linen spotless, his shoes knew the polish of his brother's precious stones ; indeed, he had more than once been seen to brush a speck of dust from them with his pocket handkerchief. But, though finical about himself, he was tolerant of other people's dusty shoes, to speak generically, and such tolerance is always endearing. Besides, the eager kindness of his face was irresistible ; his mild, somewhat prominent blue eyes were without a shadow of suspicion of any of the human race ;

his bald, high forehead, with little tufts of reddish hair above each ear, was forever wrinkling with sympathy for somebody else. It was nothing more than sympathy, for he never dared to offer advice ; it being his instinct to believe that other people knew more than he did. He accepted, joyously and gratefully, the opinions of his friends, especially his brother's opinion, for Dr. Lavendar's judgment was quite ultimate with Mr. Joseph, — except, indeed, when he disapproved of people. Then, almost always Mr. Lavendar acquired an opinion of his own, and ventured to differ. He did it in an apologetic, deprecating, timid way, but he differed. It seemed as though he were constitutionally obliged to take the side of the under dog.

It was this amiable and unreasoning tendency which brought the first note of discord into the friendship of the two brothers, — a friendship very tender and faithful, and almost sentimental in the admiration which each felt for the other.

Mrs. Pendleton came to live in Old Chester ; and Dr. Lavendar, who had quite forgotten her in these twenty tranquil years since she "threw Joey over," suddenly found that he had not forgiven her. And certainly, the poor lady, with the best intentions in the world, did not endear herself. The fervency of her responses in church distracted the old clergyman from his own devotions ; her foolish benevolences amazed him ; her efforts — those pitiful efforts of the outsider to seem on terms of intimacy with recently

acquired acquaintances, efforts which are betrayed by speaking of comparative strangers by their first names — seemed to him only the unpardonable vulgarity which indeed they are. When she said “Susy” Carr behind Miss Susan’s back, Dr. Lavendar winced; and when she spoke of “Jane” and “Tommy,” he took immediate occasion to refer to Mrs. and Mr. Dove. Poor Mrs. Pendleton meant well, and in truth there was nothing upon which Dr. Lavendar could put his finger as his special reason for disliking her: perhaps that was rather an aggravation in itself; our sentiments towards “Dr. Fell” are probably heightened just because we “cannot tell.”

But it was in connection with Mrs. Pendleton that Mr. Lavendar’s constitutional tendency began to threaten the life of mutual admiration in the rectory. Mr. Joseph did no more than speak well of the little widow. He, too, had almost forgotten her, and he had quite forgiven her; but, spurred on by Dr. Lavendar’s dislike for her, he hunted in his memory for her good qualities, that he might defend her to his brother. No doubt the reviving remembrance of the pain she had made him suffer so long ago added to the warmth of his defense; which, to be sure, was eloquent in intention rather than in words, for he only protested, timidly, that he thought Mrs. Pendleton an exceedingly pleasing person. But that his taste, his discernment, his judgment, should be so at fault confounded and irritated Dr. Lavendar.

It would be as incredible as it is amusing, if only all the world did not know it to be true, that a difference in taste can be absolutely disastrous to friendship, and even to love. The absurd unhappiness begins at the moment when it becomes plain to each friend that the other ought to be convinced. What starts as a matter of opinion deepens into a question of principle.

This point had been reached by the two brothers. It was a long time since

the amiable routine of Joseph Lavendar’s thought had been so broken in upon as by his brother’s injustice to Mrs. Pendleton. Never before had Dr. Lavendar’s indulgent admiration for Joseph’s unreasonable good nature been shocked into a suspicious doubt of Mr. Lavendar’s intelligence. Each brother had been amused at first, and then amazed, and now each had become almost indignant.

“But, brother James,” Joseph would say, his mild, prominent eyes full of reproachful anxiety, “you don’t seem to be fair to the lady. It is n’t like you not to be fair.”

Even Dr. Lavendar saw the humor of that. “Ho!” he said, and grinned a little. “Well, perhaps I’m not always fair, Joey; but I’m never prejudiced; and I have a memory, sir!”

“Oh yes, I know what you mean; but that was twenty years ago, my dear James, and it was entirely my fault. She is a lady of great kindness, and” —

But Dr. Lavendar would fling out impatiently that Joey did not know what he was talking about!

“Kind? Well, yes, she has a good word for everybody. I think she’d speak well of the devil. I don’t call that ‘kindness,’ Joey. I call it silliness; silliness, sir, for the devil does n’t deserve a good word. You speak up for her as if you were going to — to marry her!” Dr. Lavendar had cried once, sawing the air with his pipe, and searching for the most preposterous illustration he could find.

“Marry — her? I never — why, I never thought of such a thing,” stammered the younger brother, his high forehead growing faintly red. “I never — dreamed of such a thing.”

“Well, well; there! I beg your pardon,” said Dr. Lavendar. “I may have seemed irritated, but not at all, not at all. I was merely emphatic. I can’t help being amazed at your lack of intelligence. An unintelligent person distresses me; and you ought surely to be able to see, Joey, that she” —

And so they argued on ; each convinced that he was right, and each sincerely troubled at the attitude of the other. Again and again, Mr. Joseph, with timid and anxious persistence, suggested that Dr. Lavendar should show more marked kindness to Mrs. Pendleton, because she was a stranger and — and his friend. Again and again, Dr. Lavendar asserted that he would do his duty as her clergyman, but nothing more, because he did not like her, and he saw no reason why his private opinions should be at the mercy of his official duties. “I’ll call twice a year, or I’ll bury her, cheerfully, — that’s my duty ; but I won’t pretend that she’s a personal friend when she is n’t !” he would insist.

It was in the winter that he had used the extraordinary illustration of marriage as a means of showing his brother how unreasonably far his defense of the little widow had gone. Until he said it himself, Dr. Lavendar had really never thought of anything so bad as that ; yet, even as he used it, the illustration became a possibility to him, and he realized in a flash that defense, if persisted in, will create a certain tenderness in the defender for the defended. All through the spring his own suggestion rankled in his mind. “But no,” he would assure himself, “Joey has too much sense. It’s only his ridiculous amiability.” It never occurred to him that Joey, too, might brood upon that sarcastic suggestion, until the acceptance of it would seem natural and even chivalrous, and not sarcastic at all. But it will be readily perceived that if Mr. Joseph’s “ridiculous amiability” could lead him to such a point, Mrs. Pendleton, or rather their disagreement about her, would mar the brothers’ Sundays to such a degree that each would secretly find Monday, and Joseph’s departure, a relief.

Dr. Lavendar was the first to recognize this, and it sobered him into momentary indifference to the object of their dispute. “Joey and I fall out !”

he said to himself, dismayed and almost frightened. “Joey and I quarrel about that foolish woman ! What nonsense ! We’ll just drop the subject.” Was there ever a disagreement in a matter of opinion which was not broken into chapters, as it were, by this determination to “drop the subject” ?

The next Saturday, when Mr. Joseph climbed carefully down from the stage, and carried his carpet bag into the little hall in the rectory, Dr. Lavendar was saying to himself that he and Joey must not get into any more discussions about that person ! Oddly enough, Mr. Lavendar, too, had determined to drop the subject, and, with this end in view, substituted another.

“My dear Jim,” he said, “I have found a very admirable garnet. I saw it at Soomby’s, and got it for a song, a mere song. But it needs a good deal of polishing.” Mr. Lavendar pulled open a little leather pouch, the mouth of which was gathered on a string ; he carried his notes in this, each carefully rolled up like a lamplighter and folded four times ; he shook out of it, carefully, a wad of tissue paper. Dr. Lavendar, pleased and eager, bent his thin old hand into a cup to hold the stone.

“Yes, yes ; wants a bit of cutting, a bit of polishing. Joey, you are an extravagant dog ! How much did this cost you, sir ? I saw young Shore yesterday. (Yes, they’re here. Came Thursday.) I told him he had got to give me a diamond when he gets rich. He says he’ll never be rich. Very likely not. A man with a rich wife is a pretty poverty-stricken fellow, sometimes. I heard that she once sent her check for his club dues ; think of that !”

“Poor boy !” said Mr. Lavendar, his face wrinkling with pity. Mr. Lavendar’s face showed his emotions as a little sheet of placid water shows the wind. “But I’m told she’s a good housekeeper ?” he defended her.

“Yes,” Dr. Lavendar agreed ; “as far

as the bread which perisheth goes, the boy 's well fed. But that 's not enough, Joe? "

"No, that 's not enough, Jim," said the other; and then they went out, as they always did on summer Saturday afternoons, to make, arm in arm, with Danny at their heels, the tour of the garden behind the rectory.

"The hollyhocks are not looking as thrifty as they did last year," Joseph observed, with concern.

"They 've never done so well as they did eight years ago, — no, nine; it was the summer Philip and Cecil were married. Joey, how many pears do you suppose there are on that little jargonelle? I counted 'em last night."

The two brothers went across the deep soft tangle of the grass, and stood under the pear-tree. "It has twenty-seven pears, Joe!"

"I thought I saw twenty-nine," Mr. Joseph said mildly, after a moment's pause to count the still green fruit; "but no doubt I was mistaken."

After that, as they went down a little brick path, past the honey-locust hedge and the big laburnum bush, over to the south wall where the two beehives stood, Mr. Lavendar told, as usual, all the little details of his week's work. Dr. Lavendar knew the names of the pupils, though he had never seen them, and he had his questions to ask and his comments to make; and then he told Joseph all the Old Chester news. But both were conscious of an effort; each was aware that the other disapproved of him, and that made a strange, intangible barrier between them.

The level sunlight, piercing through the trees and bushes, stretched in powdery lines across the grass; it shone warm against the red bricks between the ivy leaves on the rectory, and it struck a sudden shine from all the little panes of glass set in their deep window frames. The brothers sat down under a trellis where the wistaria hung its purple, bee-

haunted blossoms above their heads; syringas pressed close about this little arbor, filling the air with heavy fragrance, and a thicket of lilacs, their dark, heart-shaped leaves spotted with white mould, made a dense shade behind it. There was a small wooden table in the arbor, and on it were a decanter and two glasses.

Dr. Lavendar, with a careful hand and an intent, puckered face, mixed the proper proportions of water and sugar and lemon with the contents of the decanter; then, his legs stretched out before him, the front of his waistcoat sprinkled with ashes from his pipe, his black skull-cap pulled down over his stiff white hair, he gave himself up to comfort. Danny had stretched himself luxuriously upon the grass checkered with moving leaf shadows, and was opening one eye occasionally to snap at an impertinent fly. Dr. Lavendar sipped, and sipped, and talked. Joseph listened, and agreed, and held his glass up before his eyes, narrowed to a beaming line so that they might catch the light through the liquor. It was not unnatural, everything being so harmonious, that Dr. Lavendar, with a view to dropping the subject, should do so with some well-chosen words.

"Joey, in connection with what we were speaking of last week, — I don't mean to discuss it; of course every man has a right to his opinions, and you have a right to yours; I'm the last person to dispute that, for, whatever else I may be, I'm tolerant, sir! — but, in that connection, I just wished to say to you that, in formulating your opinion of — of your friend Mrs. Pendleton, it seemed to me you overlooked one fact which I think bespeaks character: she enjoys giving away money to the poor so much that she gives it where it does harm. Now, that's pure selfishness, not generosity; she" —

"Brother Jim, do you not overlook the fact that she has a kind disposition?"

"I was not talking about her disposition!" declared Dr. Lavendar, frowning. "I'm not in the habit of discussing

a lady's disposition, sir. I don't know anything about her disposition. But I hope I am not trespassing upon any propriety when I say that her intelligence is at fault? She is not intelligent. She has gone and given some money to Job Todd. He does n't have to work, and so he gets drunk."

"A kind deed," Mr. Joseph began to explain, "may be an error of judgment, brother Jim, but"—

"It is n't kind if it's an error of judgment, brother Joe," cried the other; "you have n't any business to make errors in judgment in dealing with people like Todd."

"Well, but," protested Mr. Lavendar, his face quite agitated, and his kind, prominent blue eyes distressed and entreating, "everybody makes mistakes sometimes."

"No, they don't. Look at Susan Carr. Never made a mistake in her life! At least—you make me emphatic—I mean her judgment is good. Now, there's a woman I admire!"

Mr. Lavendar's face softened; he even blushed a little. "An admirable lady, yes; I agree with you," he said. "I am sure she has a kindly feeling for—for the lady of whom we were speaking. And you respect her judgment, brother Jim?"

"Of course I do—in most things. I don't know her views on this subject. Utile Dulce is intelligent; she"—

But Joseph did not follow his brother's dissertation upon the estimable Miss Carr. "Miss Susan and I are going to look over a new *Te Deum*," he said; "I—I wrote her about it, and I shall take the liberty of stepping over to her house after tea."

"Good idea," assented the old clergyman, with a pleased look,—Joey was not apt to give up these discussions upon Mrs. Pendleton so readily; "excellent plan. I have a great regard for Susan Carr. Ah, Joey boy, *there* was a woman! When you were both younger, I

used to hope—But you'd had your deathblow, poor boy,—yes, your deathblow. It's queer that an unintelligent person can have such an effect. Well, I didn't mean to discuss it. Yes, of course, go over to Susan's. I think I'll step in with you myself."

"Oh, will you?" said Mr. Joseph, a little blankly; "that will be—very agreeable."

V.

Mrs. Drayton had just declared that it was a little bitter to take a mother's place to a child, and then be forgotten. "For Cecil has been here three days, and has n't called," she was saying, when she discerned her step-daughter walking indolently up the village street.

"Oh, *at last!*" she said, and glanced at the mirror at her side, to see if she were tidy. Mrs. Drayton was always careful to have the cheval glass near her, so that she might be sure of the delicate precision of her invalid costume. "The light hurts my eyes," she used to say patiently, with the air of one who suffers for a principle, "but I must be tidy!" And so she patted her faded hair, and pulled the ruffles down about her lean wrists, and looked again swiftly into the glass.

There was a nervous quiver in her small, blond countenance; she was afraid of Cecil. The smile at the corner of her step-daughter's lip, which seemed to say, "Yes, I understand you," confused and terrified her. At heart, she much preferred the diversion of being neglected, the interest of Cecil's unkindness, to the shivering apprehension which her dutifulness aroused.

"How well you look!" Cecil said cordially; and Mrs. Drayton kissed her nervously, and responded, "I don't look as I feel, then. I am far from well,—far from well!"

Lyssie glanced at her sister imploringly; had Cecil forgotten that her mother

did not like to be told that she looked well?

Cecil answered only by a surprised "Really? Well, one can't tell anything by looks. It seems to me you look younger and better than when I saw you last."

The frightened attention in Mrs. Drayton's face relaxed. "Well, I suppose I *am* a little older, but confinement indoors does spare the complexion,—I must admit that." As she spoke, she glanced at the mirror again, which made Cecil say that the reflection from the glass must try her eyes; and she even took the trouble to rise and throw her wrap across the tall carved frame and over the gleaming oblong of the mirror. She looked sidewise at her stepmother as she did it, and smiled. Mrs. Drayton gave a gasp, and had the air of one searching for a repartee. She found nothing more impressive to say, however, than that she thought Molly was looking well when Philip brought the child to see her. "Philip came three days ago," she declared significantly.

Lyssie, hovering on the outskirts of the conversation, ready to rush in as peacemaker, or to be silent when either of the two whom she loved best in the world seemed to be doing herself justice, said, hurriedly, something about Mr. Carey. Was he going to stay long? Did he like Old Chester?

"He is quite agreeable," Mrs. Drayton announced, before Cecil made any effort to reply. "He called yesterday. Your company came to see me, Cecil, though you did not."

Cecil opened her eyes in frank astonishment. "Why, he does admire you, Lys!"

The invalid frowned, and drew her little pale lips together. "Really, Cecil, such talk is quite indelicate. Young girls in Old Chester are not in the habit of hearing that they are admired."

"No, I should n't think they were," Cecil said dryly. "Lys is an exception.

But perhaps you don't mean her ever to have an admirer?"

"Ceci, you're a goose!" Alicia broke in. "How can anybody have an admirer in Old Chester? I am going to succeed Miss Susan as a model spinster."

"When the proper time comes," Mrs. Drayton said severely, "I hope Alicia will be suitably settled. But I don't approve of talking flippantly about a serious matter."

"It is serious," Cecil agreed, with an amused look. "But it does turn out well sometimes. Look at me! And your marriage, too; though you can hardly expect Lys to find a widower. I've heard you say that widowers make the best husbands."

Mrs. Drayton sat up very straight, and seemed to consider where she could strike a blow. "Yes, you are quite right; they do. And as for your father's being a widower, as you are unkind enough to remind me, Cecilla, I can't help saying that I don't mind being a second wife, but I never would have consented to be a second love!"

She almost sobbed, but Cecil said soothingly, "I am sure you were not a second love, Mrs. Drayton."

There seemed to be nothing objectionable in such an acknowledgment. "But she means something," the poor little woman thought, and repeated, with a catch in her voice, that there were people who said there was no husband so good as one who had learned a lesson of patience with a first wife, "even if it was a very youthful experience."

"Ah, well," Cecil objected seriously, "somebody's got to marry first, to make the widowers, I suppose?"

"Unfortunately," Alicia broke in, "we have no widowers, only a widow; and she can't get married unless she gives up the money her husband left her. Was n't it unkind in him to make a will like that?"

This well-timed remark diverted the threatening storm, and Mrs. Drayton

began to gossip about her neighbors, and to deplore their failings, which made her more good natured. For a virtuous discontent with other people imparts a sense of rectitude and a peace of mind hardly equaled by virtue itself. Cecil, looking out of the window, and watching the blowing silver of some willows at the foot of the lawn, and beyond them, now and then, the faint, rocking flash of the river, listened lazily. Alicia breathed freely, and doubtless all would have gone well had Mrs. Drayton only refrained from going back to her first grievance. "Yes, everybody in Old Chester is very kind to me; all my friends come to see me; they don't forget how lonely I am." She sighed, and glanced at her husband's miniature, which she wore on a long, slender gold chain about her neck.

Cecil was unable to resist this. "You must miss papa very much?"

"Oh, I do, — oh yes, indeed; it is a great cross; my one prayer is that" —

"That he will return?"

"That his health will permit him to return. I could never be so selfish as to wish him to run any risk for my sake; that is not my idea of love, Cecil."

"I should be so interested to know your idea of love," Cecil answered slowly; "but I was sure you would not wish him to return."

"Mother is so nervous about people's health," rushed in the tender young troubled voice; and then poor Lyssie said, breathlessly, she "wondered when Cecil and Philip would come to tea."

"Why, you don't seem to want to talk about our dear papa?" her sister said, laughing and rising; and then she bade her cowering stepmother good-by, and regretted that she must remove her wrap from the mirror.

"Cecil, how can you tease mother so!" Lyssie said hotly, as they went downstairs. "You know how nervous she is, and you know, in spite of — of the things you make her say, she really loves you, and" —

"Which of us is Mr. Drayton's child by his first wife?" Cecil broke in drolly.

"Cecil!"

"Ah, well, I ought not to tease Mrs. Drayton, — you are quite right," Cecil confessed frankly. "I won't. I'll stay at home. Lyssie, come to supper to-night and entertain your mother's admirer. Why did n't he tell me he had called?" And then she went away, smiling to herself at Mrs. Drayton's fright.

But Lyssie could not be spared that evening. Her mother had been so much agitated by Cecil's visit that she was too unwell to be left alone.

"Oh, I am a poor useless creature," said Mrs. Drayton, her voice quivering. "I interfere with your pleasures. I'm a burden to you. Yes, you need n't deny it, Lyssie; you would rather be with Cecil than stand here and comb my hair! I am a miserable burden; and if it were not wrong, I should wish that my heavenly Father would take me to himself!"

While Lyssie, with great good sense tempered by tenderness, was combating these opinions, Cecil, in the fragrant twilight on the terrace, talked about her stepmother to her husband and her guest; or it would be more exact to say, she talked to her guest, for Philip, sitting smoking on the steps of the terrace, took no part in the conversation. Molly, nestling down in his arms, listened to her mother's talk, and frankly resisted her father's efforts to gain her attention.

"I'd rather hear mamma talk. Mamma is so funny!" she said; and Philip had no choice, at last, but to lure the child down into the garden, to spare her some little childish delusions about her grandmother.

Roger Carey, listening, laughed and looked annoyed, and then laughed again. "The old lady is preposterous," he thought, "but she's Miss Drayton's mother. Mrs. Shore does n't seem to consider that." It occurred to him, at that moment, that this decent sensitive-

ness on his part was because she was Miss Drayton's mother. Nevertheless, he laughed until the tears stood in his eyes, when his hostess told him, with unsparing and clever truthfulness, this or that incident in which poor foolish Mrs. Drayton had taken herself seriously.

"And the funny part of it is, Lyssie does n't see how amusing her mother is," Mrs. Shore ended; "she takes her seriously, too, — dear little thing!"

"Well, that's fortunate," Mr. Carey commented.

"Fortunate? Why, not at all; it simply encourages Mrs. Drayton, and" —

"Yes; but don't you see," interrupted Roger Carey, "it would be fatal if she were ridiculous in her daughter's eyes? Absurdity is the one thing love can't stand; it can overlook anything else, — coldness, or weakness, or viciousness, — but just be ridiculous, and that's the end of it!"

"Ah, but not that kind of love," Cecil said. "My sister's feeling for her mother is not the lover's love, nor even the filial love; it is the maternal passion. One is never ridiculous to one's mother!"

Love is a most interesting topic between men and women. Mr. Carey's cigar went out while he laid down the law with all the emphasis of the theorist; until, by some chance, — perhaps it was in the way of an illustration of married love, — they came back to Mrs. Drayton again, and Cecil began to tell another absurd story about her. Then Roger Carey lighted his cigar, and frowned a little.

"It's awfully funny," he said, "but I feel as though I ought to apologize to your sister for listening to it."

The blunt rudeness made Cecil Shore look at him with attention. But he never thought of apologizing to her; instead, he began to talk of other things, with that good-humored determination to change the subject which is so irritating to the listener. Mrs. Shore felt it, and was almost relieved to see her hus-

band appear. Philip had mounted Molly on his shoulder; she was pulling his head over sidewise upon her little breast, and rumpling his hair about his eyes. When they reached the steps of the terrace, he slipped her gently down from her high perch, and made great pretense of horror at his disheveled condition, which enchanted Molly, who shrieked her desire for another ride.

"No, a merciful little girl is merciful to her beast. I've carried you round the garden three times, and how many times have I been carried round, I'd like to know? And it's your bedtime, too. Oh, what dissipation! It's a quarter past eight! Run along, now, to bed."

"Oh no, I want her," Cecil said gayly. "Don't you want to sit up with mamma a little while?"

And Molly, nothing loath to escape her nurse and her father's rule of bed at eight o'clock, climbed up into her mother's lap. Cecil clasped her in her arms and kissed her, rocking the child backwards, and catching her with a storm of caresses. Philip looked away, and then back again, and opened and shut his hands nervously. His glance had in it none of that deep and beautiful meaning with which a man may look at the woman and the child who are his, who stand to him forever as that other Mother and Child who belong to our humanity and divinity. Roger Carey felt the peculiar unhappiness which is experienced by a guest conscious that a domestic infelicity is occurring in his presence. He said impetuously, and with no regard for relevance, something about some stock quotation, and bewailed his luck.

"Hang it, the day after I bought, down it went!"

Philip, turning his back on those two on the terrace above him, said calmly, why had he not done thus and so? why had he not taken advantage of this and that? and then gave him a bit of information which made Roger slap his thigh

and cry out in grateful enthusiasm, "By Jove, that's the neatest thing I've heard of! I did n't know you were up to this sort of thing! You ought to be on the street; what a business man you would make!"

"Philip is a good business man," said Cecil kindly. "Since he has managed my property, my income has increased fifty per cent, — no, forty. How much did you tell me, Philip? Fifty per cent?"

Roger drew in his breath in a noiseless whistle; he did not look at his host.

"Your income has increased forty per cent," Philip answered.

"Well," said Roger, "if you have any more of these ideas lying around loose, do hand them over to me. I'm amazed to find that you have a genius for speculating."

"I have n't. It is Mrs. Shore's wish to invest her money in this way; I merely act for her. That's how I happen to know about it."

"Philip's one fear is that I shall grow what he calls disgustingly rich," Cecil murmured, over Molly's head. ("Now, Molly, go to bed. Mamma is tired. Come, don't be so slow! I hate people who dawdle. You absurd little monkey! you don't want to go to bed? Well, then, climb up in mamma's lap again.") Mr. Carey, you don't know all Mr. Shore's remarkable qualities: he is a single-tax man, a woman's-rights man, a — a — an artist, — all in one. Oh, and a financier; though that is not genuine; he prefers poverty, don't you, Philip?"

"I think I prefer a walk, at this moment," her husband said lightly, "if you will excuse me? Carey, shall I leave you with Mrs. Shore?" And then he lounged down into the summer dusk and disappeared.

Roger Carey debated with himself a moment, and looked after him. He did not like Mrs. Shore, but he liked to hear her talk; so his half-uttered excuse died upon his lips. "Shore's too polite to

her," he thought, and then gave himself up to the pleasure of looking at her and listening to her. But Cecil saw the moment's hesitation with an astonishment that had in it both amusement and annoyance.

VI.

Alone, Philip Shore drew a breath of relief; he let himself out into the grassy lane by the great iron gates at the foot of the garden, and as they clanged sharply behind him his face lost its look of restraint, and settled into the worn lines of habitual and troubled thought. It was an interesting face, gentle, intelligent, sad; the face, as Mr. William Drayton had recognized, of an ascetic, of a man who might even be a fanatic, but one in which the harassed bitterness could melt into sweetness when his eye caught a flower nodding against a blue sky, or when he heard the murmur of water under a vague moon, or when a child's hand touched his own. Even now, with eyes oppressed and heavy with thought, he stopped to notice some distant cypresses standing like black spires against the fading yellow in the west. He seemed to have no objective point in his walk; he went at first towards Miss Susan Carr's house, and then hesitated, and turned down the road, walking slowly and aimlessly until he reached the bridge which crossed the river, like a gray ribbon stretched between green banks. Though the sky was still faintly light, it was quite dark down there, for the river ran close to the hills; it was very silent, too.

Philip folded his arms upon the stone coping, and watched the slight heaving of the lily pads; there was a faint lap and slip of the water against the pier in mid-stream. As he leaned there, looking down at the black current, a sudden tremulous sparkle wavered up from its depths, and he lifted his eyes to see a star hanging low in the melting, translucent dusk above the hill; the star in the river shook

and trembled, plunging down like a golden plummet, or blotted out when a lily leaf swung across its upward track; but it grew brighter, for the darkness deepened, and still he leaned and watched it. He was saying over to himself words which clamored in his ears in all his silent moments: "How far is a man's own conception of his duty to weigh against accepted standards?"

It is a serious question. Most conscientious men and women must answer it one way or another in their lives. Philip Shore had been trying to answer it for three years. For it was just three years since he had acknowledged the hopelessness of his marriage, and had said to himself a hard saying: "Marriage without love is as spiritually illegal as love without marriage is civilly illegal." This once admitted, that unanswered question inevitably presents itself: Must a man be base in his own eyes, because the law approves? Shall he live a lie, because expediency and custom condone the offense? Or may his own conception of duty weigh against accepted standards?

Philip Shore was thirty-three that summer; but he looked older, for he had hardly known youth in the sense of joyous unconcern and divine, full-blooded humanness. The years before he went to college had not been young years; his uncle had made the lad his companion, and kept him reading and studying with him when he should have been at boarding-school, among boys of his own age. Philip's passionate feeling for color and form Donald Shore admired, with reverence, because he was himself quite without it. The boy should be an artist, he said; and Susan Carr agreed with him, and so they put their wedding off a little longer, that Donald might take Philip away for a year's study before he went to college. "When you are through college, boy," the uncle said, "we'll go abroad!" But before that time came Donald died, and Philip had to arrange for that study abroad without

the encouragement and stimulus of Mr. Shore's deep and quite unwarrantable belief in him.

Philip had been so happy with his uncle that he had not cared very much for the society of those of his own age, except indeed for Cecil Drayton's society, and hers not at all because she was the Everlasting Feminine. "Cecil has brains," he told his uncle; "she is n't girly." So it was not until he had finished college, and had come home to Old Chester for a month's visit before starting for Paris, that he fell in love with this tall, silent, mysterious Cecil. At least she seemed mysterious to him. Perhaps love, like art, needs mystery, for it does not always thrive in the unreserve of realism. Certainly, Philip's absence for the next three years kept him very ignorant and very devoted. He was very much in love in those few weeks before he went away. He said to her the old, beautiful words which every lover has whispered, and every mistress has believed: "No woman was ever loved as I love you—because there never was a woman like you!" Cecil, just home from boarding-school, wondering what life meant, still altogether potential,—Cecil smiled, and sighed, and consented; gazing with calm, innocent eyes at the extraordinary agitation in his face. She thought he would kiss her, but he knelt down and kissed the hem of her dress, and went away silently, leaving her amused, but not displeased. Then had come the three years of engagement and absence and letter-writing,—three things which most perfectly conceal character. When they ended, these two young persons knew each other less than at their beginning.

Cecil had been impatient for the engagement to end. She wanted to go abroad; she wanted to live the strange, fascinating Bohemian life of which her lover wrote her; she wanted—oh, how much she wanted!—to get away from Old Chester. "I'm rich, you know,"

she wrote him once, shyly ; and though he adored the noble frankness of her love, he must, he told her, feel that he was able to support her, and then — *then !*

And so he worked, his soul kindling with the thought of the woman he loved. His love was a form of art to him ; it was religion ; it was life ; it was his inmost self. It created in him the purity, the truth, the reverence, which it revealed in her. That she should love him filled him with that fine humility which exalts instead of depresses. It was the mystery of the Divine coming down to earth for us men and for our salvation : it was not to be understood ; it was to be accepted. Her potentiality did not trouble him ; her sweet ignorance of human passion exhilarated him.

Love such as this dwells less upon the beauty of the beloved, the touch of her hand, the ivory curve of her soft throat, — the things on which a young lover writes lame verses, and of which he is as proud as though he were responsible for their perfection, — such love thinks less, or not at all, of those things, and much of the God who is revealed in them. Of course, with the pathetic belief of youth that absolute confidence is possible between human souls, Philip used to write to her of all this spiritual significance of love ; and she, with gentle and non-committal sympathy, would answer that what he said was true, or wonderful, or beautiful ; and her lover's heart would glow at the "reserve," the "insight," which those words indicated.

Philip Shore was a man capable of sustained ecstasy, — a man who lived, not upon those occasional sunlit peaks of emotion which most of us touch now and then, but upon a high plateau of noble idealism, — and the three years of waiting became almost the novitiate of a holy life, so complete was his idealization of marriage, of love, and of the woman he loved. Very likely there was

a touch of the mystic in this young man ; mysticism is latent in most artistic temperaments, though it does not always show in artists, perhaps because the mercantile instinct which they so readily acquire chokes anything so unprofitable as mysticism. And Philip, unhappily, was never to be more than artistic ; his ability fell just short of making him an artist.

They were married rather unexpectedly, at last. The three years' study had not found Philip very far on the road to success, and the engagement might have been prolonged, had not Mr. William Drayton met him one day in Paris, and, in a burst of sudden fatherly interest, told him the engagement had lasted long enough. "She's got plenty of money, so what's the use of waiting ? Take her or leave her ; don't shilly-shally !" said the unromantic father.

And Philip took her.

And so at length came the wonderful day. Now, nine years after, Philip, leaning over the parapet of the old bridge, staring down at the rocking lilies, remembered it, the color burning suddenly in his face.

The night before he arrived in Old Chester was as much a holy vigil to him as were those sacred hours which young knights spent on their knees before their armor. He was too solemn to know that he was happy ; his thoughts were prayers. The next day, as a priest might go to the altar, — nay, as a soul to its God, — Philip Shore went to the woman he loved.

Thinking of that supreme moment, here in the summer darkness on the bridge, he drew a breath that was like a groan. He remembered what he had meant to tell her ; he knew the very words in which he had intended to say that in these three years of absence the white thought of her had shown in every dark place of his nature ; she should see that the man's soul in him knelt before her womanhood. He meant, too, to share with her, with the generosity of

only the highest love, a deep distress of his own, at which, in his letters, he had only been able to hint, — the knowledge that had come to him of his own mediocrity in art, and the alternative of going on with a work which he loved, in which he could never excel, and the giving it up to put his shoulder to the wheel of life, and be of some use in the world. That she would counsel him as his own soul had counseled him he had never doubted. It was in this spirit that he met her.

Still in her eyes he found the same deep smile, the smile into which he had read every solemn meaning of life and death and love; still, still, that wonderful, sympathetic silence, which had again and again revealed him to himself by all its unuttered intelligence. There was all this, but there was something more. They sat together alone in the June dusk. There was the scent of jessamine about them; a star shook in the tender sky; far down in the orchard, a bird cry, as clear as a drop of honey, fell into the beating silence. Cecil, leaning back in her chair, bent her arm behind her head, and the full sleeve slipped up above her elbow; the warm shadow of her white chin fell across the curve of her bare throat; the dusky rose in her cheek deepened; she drew in her red lower lip, and lifted her eyes, full of the glints and lights of dark wine, and brimmed with strange, mocking, delicious meaning, and looked full at him. Then she laughed. It seemed to Philip that she said something, — he did not know what, — some commonplace about the wedding, perhaps; he did not hear it. A mad, unrecognized, latent Self leaped up. All his love burst into flame; the spiritual passion vanished. His hands tightened upon each other as he looked at her; his eyes glowed. Cecil's smiling silence intoxicated him; he crushed her hand in his savagely, kissing the warm palm, until she gave a little cry and laugh, and said he hurt her. "*Mine!*" the young man was saying to himself.

Those three years, in which his thoughts of her had been prayer, were forgotten; all he meant to say to her, face to face, heart to heart, man to God, was forgotten; all the solemn glory and whiteness of love went out, as a star in heaven might be blotted from a man's sight by the roar of some hot fire here on his little earth. Oh, love! love! love! This, then, was love, — this supremest expression of self?

Philip, remembering, his elbow on the crumbling parapet of the bridge, his chin on his clenched hand, ground his teeth. Well, so it had gone. Looking back upon it, he saw earnestness and ambition and responsibility flung aside; he saw art forgotten, or followed for the personal ends of amusement or occupation; he saw himself the prisoner of an ignoble passion, hiding his chains behind the cloak of marriage. He knew every step of the shameful, splendid, glowing way. He knew the ghastly moment when he looked back at the heights from which he had come, and recognized the dishonor he had done to love and the woman he loved. The remembrance of that moment, of that time of anguish and of struggle, turned him sick now, eight years afterwards; for it was a year before he awoke, a lurid, drunken year, in which he had no thought of anything but self. His awakening dated from their first quarrel which had in it anything deeper than some selfish irritation; there had been plenty of such contentions, followed by equally selfish reconciliations. This quarrel had sprung from his reviving determination to give up his painting. Cecil had refused to listen to anything so foolish. She adored the life in Paris, a life which had in it all the freedom of the Latin Quarter and all the luxury of the Champs-Élysées. Her resistance woke the old arguments for truth, the old reverence for art. There had been a violent altercation: Philip, in a half-dazed way, standing out for what, blindly, as though through

some mist of memory, he knew to be right; Cecil saying insolently that the money was hers, and she "would not allow it."

"Then you can stay by yourself!" he had flung back at her. "I've done with this pretense." And with a high hand he had carried out his wish, and they had come back to America.

That was the beginning. The old ideals crowded upon him, and he knew that he did not desire them. It was a time of dreadful remorse that seemed like some sickness in the very substance of the soul. Then it was that he turned to his wife for forgiveness, only to discover, with confusion and incredulity and dismay, that Cecil was not aware that she had anything to forgive.

After that came the long struggle to waken her dormant soul, — a struggle which amused, and then bored, and at last irritated her beyond words. At first she endured it with rallying tenderness and temptation, and he would fall for weeks or months into loathful ease and satisfaction in the comfort of his life; for, except when he teased her with visions and ecstasies, Cecil made his life full of lazy and beautiful comfort. With Molly's birth, which came just after their return to America, the revelation of fatherhood summoned him with solemn and irresistible voice to his spiritual manhood. That summons seemed to him so conclusive that he found Cecil's deafness to it incredible. She loved the child with a fierce unhumanness; she caressed it in a way that made him sometimes turn away his eyes. Yet, through Molly, with kindling hope, again and again and again he appealed to her. He called out with anguish to something which was dead, or had never lived.

But they came no closer together because of the child; their constant and bitter disagreement concerning her training made her little life like a wedge driven into the very heart of their marriage.

To Philip first had come the recognition of the hopelessness of the situation: he had thought to marry a beautiful soul, but had married instead a beautiful body. The woman whom he had loved had never existed. The woman who had for a time chained him to his senses, stifled his soul, insulted his heavenly vision, — that woman he had never loved, as he counted love. And that woman was his wife.

Cecil, by and by, had come to feel, with a dull sense of disappointment, that love, by its very nature, was a temporary and passing experience, but she was much too philosophical to be unhappy. She used to look at young lovers with some amusement, but no bitterness; her life was too comfortable for that. Besides, she did not dislike Philip. In those first days, when she had been fond of him, and they had quarreled, she had almost hated him; but that was all past, and now she was both tolerant and good natured.

"How far is a man's own conception of duty to weigh against accepted standards?" said Philip Shore to himself again, looking down at the swaying glimmer of the star. It was very dark now on the bridge; it was very silent. But the silence was clamorous with incisive questions: Is not a man's own conception of duty a dangerous and an egotistic guide? Is not obedience to an unwritten law merely fantastic and absurd when it interferes with all material well being; when it robs a man of a home; when it bids him turn his eyes away from the beautiful, unloved woman who is his wife; when it even means the possible renunciation of his child? Again and again Philip Shore had said to himself that such obedience was impossible.

And yet, coming back to the associations and ideals of his youth, here in his old home, he recognized, almost with terror, that it was possible. Those high demands spoke in all the silences of his luxurious living: "Is not marriage with-

out love as spiritually illegal as love without marriage is civilly illegal? And if it is, what is your duty?"

It needs a brave man to answer that question.

VII.

Miss Susan Carr's distress at Joseph Lavendar's folly was so genuine that she did not strain the truth when she said she was not well, and could not go to church, the first Sunday after she had received his letter. "No self-respecting woman will let a man have the chance to be refused," said Miss Susan, and she was glad that a headache came to her assistance in saving Mr. Lavendar from mortification.

Then it occurred to her, as a respite, to accept a long-standing invitation from some old friends in Ashurst, and so escape the next Saturday and Sunday. "But after all," she sighed to herself when, on Friday, she said good-by to the Misses Woodhouse, and turned her face again towards Old Chester, "after all, I can't be away from home every time Joseph Lavendar is in town. I suppose I've got to meet him some time. But my manner shall show him — he'll understand from my manner that I'm not — not thinking of such things!" She was saying this to herself as she climbed into the empty stagecoach at Mercer, and then sat waiting for it to start, and looking at the rain streaming on the window. "I will be severe," said this amiable woman, frowning at the vacant seats opposite her; "it's better that Mr. Joseph should think me disagreeable than misunderstand any mere friendliness. I could not respect myself if I allowed" — Just here the stiff handle of the door turned with a jerk, and Mr. Joseph Lavendar stepped into the coach.

"Oh dear!" said poor Miss Susan, shrinking back into her corner.

Mr. Lavendar sat down on the mid-

dle seat of the stage; it had a swinging strap for a back, and was quite narrow and far from comfortable. Mr. Lavendar took it for that reason; for though the stage was almost empty at present, it would doubtless fill up, and as a matter of course Joseph Lavendar took the least desirable seat. When he looked up and saw Miss Susan sitting opposite him, he felt the compensation which unselfish people are forever discovering in their sacrifices.

"Why, my dear Miss Susan!" he cried. "Why, this is very delightful, quite an unexpected pleasure. I feared that your visit was to be prolonged over another Sunday."

"I did think of it," said Miss Susan faintly. ("If nobody else gets in, I will get out," she decided desperately; "I'll say I forgot something — I'll say I'm ill — I'll say — Oh, how can he be going to Old Chester on Friday?")

Perhaps the distress in her face asked the question; at all events, he began, cheerfully, to explain his presence. One of his little pupils was ill, — poor dear child, — a most pleasing child, a son of poor Thomas Townsend. Miss Susan recalled Thomas Townsend? He died some fifteen years ago; he was a relative of — of our friend Mrs. Pendleton. "But as his illness is not serious, I can be grateful for the opportunity, which I very much appreciate (as you know, my dear Miss Susan), to spend an extra day in Old Chester."

Miss Carr began, nervously, to gather up her umbrella and bags. "I think I must" — she said hurriedly, but paused, and fell back into her corner again, for a large lady, in a tight black alpaca, was climbing, laboriously and with panting breath, into the coach. "He can't speak now," thought Miss Susan, relieved but unhappy.

The stage sagged forward, and started with a swaying jog; the rain clattered on its ribbed top, and on the rubber aprons that covered the trunks piled at

the back ; and its three occupants resigned themselves to that peculiar jolting discomfort which only the inside rider knows.

"Let me see," said Mr. Lavendar pleasantly ; "you have no later Old Chester news than I have myself ? In fact, I have the most recent, as I only left town on Monday. But you can tell me something about our friends in Ashurst. I trust they are all well ?"

"Yes," Miss Susan assured him, and made haste to repeat all the Ashurst gossip she could think of.

The large lady, whose elms were in terraces, was swaying about in her corner, as the coach swung and lurched, but she was so comfortably protected by her personality that she was able to doze a little, though sometimes, at a decided jolt, her eyes would spring sharply open, and then drop shut again. Miss Susan looked at her imploringly ; if Mr. Joseph should see that she had fallen asleep, what might not happen ?

"I was sorry not to see you last week," Mr. Lavendar said, when Miss Susan came to a pause in her Ashurst reminiscences ; "and the week before you were indisposed, Lyssie told me. I was much disappointed."

Miss Susan murmured her apologies for having missed the choir practicing. She searched her memory desperately for further Ashurst gossip, but nothing presented itself.

Mr. Lavendar lifted his left leg across his right knee, and looked at it critically, brushing a little dust from the neat brown broadcloth.

"I was very much in hopes to have had a short — ah — conversation with you, my dear Miss Susan," he said ; and then, the color mounting in his face, he added, "You received my letter, of course ?"

Susan Carr dared not look at him. Was he going to — here, in a stage-coach ? "Letter ?" she said. "Oh yes, I — I believe I did. Don't you think we

had better open a window ? It's quite warm in here. At least, if it will not inconvenience this other lady," said Miss Susan, raising her voice, so that Mr. Lavendar was quite startled, and their fellow-passenger opened her eyes in a sleepy gleam.

"It is warm," Mr. Joseph agreed, and he tugged at the window strap with an energy which made his face red, and wakened the stout lady so thoroughly that she sat up for a moment and looked about with frowning surprise. Then a gust of cold, wet air blew in upon the swaying, pitching occupants of the coach, and Susan Carr wondered if it would not keep her protector awake. "How fresh and delightful the air is, ma'am !" she said to the lady pleadingly.

"It's damp," returned the other, and closed her eyes.

"My letter did not call for a reply," Mr. Lavendar proceeded, in a low and confidential voice, "but I thought I should have seen you before this. There is so much I want to say," he ended simply.

"A man who talks on such subjects in a stagecoach must be — very much so," thought Miss Susan despairingly. "But I won't let him !" And, with this determination, she burst into eager and emphatic views about the weather. The rain beating against the closed windows made the landscape waver and glimmer ; the woods were gray with mist, and the streams under the creaking wooden bridges were swollen and laced with tangles of foam.

"I think this is the equinoctial," announced Miss Susan breathlessly. "Just see how it pours ! And the wind is very high ! And did you notice, as we crossed the river, that the water was up to the middle of the pier, and " — Here, to Miss Susan's joy, the other traveler awoke, and found the subject so interesting that she too expressed her opinion, while Mr. Lavendar said protectingly, "It's only a passing shower, ladies, — a passing shower," and watched patiently for a

chance to go back to the subject which was plainly uppermost in his mind.

As for Miss Susan, remembering her one experience in love-making, recalling Donald's quiet, matter-of-fact affection, his tranquil yielding to circumstances, she felt this intensity on the part of Joseph with a certain quickening of the heart. "Oh, I wish he would n't," she said to herself, "for this will spoil everything, though we've been friends all these years." She was almost ready to cry with the trouble and worry of it; and indeed, when at last, damp and tired, she reached home, and sat down in the dining-room to her solitary cup of tea, the tears really did stand in her kind eyes. In her thoughts she went over Mr. Lavendar's looks and words in the coach, and the result of her meditations was that another Saturday afternoon's practice passed, and "Miss Susan was a little under the weather, and could n't come." That the robust Susan Carr should be indisposed began to be food for comment in Old Chester. Alicia Drayton, as she walked down to the church to go over the hymns for the next day with Mr. Lavendar, wondered a little about it. "Why, this is the third time she's missed the practicing!" said Lyssie to herself; and then an absent look came into her eyes, and she thought no more about Miss Susan.

The rain of the day before had washed the July dust from the roadside weeds and grasses; the trees, all in a shining rustle with the fresh wind, made pretty shadows on the path, and the lines of moss between the flagstones were like stripes of green velvet. The very air seemed washed and shining and full of the Saturday afternoon feeling,—the feeling of order and cleanliness and readiness for the morrow.

Alicia, with her green singing-book under her arm, glanced along the river road. "Will he come before we begin to practice?" she said to herself. Ah, what chance have elderly ladies with

headaches for sympathy when such questions come into a girl's mind? She stood a moment on the threshold of the church, looking out at the sunshine, and hearing Mr. Lavendar up in the organ loft pulling out the stops and running his fingers along the keys.

"Miss Susan is not very well, Mr. Joseph," she said, as she pushed open the little baize door of the loft, "and she can't come this afternoon, so you and Mr. Tommy and I will have to practice by ourselves;" and then she nodded pleasantly at the other member of the choir, who, with his spectacles on, was poring over a manuscript of music.

"Dear, dear, I am sorry to hear that she is indisposed," said Mr. Joseph; "exceedingly sorry. Will you be so kind as to say so to her, Lyssie, if you see her this evening; say I had meant to call, but, as she is indisposed, I will not intrude?" But he sighed as he spoke, and then he pivoted round on the long wooden bench to his organ; his feet, searching for the keyboard, made a muffled sound in the listening silence of the church. Down below, the cheerful red cushions on the seats were all turned over to preserve their color, and the chancel was ghostly with white covers on the altar and the reading-desk; there was the scent of Prayer Books and dust, with strange, wandering hints of flowers which had lain here with the dead all these years, or denied death on Easter mornings.

From a little round window high in the wall behind the organ a bar of yellow sunlight shot down into the dusk: it threaded its noiseless way among the singing-books upon the benches; it struck a sudden sparkle from the ring on Mr. Tommy's thin veined hand as he held his music-book close to his eyes; and it shone through the soft hair about Alicia Drayton's forehead, turning it into a delicate aureole of light around the shadowed seriousness of her face. She had been listening for a hand on the outer

door of the church, a step on the graveled path, and she had even suggested timidly to Mr. Lavendar that — that perhaps the church door was locked, and perhaps — some one was trying to get in? Mr. Lavendar said mildly, “You came in last, Lyssie; did you lock it? Then of course it is n’t fastened. Miss Susan can get in, if she changes her mind and wishes to come.”

“Oh yes, so she can!” Lyssie answered. But still she listened.

Yet when Roger Carey did slip in, closing the door gently behind him, and starting the muffled echo of the empty church, Alicia, singing, the sun making that powdery halo around her head, did not hear him, and he looked up and saw her, and the young fellow’s clear, positive, honest eyes filled suddenly with a reverence which the church itself had not brought into them.

When Lyssie saw him, there was a tremor in her pretty voice, which is natural enough in any nice girl’s voice when she finds that somebody is listening to her. This, not being a conceited man, was the explanation Roger Carey made to himself while he waited for the practicing to end. He sat in one of the square pews, which had a straight, uncomfortable back covered with prickly red cloth, and a door whose lifting brass catch had doubtless invited many of those idle fingers for which Satan, even in Old Chester, finds some mischief still. Roger Carey’s fingers began to lift it now, and then to let it fall with a clatter, while he wished Mr. Lavendar would not try “We praise thee, O God!” for a fifth time, and while he thought, smiling to himself, of this or that which Miss Alicia Drayton had said to him. Her quaint truthfulness, her enchanting modesty in matters of opinion, her wisdom unto that which was good, her simplicity concerning evil, had delighted him as he had come to know her better. When he watched her or listened to her, it was with the pleasure of the man who has

found something new. But he said to himself that he was not in love with her. Certainly, his appreciation of her sweet young womanhood was of the nature of his appreciation of a limpid morning in spring, or of a star, or of the pathos of innocence and happiness in a child’s face, rather than that more selfish appreciation which comes when a man is falling in love. Roger Carey was profoundly stirred and happy; he felt lifted up to good things. But he was not, he said to himself, “in love with her.”

He was impatient for the practicing to cease; he liked to hear her pretty voice, but he liked better to see her and to hear her talk. As he sat waiting for her, smiling now and then at some thought of her, and playing with the little brass catch on the pew door, he read the inscriptions on the two or three tablets on the walls, and that upon the brass plate in the chancel, in memory of the first minister of the church, — his name, his virtues, and the exhortation to “mark the perfect man,” and after that those two dates which bound with solemn meaning the weakest or the meanest of lives, the dates of birth and death. The empty church, the silent tread of the light from the window in the organ loft up the aisle and across the chancel, the moving shadows of the leaves outside, and, through all, Alicia’s voice, “O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded,” — all these things, the scene, the waiting, the old and beautiful words, fell into the young man’s heart with a strange touch of melancholy, and his face was serious when he met Lyssie at the door and they went out into the sunset.

It was pretty to see these two young people together, and to mark the change that each produced in the other. Lyssie’s shy anxiety, the anxiety that a girl just beginning to fall in love feels, and does not understand, — a desire to seem her best, to please, to win, all the little humility that, when she is alone, makes

her sigh and say to herself that she means to try to improve, — all that was gone in a flash, and instead there was a soft arrogance, a charming girlish imperiousness, and such joyousness!

Roger Carey seemed to have acquired all that Lyssie put aside; his impulsive dogmatism and careless good nature and frank criticism were lost, and in their place was a humbleness which was new to him, and an enchanting sense of delight in the sweetness of this young creature; he wanted to hear her talk, to see her smile, to protect her, to care for her. It was rather the feeling of the discoverer than the more serious joy of being himself discovered.

They did not go home at once, but wandered about in the churchyard and talked to each other. Once they grew so earnest that they stopped, and Lyssie sat down on an old tomb that stood like a low granite table under the shadow of a tulip-tree. She wore a little gray-and-white-striped gingham, and she had a bunch of laburnum in her belt. She took off her hat, and sat leaning her open palm on the lichen-covered name, looking up at Roger Carey with candid eyes of that color which lies on distant hills, and is neither blue nor violet. The

sunshine touched her face and dress; a leaf shadow swung back and forth across her hand, and over the assertion of endless love and grief on the old stone; and there they talked and listened, and looked and lived.

It was the usual talk: the girl's tentative expressions of opinion on great subjects; the man's instant acquiescence in them; the mutual astonishment at their unity of thought.

"You think so, too? Why, how strange! I've always felt that."

"You would rather see Egypt than any other country in the world? Why, how odd that is! Do you know, I've always said I'd rather go to Egypt than any place else."

"You really feel that a lie is the only thing you could n't forgive, Mr. Carey? Well, if I could n't forgive everything, — forgiveness is n't hard to me, — why, I think I should draw the line at a lie!"

Ah, well, well, it is the old, beautiful story. We laugh at the conviction of the glorious and harmonious future; the two souls and the single thought, built up in a moment, because views of Shakespeare and the musical glasses coincide; but all the same, it is a divine time and a true time, *and it does survive!*

Margaret Deland.

RECOLLECTIONS OF STANTON UNDER LINCOLN.

EDWIN M. STANTON entered President Lincoln's Cabinet in January, 1862, on the retirement of Mr. Cameron from the war office. He had previously been a member of the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, and continued in that of Mr. Johnson after Mr. Lincoln's death, until driven from it by the President in his quarrel with Congress over the results of the war. Although he was conspicuous in each of these Cabinets, still his fame and place in history will rest upon

his course and conduct in that of Mr. Lincoln, which covered substantially the entire period of the war.

The call of Stanton to office by Mr. Lincoln was a surprise in politics, and a departure from all precedent. He was a lawyer, not a politician, having attained prominence in his profession as a man of learning and power, with only two months' experience in the administration of public affairs, and that the limited experience of law officer in Mr. Buch-

anan's Cabinet. He was not in political affiliation with those who had placed Mr. Lincoln in power, and on the stump had opposed his election with some bitterness, while he had given no evidence of a change of views. Why then was one called into the council of the President, at that critical moment, who was neither his political nor personal friend, nor yet distinguished for long public service? He was summoned to take up the work of this very important department of the government, in the most serious crisis that had yet overtaken it, because he was a Union man, who had shown great energy, power, and courage in its behalf, regardless of personal or political consequences, during his brief service in the demoralized and paralyzed Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Lincoln needed and commanded the help of every Union man, wherever found. He had met and had been associated with Mr. Stanton professionally before his election, and had had occasion to note his great energy and will power joined with large capacity and brain force. He knew, too, that this man had been called into Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet to meet an emergency when it was *in extremis*, at the solicitation of Mr. Black, who, while attorney general, had employed him in some of the most important litigations in which the United States had been involved. What Stanton had done and had shown himself capable of doing had justified his appointment in President Buchanan's Cabinet, and was likewise President Lincoln's justification in summoning him to like service in his. Neither Lincoln nor Stanton thought of politics in the invitation or acceptance.

As a personal friend of Mr. Stanton, and a political friend of Mr. Lincoln, I had taken the former by the hand, on the night after he had accepted place under Mr. Buchanan, and had thanked him for having done so. I called upon Mr. Lincoln as soon as it became known that Stanton had accepted an appoint-

ment in his Cabinet, and congratulated him on having secured so valuable a coadjutor. Mr. Lincoln replied that it was an experiment which he had made up his mind to try, and that whenever a Union man was willing to break away from party affiliations, and stand by the government in this great struggle, he was resolved to give him an opportunity and welcome him to the service. He remarked that he had been warned against this appointment, and had been told that it never would do; that "Stanton would run away with the whole concern, and that he would find he could do nothing with such a man unless he let him have his own way." The President then told a story of a minister out in Illinois who was in the habit of going off on such high flights at camp meetings that they had to put bricks in his pockets to keep him down. "I may have to do that with Stanton; but if I do, bricks in his pocket will be better than bricks in his hat. I'll risk him for a while without either."

There had been much criticism of the management of the War Department before Mr. Cameron had left it, and a committee had been appointed by Congress to investigate its doings. The retirement of Mr. Cameron was so closely connected, in point of time, with these criticisms freely made in Congress that at first it was generally supposed they had had much to do with it. Although there was no foundation for this suspicion, yet two members of the committee having this investigation in charge, Elihu B. Washburn and I, received from Mr. Stanton an invitation to call at the War Department the next morning after his appointment. We found him with his coat off, busy, and surrounded with papers, endeavoring to bring into his notions of order the somewhat demoralized condition into which things had fallen. "I want a little conference with you, gentlemen, before I begin," was the direct and rather abrupt salutation we received almost as soon as seated. "I am surrounded with the as-

sistants and employees of the régime I am called upon to succeed. Their experience will be valuable to me; the aid of some of them seems now indispensable. But before I move I want to know from you if there is anything the matter with any of them." He then went on to speak of certain men in particular. "That gentleman in the adjoining room I have known myself for many years; he has no equal in his specialty. I cannot spare him unless I must. My own confidence in him would suffice, if I alone were to be consulted in this matter. But it is not enough that I do not doubt his honesty. The public must have confidence in him, also. I have no time to spend in vindicating him against false charges. It is as important that the public believe in him as that I do; and if they do not, he must go before I begin, for I am to open new books. Now, gentlemen, what do you say? Does anything appear against this man, in your investigations?" And so on with several others holding prominent positions in the department. This was Stanton's ideal of fitness and usefulness in the public service. He left all past disputes behind him, and left behind him, too, all debatable characters.

He was of as strange a make-up as Mr. Lincoln himself, and yet no two men were more unlike in all that enters into the character of men. The one was gentle-mannered, tender-hearted, trustful, hopeful; the other was brusque in his intercourse and stern in his dealings with others, on his guard at all times, and prone to despond. The one sorrowed over the calamities of the war; the other sorrowed that more was not achieved by it. Yet these two men, so wholly unlike in ways of work and thought, walked together arm in arm, each sustained in the load he carried by the arm he leaned on, and helped on his way by the caution and counsel of him who walked by his side. Still, there never was a moment when official rela-

tions were lost sight of, or command and obedience forgotten. There were doubtless occasions when there were sharp differences of opinion on points of administrative policy, — in which sometimes the chief yielded to the subordinate; but it was yielding to the force of reason and argument, and not to that of an imperious will. These occasions were greatly exaggerated, both in numbers and importance, by the gossip of the day, and perhaps not a little by Mr. Lincoln's own playful remark that he "had no influence with this administration," — an administration whose history has demonstrated that he was in truth its master, from the first to the last of its existence. But his standpoint and that of the Secretary were not in the same angle of vision, and consequently the relations of different objects to each other could with difficulty be seen in the same proportions. Mr. Lincoln was commander in chief not of the army alone, but also of the political forces which controlled the republic; and the guidance of the one was as necessary to success as that of the other. On the other hand, Mr. Stanton knew nothing of politics and would have none of them, and in the study of a campaign took no account of public opinion. It was inevitable, therefore, that often considerations not to be ignored by Mr. Lincoln had no weight with his Secretary in determining the policy of the war office. Hence, at times there were short antagonisms; but Mr. Lincoln, when he could not be convinced, always in the end won a cheerful acquiescence. Such an occasion was that when the President, yielding to special political considerations, had issued an order allowing the officials of a particular congressional district, short of its quota of men, to fill it out by enlistments of such rebel prisoners as, desirous of abandoning the enemy, were willing to take the oath of allegiance and enlist in our army. Mr. Stanton, looking at it solely from a mili-

tary point of view, considered it exceedingly unwise, and, fearing disastrous consequences, declined to comply with the order. At an interview, Mr. Lincoln was made to see pretty clearly the mistake, but, having gone too far to retreat in good faith, adhered to the order, simply answering, "I reckon, Mr. Secretary, you will have to execute the order." A sharp reply from Mr. Stanton, "Mr. President, I cannot do it. The order is an improper one, and I cannot execute it," brought back a response calm but unmistakable in its tone: "Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done." And it was done without further criticism. Mr. Lincoln afterward wrote to General Grant admitting the mistake, saying that the blunder was his, and not the Secretary's, and would not be repeated.

On another occasion, I myself experienced one of these storms, or, as the sailors would say, was out in one of these gales. It is worth relating only as it shows in contrast the striking elements of character which dominated these two men, carrying on harmoniously along a common line the great work of the war, yet thinking and acting all the while in different if not diverging directions. A quartermaster of one of the regiments from my own State had been caught in one of the dens in Washington gambling with the government money, and had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Albany penitentiary. I had received a petition to the President, signed by many leading citizens of the neighborhood of the offender's home, indorsed and certified to by the physician of the penitentiary, and also by a leading physician of my own town, asking for his pardon on the ground of failing health, and representing him to be in a sad condition of decline, with every prospect of a speedy death unless he were released. I took this petition to Mr. Lincoln, who, after carefully reading it, turned to me and said, "Do you believe that statement?" "Certainly, I do, Mr. Presi-

dent, or I should not have brought it to you." "Please say so here on the back of it, under these doctors." I did as requested, adding, "And because I believe it to be true I join in this petition." As I signed my name he remarked, "We can't permit that man to die in prison after that statement," and immediately wrote under it all, "Let this man be discharged. A. L." He handed the paper back to me, and told me to take it to the war office and give it to Mr. Stanton. He saw at once something in my countenance which led him to think that I had already encountered some rough weather in that quarter, and had little relish for more. He took back the paper, and, smiling, remarked that he was going over there pretty soon, and would take it himself. The next day, on going to the House, I was met by two Michigan Representatives with the inquiry, "What have you been doing at the White House?" We went up to get a poor Michigan soldier pardoned who had been sentenced to be shot for desertion, but we could not do anything with the President. He told us that you were there yesterday and got him to pardon a man out of the penitentiary, and when he took the paper to Mr. Stanton he would not discharge him, 'and told me,' said the President, 'that it was a sham, and that Dawes had got me to pardon the biggest rascal in the army, and that I had made gambling with the public funds perfectly safe. I could not get him to let the man off. The truth is, I have been doing so much of this thing lately that I have lost all influence with this administration, and have got to stop.' I went immediately to the White House, with my hair on end, but was greeted by the President in the mildest manner, and with a look which told me that he knew my errand. Indeed, his face was always a title-page. I said to him that I understood he had had some trouble with the pardon of the day before, and inquired if it had gone out. He replied that it had not, and then

recounted, in his quaint way, the scene in the war office, much as it had been already repeated to me. I said to him that I could not afford to have this matter rest on any uncertainty. "Retain this pardon, send a messenger to Albany, and make certain the truth or falsity of this statement, — at my expense, if we have been imposed upon." His reply was, "I think, if you believe it, I will. At any rate, I will take the risk on the side of mercy." So the pardon went out. And yet the sequel proved that Mr. Stanton was the nearest right of the three; for on my return to Massachusetts, at the adjournment of Congress, almost the first man who greeted me in the street was this same "dying" quartermaster, apparently as hale and robust as the best of the people around him.

Mr. Lincoln could never keep out of sight or mind the woes of the war. In the vision and thought of Mr. Stanton its issues were ever uppermost, often to the exclusion of every other consideration. The President strove to carry on the war and secure its great ends with as little pain as possible. To the Secretary war was in its nature terrible, and could not be made other than the work of a grim-visaged monster, whom to temper was to tame. All the friction which ever arose between these great co-laborers in the mighty work they had in hand can be traced to this difference in temperament, and not to any lack of harmony in purpose. They were the warmest of personal friends to the end, and were fond of each other's society, spending together the larger part of any leisure possible to both. Those were days which afforded very few opportunities for social amenities at the capital, and the least of them all fell in the way of the commander in chief and his war minister. What of leisure they had they seemed best to enjoy in each other's society, and after the labors of the day were over Mr. Lincoln would seek relaxation and rest in a brief visit to the then plain, un-

carpeted, and ungarnished rooms of the war office. There, if the public business permitted, or public perils did not forbid, these great functionaries unbent themselves in a free-and-easy social intercourse, which has been represented by those whose good fortune it was sometimes to enjoy it as having been of the most charming and delightful quality. There came of these brief social hours not only the necessary relaxation from the tension of arduous and unremitting daily duties, but that complete understanding and appreciation of each other which led to the most unreserved confidence and coöperation, ripening into the friendship and love of brothers.

I have spoken of the hard side of the character of Stanton in contrast with the tenderness of Lincoln, but it must not be inferred that this was wanton or carried beyond a stern sense of duty. What of sacrifice the war, in Stanton's judgment, demanded, that he exacted, and nothing more. Where, within its needs and exigencies, its ills could be averted or softened he never failed to embrace the opportunity. If he did not search out ways to relieve its distresses as much as did others, it was largely attributable to the engrossing character of its demands. There were many instances where a kindly nature led him to the most generous efforts in mitigation of the necessary asperities of flagrant war, and in removing those not inseparable from its presence. He had no patience with the petty persecutions visited by the disloyal sentiment in the States bordering on Washington upon Unionists. This sentiment was most intolerant, vindictive, and unrelenting, dividing families, severing personal ties, and destroying the peace of homes. He never failed, when it was in his power, to put himself between these persecutors and their victims. Many were the instances of special relief at his hands which were witness to the kindness of his nature. Families crossing the Long Bridge, homeless and penniless, were, by

orders from the War Department, put at work wherever opportunities were furnished in the variety of needs attendant upon the movement of armies. Contrabands, wandering hither and thither, aimless and helpless, fed on the manna of the War Department, and were provided an abiding-place in the vacant shelters under its control.

Mr. Stanton came into the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln, as has been stated, from an outside political affiliation which never had any sympathy with the purposes towards which the current of events had early turned the war, and he took office with no intention of contributing to those ends. But by degrees he grew into the plans and methods forced upon his chief, and was daily driven farther and farther into that current which was sweeping on to their consummation. He was not long in the work before he became a convert to the necessity of the course pursued, and a believer in the righteousness of the retribution which was overtaking those seeking to build up the slave power on the ruins of the republic. The quickening influence of his sleepless energy was immediately felt in every branch and detail of the service. It was not two weeks before General McClellan, at the head of the army, which had not yet moved from its encampment on the heights around Washington, began to complain of the annoyance given him by this new force in the War Department which permitted no rest, and demanded a reason for every hour's delay.

In six months Mr. Stanton had so taken in the inevitable of the war, and had so imbibed its final and ultimate purpose, that, with only Mr. Bates of the Cabinet to join him, he urged the President to publish immediately his preliminary Emancipation Proclamation, when, in July, he first submitted it for their consideration. Under the advice of other members of the Cabinet, however, that publication was postponed till the 23d of September following. There is no occasion or oppor-

tunity to chronicle here the rapid succession of steps taken by the war minister, under the direction and inspiration of his chief, in that conduct of the war which forced the end and the results that gladdened all hearts. The work seemed to have greatly changed the whole nature of the Secretary, and to have made another man of him. His earnestness became so intense as to be at times actually fierce. When something had gone wrong or some bold stroke was in contemplation, it was well to give him a wide berth, for woe was sure to betide the man who approached him at such a time with a request for leniency towards some hapless soldier or delinquent brigadier. He always worked at a high desk in his office, and there he stood the day long, and into the late hours, if need were, with the persistency of a sentinel at his post, dispatching business with great rapidity, and brushing one side or the other, as rubbish in the way, everything that did not pertain to the business on hand. It was his habit to have his luncheon brought to him while he worked, and many were the dinners served him in the same way. It is apparent that, under such conditions, there could be no patient ear or opportunity for fair consideration of complaints or requests coming up to Representatives from their constituents serving in the army or lying in the hospitals. There was no one of us whose daily mail was not laden with matters of concern for us to attend to at the War Department, and the necessity of going there came to be looked upon, in many cases, as a painful duty. On these occasions, one could not reach the office so early in the morning as not to find the room full of those on similar errands, waiting their turn. There the Secretary would stand at his desk, surrounded by papers, with a stenographer at his side (that terror of those who came there twice for the same thing), and hear the story of one after another, passing each along to the door with a decision pro-

nounced in less time than it took to state the case. There was no place for a rehearing or time for reconsideration, and another case would often be half through before the decision that preceded it was fully comprehended. In the nature of things, justice could not be safe under such treatment. And to all this was added a lack of judicial temper. Mr. Stanton was too intense to make a good judge. He could brook no shortcoming, nor would he palliate any departure from a straight line. He was prone to be suspicious of those who did not work as he did, and was sometimes unconsciously ridden by his prejudices. Thus it was that in some cases he committed grievous wrongs which were never repaired. Some of them may be attributed to the haste which could not be avoided, and others to the lack of a full knowledge of the facts on which the cases rested. Still, there were those which are yet to be accounted for, cases of gross injustice for which a reason has not yet been given. Foremost among these was the order for the arrest of General Charles P. Stone, without charge; his imprisonment, without trial, for six months; and his final release, by force of an act of Congress, without explanation or apology from the War Department for the proceeding. General Stone was a native of my own congressional district, and, knowing him from a boy, I felt too keenly to forget or cover the wrongs he suffered under an order for which no explanation was ever given or redress offered. The author of this wrong and his victim are both dead, but the motive and cause are still a mystery. Until some future search shall unfold it, the burden and the reproach will rest upon him who struck the blow, and not on him upon whom it fell. Admiration for the great qualities of this ablest of war ministers and for his marvelous work must here find qualification until the silence shall be broken and the justification made complete.

But there was, after all, in Mr. Stanton

a very tender heart, and his attachments were like those of a lover. He loved those he trusted, and he trusted without question those he loved. When the end of his service under Lincoln came at last, and he stood by the bedside of his murdered chief, he broke down in his grief, and the iron man became a child.

When Mr. Stanton passed from the service of Mr. Lincoln to that of his successor, he was an old man. It is true that when he entered upon that service he was but forty-seven years of age, and that, by the calendar, three years and three months covered the entire period. But, measured by what of vital power he was called upon to spend in the work which fell to him during those three years, it was a lifetime. At the beginning he was a stalwart athlete; though short of stature and of a thickset frame, still alert and nimble in motion. His eye was dark, and both keen and soft. He wore a long full beard falling down over his chest, and was careless of his attire. But his hand was warm, and he greeted every one with a smile. On the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, he left the bedside of the great chief whom he had served to the end with all the powers at his command, and spent the next three hours in the discharge of such duties as the peril of the moment forced upon him, in a government without other head. At the end of that time he stood by the side of Mr. Johnson, as the new President took the oath of office at his rooms in the Kirkwood House. But he was not the same Stanton who entered the war office three years before. The eye had lost much of its lustre and fire; care had wrought wrinkles on his brow and angles in his face, while gray hairs had made grim his flowing beard, and elasticity of step had given place to the motions of one who had been bearing heavy burdens. He had overdrawn his bank account of vitality, and was never afterwards able to make it good. Those only who saw him on the day which

marked the beginning of his service with Lincoln, and on that which closed it, noticed this great change and understood its meaning. Could the curtain have lifted from the next three years of his life, even this contrast would have been lost in the marvel of the change.

We leave him at the threshold of his new service. He had already made his place in history, and the storm period which followed, valuable as it was in shaping results, added little of lustre or renown. The fame of a great character achieved in patriotic service was assured. If Lincoln was essential to the success of the cause of the Union, it is no less true that Stanton was essential to the success of Lincoln. They were complements of one great instrumentality which has had no parallel in our history. The life of neither of these great men can be written without that of the other. And yet there was no conspicuous character at any period of the war more bitterly denounced than Mr. Stanton. This was the penalty of fidelity, and its intensity certified his efficiency. It was because he laid hold of wrong with a strong hand, and never loosened his grasp, that its perpetrators hated him. With him absolute rectitude was an iron rule, and he exacted it of all in official service. The seekers of opportunity, those lying in wait for the gains and profits of war,

found him their enemy, and treated him as such. He was no courtier, but, on the contrary, was rough and blunt, especially with those in his way. He had no flattering tongue or sinister methods, and tolerated none: therefore he failed to be a popular leader as the world counts popularity. He had defects. His temper, often tried beyond measure, sometimes inflicted unnecessary wounds; prejudice sometimes led him to do injustice. Suspicion and uncharitableness were too often present with him, blinding his eyes. These were the scourges laid hold of by imbittered foes to drive him from his great work. But he heeded them not, and turned neither to the right nor to the left, nor slackened his endeavor while the day lasted and the need continued. He administered his office under the eye of Mr. Lincoln himself, and subject to his order, and during it all was his trusted, confidential friend, commissioned to carry out his policy by means he approved. In minor details he committed errors, for he was human. But his countrymen will judge him by his great achievements, not by his little errors. There is much material for his biographer in the national records of this period, and in the memory of contemporaries who still survive him, full of interest and instruction to every student of our history. It should not be lost.

H. L. Dawes.

TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

THE Rev. Cresswell Price was in his thirty-fifth year. He was not a striking preacher, of attractive appearance, or reputed to be able. He was lean and loose-jointed, with a thin face and ill-matched features. His one marked characteristic was awkwardness, and this

was phenomenal. Even his vestments seemed to enhance the ungainliness they should have hidden. He stooped, and this gave him the effect of being tall if he stood straight, — an effect heightened, as one noted, by his big shoes and sprawling hands. His clerical at-

tire intensified the impression. A parishioner of a race-track turn of mind used to say that "if Price could be properly groomed and trained he would n't make a half-bad show;" but the rector had neither wife, mother, nor sister to attend to this. He was absent-minded and intellectually slow, as it seemed. "But," observed the parishioners of St. Faith's, as they admitted the truth of these criticisms, "he is *so good*!" This, when sifted, appeared to mean that he did his duty, and did not complain of his small salary. St. Faith's had suffered from a series of impulsive and self-willed rectors, and the quiet which came with Mr. Price was welcome, if not inspiring. Report hinted that he had with difficulty passed his clerical examinations, and one pert theologian from Schein-Heiligen College remarked that "the man who could n't pass a divinity school would stick in sliding down a greased pole." But he had passed, as his letters of orders showed, and there was no reason why St. Faith's and its rector should not abide in amicable, if not enthusiastic union.

Being a small parish, there was naturally a leading man in it, quite rich enough to carry the whole cost in his pocket, and quite willing to do so in all extraordinary expenses which he could control. St. Faith's was blessed (or "tothered," as Joe put it) with a senior warden who was president of a city bank, and possessor of a "competence;" that is to say, at least a million. Other people in the parish gave "according to their means," — which often signifies, as Winifred Jenkins would have expressed it, "according to their meannesses." Mr. Pennybacker, the warden, let them do this, and after vestry meeting was over would say quietly to the rector, "Go ahead, and come to me for what balance you lack." If he did not say this, the rector knew that the plan might as well be postponed to the Greek calends.

That Mr. Price was unmarried did not endanger the peace of the parish. He was not a widower, but a vague legend was current that he had, as student or deacon, "loved and lost," which, as says the poet, is better than "never to have loved at all." This belief was so generally held concerning the rector that no spinster or lovelorn widow in St. Faith's so much as dreamt of disturbing the grave of that buried attachment.

He was not a marrying man; that is, a man to marry. The salary which St. Faith's paid was enough for one, but scant for two. Also, it was raised in part by renting the rectory; of which rent, half went into the treasury, and the other half was set off against the board and lodging of the bachelor parson. He had two rooms in one wing of the large and commodious old rectory. He got his own breakfasts, in order to have them at such hours as suited him; and as he took two thirds of his other meals with his parishioners, the arrangement suited the parish and was profitable to the lessee.

Of course the practiced reader foresees that this is to be a story of clerical trouble. The calm of the harbor is pictured to intensify the statement that it is blowing great guns outside. The trouble happened thus: The bishop visited the parish to confirm, and, as he had to go to a much larger parish in the evening, he had arranged to have the service at St. Faith's, Bilhope, in the morning of a week day, and go on to St. John's, Meadowbank, at half past four in the afternoon. Consequently he dined with the senior warden, and naturally the rector came, also.

Now, the bishop, as is the episcopal wont, took pains to show his presbyter in a favorable light, — talked of him, talked to him, and talked at him. But as Charles II. could make nothing out of George of Denmark, the husband of his niece Anne, so the tact and courtesy of one of the most accomplished prelates

in the Church were sadly baffled by the phlegmatic reserve of Mr. Price. As a last resort he tried this remark: "How much your handwriting is like mine! Your last letter really startled me, as if, like Mr. Toots, I had been corresponding with myself."

"Do you think so, bishop?" broke in the warden. "I should say it was much more like that of my clerk Sanford, who does my writing on parish matters for me."

"I cannot say what other writing it resembles," said the bishop, "but it certainly does mine. Why, you can know it by this: that the thought came into my head that if our friend were not doing such indispensably good work here, I would have him called to the city and make him my private secretary. The clergy do not realize the immensity of a bishop's correspondence, and are sensitive if I only sign letters written by another. Now, if I could dictate to my brother here, or tell him what to write, it would save me wonderfully, and nobody would be the wiser."

Pennybacker smiled a sub-sardonic smile at what he thought was the bishop's covert meaning, which look the prelate was quick to interpret and prompt to parry.

"Oh, I see," he said, with a laugh, "that you think episcopal letters do not always carry profound wisdom; and between ourselves, that is sometimes their intention; bishops have to overlook as well as oversee. But I hold to my point about the writing. I will try Mr. Price after dinner. I have to send back an answer to a note handed me at the train this morning, and I'm quite sure the substitution will not be found out."

"I do not know," said Price slowly. "I was not aware of my gift. I think I am apt to write like the person I am answering, especially if I have his letter before me."

"Rather a dangerous faculty," remarked the banker.

"Yes," returned the bishop, "in the hands of one less trustworthy than my brother here, it might be. I don't fear he will abuse it."

"Oh, that, of course. But we had a painful experience in the bank: dismissed a clerk on suspicion of forgery; would have sent him up the river but for one thing, failure of proof. He was a Roman Catholic, and had confessed to his priest the whole thing; but we could n't put the priest on the stand. That is one of the things I have against the Church of Rome."

"Well, my dear friend, if Rome had no other fault, I think I might be reconciled to the Pope. I should hope any one of my presbyters would refuse to reveal a confession."

"But, bishop, suppose he is called as a witness? What can he do?"

"Go to prison, sir, for contempt of court. No judge would have the face to keep a worthy clergyman in jail for such a cause. I came near having the like happen in my diocese. But my presbyter had been at the bar before he took orders. Once a lawyer, always a lawyer, and so he was made counsel in the case, and stood upon his privilege."

This talk lodged itself in Price's mind, albeit he showed no sign of attention. It did the same with another listener, the warden's nephew, who was a clerk in the bank, the Plutonian. Seemingly, the bishop forgot to test Price's powers, but at the station he said to the warden, "Take care of Price. I think he needs it." Unluckily, the bishop meant one thing, the warden understood quite another. Pennybacker took it as a caution; the bishop meant it for a hint. In effect the speaker said, "Pull out your check book;" the hearer understood, "Lock it up."

Two days after, the nephew, J. Augustus Pennybacker, called on Mr. Price. (The warden's name was John Andrew.) The young gentleman was quite effusive, praised the rector's last sermon, and skir-

mished round the subject for some time before he broached the topic of hand-writing. At last he said, "One of our men in the bank pretends that he can tell any imitation at sight. I was quite struck by what the bishop said at dinner, and I should like to try it on Gillespie. Here is a letter of mine, or part of one; take it and try what you can do. I'm not afraid that you will misuse it, seeing that the signature of John A. Pennybacker would n't go far on the street. If it was my uncle's, now, — but he always signs 'J. Andrew.'" The young man watched narrowly the effect of this statement, the reverse of true; but the simple and absent-minded clergyman was entirely unaware of the trap.

"As you are to have possession of my poor copies of your signature, I am not aware of any possible detriment which can arise; and so far as one may affirm his own rectitude of purpose, I can assure you that I will not use my power, if I possess it, in any way wrongfully."

So, quite pleased to do a favor for a young man who had hitherto paid him scant and supercilious notice, the rector set to work. Young Pennybacker was polite, but fastidiously critical. He kept giving the writer fresh strips of paper which he tore from a memorandum book, as it seemed, that he had brought with him, and apparently destroyed each failure by throwing it into the fire. Price had not the faintest suspicion that he was putting upon the back of blank notes and drafts an indorsement good for any face value short of a million. Finally, J. Augustus professed himself satisfied that the thing could not be done, tore up the last attempt, and dropped it with seeming carelessness into the waste-basket; then he took his leave, with the feeling that his breast pocket was stuffed with dynamite cartridges.

He knew too much to put forged paper on the market. That is simply to thrust one's head into a halter, and to invite the law to pull it. But he knew

that one can keep collateral afloat for a long time by careful renewals, and when the lucky speculation happens the compromising paper is taken up, and nobody is the wiser. The first step is the risky one. Touch the button of credit, and the laws of business will do the rest. The one peril to shun is to be unexpectedly brought to book.

This J. Augustus well knew, and he took care to use his uncle's signature only as a supporting reserve, never brought into action. He managed to do this for a year, and as he was cool and shrewd, with an inside command of valuable points, he was considerably better off at the end of the time; only not quite in a position to retire the compromising paper. In a few years he might be able to do so easily, could he but keep his head, and refrain from plunging.

But the inability to go slow is the Nemesis of illicit finance. A favorite stock on the street startled everybody by falling when it was counted on surely for a rise. Affairs looked panic-ward, money tightened, and J. Augustus heard these ominous words: "You may be all right, but we must, for form's sake, call your uncle's attention to these notes. No doubt he operates through you, and, as a bank president, does not wish it known; but, in the present condition of the market, he may tumble as well as another. His name backs you, but we want something to back his name." Then the young man saw that the game was up. He had wild thoughts of using the rector's talent anew, but he saw that signatures to papers of permanent and tangible value, as deeds or bonds, must be witnessed, and that detection would be inevitable.

He would fly to a land where extradition could not follow, and from thence negotiate. His creditors, when they found that they held only forged securities, would keep quiet and compromise, in the hope that he would make money abroad, and eventually pay in full, in order to return. He was known to be his uncle's

prospective heir, and if that elderly gentleman died, all would be plain sailing. If they insisted on their pound of flesh, Price might serve their turn. But for this he must close the rector's lips effectually. So he once more sought the rectory of an evening, and insisted that the bewildered Price should hear his confession, which he poured out with the sobs and tears of penitence. He said that he had been tempted by the possession of a facsimile of his uncle's signature, which he had accidentally failed to destroy; he had never meant to defraud, but only to obtain credit to tide over a business emergency: and he confided this to the priestly honor of the clergyman. The next day he sailed for South America. He sent back from the steamer a note to Price, saying that, in a fortnight, the whole might come to light, and in that case the rector had better look to his own safety. He added that, to get funds for his flight, he had used the signature which he had picked from the parson's waste-basket to a note for five hundred dollars, which he had discounted at the bank. This would make it seem, if the other forgeries came to light, as if Price had been the sole culprit. Whatever the bank officials might surmise, the legal proof was only against Price, in whose favor the document was drawn. This was a pure fiction, as will presently appear. The point was that the rector had better escape before the fortnight expired. The burn on poor pussy's paw was manifest, and the monkey manipulator made it look as if the last chestnut had been pulled out for the cat, and not for himself.

The rector's first step was to go to town and consult his junior warden, a lawyer in good practice; but he did it after the manner of a man unfamiliar with lawyers' offices. He was hampered by the knowledge which he could not reveal, so he put hypothetical cases which were inextricably involved and hopelessly obscure. He stammered, prevaricated,

and left behind him the vague impression that he had been doing something he was ashamed to tell, and carried away only the knowledge of the pains and penalties of forgery, and of the fact that his clerical character would hardly protect him as a witness. Then he went to his bishop, who, like the ever busy man that he was, answered the questions put to him with brief clearness and decision; but as his answers were interpreted by the querist's unspoken preconception they conveyed an utterly false impression. Price gathered that it was not in the bishop's power to depose any clergyman without a trial; and as out of his own head he concluded that he could not be tried without being personally present, he felt that safety lay in disappearance. He also got a twisted impression as to the subject of confession: that on no account was he to reveal secrets entrusted to him in what "advanced" clergymen are fond of calling the "sacrament of penance." It never occurred to one of the most practically common-sense prelates in the country that anybody could make use of the privilege of confession so as to close the mouth of one who *aliunde* was possessed of all the facts, and so disqualify a witness otherwise at full liberty to speak. Suppose the case had been put to him thus: "I see a murder committed. The perpetrator, finding that I know his guilt, comes to me, as his priest, and confesses. Should that hinder me from giving evidence?" The bishop would have smiled, and said, "By no means, my good brother. You give your testimony as a man and a citizen, and not as having obtained your knowledge in any confidential capacity." Still stronger would have been the case if the concealment of the crime was likely to shift the suspicion of it from the doer to the spectator. But that was not the way in which poor Price put his clumsily constructed hypothetical case, and he took pains to intimate that he was not personally concerned. The bishop knew that something was amiss in the

Pennybacker family; he suspected that J. Augustus had made confidences, and he supposed his timid presbyter wanted to be strengthened in a proper reticence, and framed his counsel accordingly.

Up to this time Price had been a timid, vacillating, slow-minded man, doing his duties in a listless, perfunctory fashion. For the first time since he had come into holy orders he began to feel the real responsibility of his calling. He would not give it up. He would fight to the last to keep it, and to keep it untarnished. This stir of his emotional nature seemed to quicken his intellect. He realized the scrape he had been drawn into, and slowly but surely worked out the situation.

"If I run," said he, "I am ruined. It is not likely that I should get a day's start of pursuit. If caught in the act of flight, I cannot clear myself. It will be confession of guilt. I must be on the spot when the facts come out which will clear me." (Be it said in parenthesis that he had but the dimmest notion of what the facts were, and not the faintest idea of the point which could help him. He trusted blindly to the chapter of accidents, which is not a bad trust if you do it blindly.) "Now, how," he went on, "can I be on the spot, and yet not be known?"

There were incidents in the earlier career of Cresswell Price which had hitherto been his bane. Like the stag in Æsop's fable who despised his legs, but exulted in his antlers, he was now to be saved by that over which he had grieved. During his college course and in his seminary years he had maintained himself by vacation service as a waiter at summer hotels. This was known only to the president of his college and the dean of his divinity school. Even they did not know that in term time he had done occasional work of the like sort; and this had not only interfered with his hours of study, but had also somewhat affected his disposition. He was nervously afraid

of being found out, not only at the time, but afterward, and in consequence he took pains to make his bearing, first as a student, and then as a clergyman, as unlike as possible to that of his other occupation. He came, too, of a New England rural community where it was all but an unwritten law that a minister should be distinguished by absent-mindedness, carelessness in dress and demeanor, and a general "other-worldliness." The moment he was admitted to the diaconate he began a systematic altering of his appearance. He let his hair grow long behind, and made a full beard and mustache cover as much of his face as it would. He put on spectacles, with plain glass instead of lenses, or slightly colored ones, though his eyesight was unusually clear and strong. He managed his ill-fitting clerical garb so as to give the effect of a general disjointed awkwardness. He schooled himself to live, move, and have his being as if he were by nature what he seemed. He cultivated a uniform deadness of manner and cold reserve, because he felt that in moments of vivacity and earnestness he ran most risk of detection. These ways, practiced in his earlier ministerial years with conscious care, had become so far habitual as to sit easily upon him.

So, too, during his "waiting" life he had rather exaggerated the traits of the genus servingman, — briskness, curtness of speech, and the like; and as he soon found out that assiduity and attention to the wants of guests brought special remuneration, he spared no pains, as his brother waiters, who took their calling professionally, were wont to do, and shirked no duty. "It is only for the season," he said to himself; "let me make the most of it." Indeed, at first there was a certain bitter enjoyment in masquerading. He found pleasure in the one or two narrow escapes he had; as, for instance, when, at the Dunmore House, he had stood behind the chair of a professor of his own college, and heard

him tell an English tourist opposite the story of one of the odd blunders made in class.

"A fellow," said he, "named Price, or Prince, rendered Virgil's line, 'O fons Bandusiae splendidior vitro,' 'The Bandusian water sparkles in the glass.'"

"Oh, very good! D'ye know, I'd have been jolly well swished if I'd made such a blunder when I was in the fourth form at Winchester! So he re'lly took Horace for Virgil?"

Price found it hard to keep his face straight at the professor's discomfiture, and the Englishman noticed it.

"Come, now, I'll bet a fiver that fellow behind you knows better than that. They tell me that your 'varsity men are fond of doing the Jeames at these summer hotels. See here, my man, which is it, Flaccus or Maro?"

It was hard to say which was redder, the face of the waiter, or the neck and ears of the professor. For one wild moment, it flashed into the mind of the waiter to reply in the apt quotation,

"Reddas incolumem, precor
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ,"

which would have delighted the Briton, and perhaps mystified the Yankee. To the credit of his coolness, with a quaking heart, but a stolid face, he replied, "I think we're out of it, sir, but I'll ask the head waiter;" whereat he vanished, and exchanged places with a fellow-servant as long as the professor remained at the Dunmore.

The memory of these past days came before him as he sat gloomily meditating in his study. He went to his desk, and hunted up the certificates of the landlords with whom he had served. They were made out in the name of one Robert Kenworthy, and to these he added a general testimonial to honesty and respectability, which he himself signed as the Rev. C. Price. This last was a masterpiece of tact (had he known it), for it was just that mixture of gushing simplicity and nervous caution which

only a clergyman of the stamp of Price could possibly attain to. Then he made a trip to the city, got a supply of clothes proper to the new function he intended to take up, and spent one or two evenings in marking with his assumed name the various garments. The same week, he made a brief trip to a neighboring provincial city, where for years he had kept a savings-bank deposit in the name of Robert Kenworthy. He came to do this on the advice of an old clergyman, given him in his diaconate. Said the old parson, "If you have any money of your own, Brother Price, it is just as well that your parish should n't know it."

"Why so?" inquired the astonished deacon.

"Because, first, they will always fancy that you have twice as much as you do possess; next, because it will be an excuse for the one stingy vestryman who is always found on a vestry to oppose any rise in your salary; thirdly, it will be a pretext for calling upon you to contribute to every subscription for repairs and adornments; and lastly, it will be taken for granted that you will keep up the vestry-room fittings and the parish library, and all the other matters which otherwise the elect ladies look after. If you wear a ragged or dingy surplice, it will be set down to your parsimony, and not to parochial stinginess. 'Oh, Mr. Price has money,' they will say. So, my good brother, if you have means of your own, don't 'let on.'"

"But how shall I keep it from being known? I suppose I shall do as I have done, and as my senior warden advised, — deposit in his bank; especially as he was so kind as to intimate that if the salary should be in arrears, he would see that I had it credited every quarter."

"Oh yes, that is all right. I wish Pennybacker was my warden. But have a deposit elsewhere for any little savings, special fees, etc.; have it stand in some other name, so long as you keep

the book. You draw as trustee or guardian, or something of the sort, for a supposed minor cousin or nephew, or what you please. The savings bank will make no fuss. I have done this for twenty years."

This counsel pleased Price, and, having no relatives to lend their names to this fiduciary purpose, he bethought himself of the name of Robert Kenworthy, which was not using another person's name, and yet not exactly using a name without existence, as he said to himself, for the ease-ment of his conscience.

Price was a little surprised at the amount standing to his credit, not having thought of the capabilities of compounded interest, and drew only a portion of the sum; but that gave him ample provision for a month and more of inactivity, in case he failed to get a situation.

Thus prepared, Price waited the breaking of the storm. Happily, his temperament served him well. In fact, there were practically two men in the same body: the one keenly alive to every symptom of danger; the other calm and phlegmatic, going about his routine duties without the slightest evidence of anything unusual. He was aware that, till the moment of betrayal came, he could keep the composed side in view.

So he made his parochial calls; looked in as usual at the Friday afternoon meeting of the Ladies' Guild of St. Faith's, which in old days was called "the Sewing Society;" wrote his sermon, which was as formally dry and commonplace as its predecessors; and when Sunday morning came read the service, preached, and gave out the notices for the coming week, as if he expected to attend to each one. Yet before he left the chancel he knew that the bolt was ready to fall.

When the slender offertory of St. Faith's was handed to him, Mr. Price saw that the usual gold half-eagle which was wont to crown the dimes and nickels in the alms basin was missing, though

Warden Pennybacker made the customary motion of his hand toward his vest pocket before he passed up the plate. The rector had also noticed that there was a stranger in the warden's pew, who was evidently unfamiliar with the service, and had to be shown the places in the Prayer Book. Probably for the first time during his ministry at St. Faith's, the rector, who was notoriously unconscious of the presence of strangers, not only was aware that one was in the church, but also noted that throughout his sermon this visitor was watching him with the keenest scrutiny. Ordinarily, Mr. Pennybacker would have brought a guest to the vestry room, introduced him to his clergyman, and invited the rector to meet the stranger at dinner.

All this the other self of Mr. Price was keenly alive to, and was mentally working out a train of reasoning which resulted as plainly as could be in, "Detective, detective."

In further corroboration, the wife of the other warden waited for the rector after service, and said, "My husband is not feeling well this morning, and did not get to church. I want him to stay up to-morrow, and if you can be at home then till noon I'll send him over to see you. To tell the truth, Mr. Price, the *whole* truth, I have partly made up this errand for him, in order to keep him from going to his office Monday. So please be sure to let him find you at the rectory, and keep him till he is too late for the 10.30 train. Now please don't spoil my little plot."

The Rev. Cresswell Price took all this *au pied de la lettre*; but the newly awakened Robert Kenworthy, as one might say, began at once to work out the "true inwardness" thus: "Baldwin wants to see me, and does n't wish me to suspect that he does. I think he is friendly, and means to be on hand when I am arrested, so that I shall not give myself away; or else he is working with Pennybacker, and plans to insure my

being on hand. Which is it? It can't be the latter, because he would n't take all this trouble unless he thinks I am innocent, and is afraid that if I slip away it will be taken for a proof of guilt. Mrs. Baldwin never got up such a scheme out of her own head. She knows that Baldwin would say at once, 'Put your message in a note, or go yourself; you can do it as well as I can; I must go to town, to the office.' No, it is quite plain that he has got up this plot, sickness and all of it, and wants an excuse for coming to see me bright and early. I'm to be picked up for the 10.30 A. M. My parishioners mostly go by the 8.15 express. I'm sure this is very kind of them."

There was an afternoon service at St. Faith's, at which the attendance was small. The congregation was mainly gathered from such domestics in Church families as cared to come. Then there were a few mill people from the Bilhope Brook woolen factory, and always one member of the vestry, there being a tacit agreement among them to do this in turn.

But the alarming stranger was in the Pennybacker pew, and as closely attentive as before to the brief address which did duty as a sermon. The sexton cheerfully alluded to the same in the sacristy, while he was helping the rector to unvest, and was bustling about putting in order the various papers and articles which would otherwise have been left in confusion.

"D'yer notice that strange gent in the senior warden's pew, sir?" he said. "He did n't take his eyes off you the whole service, and 'specially while you was a-preachin'. Should n't wonder if you was to get a call. When Mr. Martin was here we used to have 'em frequent, — 'most every other Sunday, sir; committees, you know, from vacant parishes. I know the look of them. Don't remember to have seen many very lately, though."

"Do you want me to leave, Thomas?" said the rector.

"Oh no, not at all; only it is n't bad for a minister to have his people see that some other folks wants him. No, sir, you 've kep' things quiet and middling prosperous, and I dunno but we 'd as soon sit under you as 'most anybody. The bishop, he always says a good word for you to me. Why," looking out of the vestry door, "if that man ain't a-goin' down to the station! Suppose he thinks he can send a telegram from here Sunday. That may do for the city, but not up here. By bein' so eager, I guess this is what he wants to send: 'Mr. Price will do. Shall I give him a call to-morrow?' If 't was the other way, he 'd not be in such a hurry. So, sir, I just say, you 'd better be prepared to know your own mind."

The rector smiled sadly. "I think I won't accept till I am asked. Indeed, Thomas, I never mean to leave Bilhope till the way is unmistakably pointed out. I won't cross the bridge till I come to it. You know what the catechism says about learning and laboring truly to get one's own living, and doing one's duty in the state to which God calls us." Then the rector passed through the side door into the rooms occupied by him in the parsonage.

"Well," soliloquized Thomas, "the rector don't seem very much set up. Now, Mr. Jacques, he that was here before Mr. Martin, would have been all of a twitter. Wonder if it would wake him up, if he went to a new place? I approve of a quiet minister, but Mr. Price *is* — well, as quiet as there's any need to be."

Thomas would hardly have thought the rector quiet could he have seen through the closed door of the study. He was pacing up and down, in a storm of passionate feeling. For the first time he felt the full fever of indignation at the trick which had been played him; he experienced the terror at the exposure

which was to blight his clerical good name; he protested against the sudden and ruthless abandonment of his work.

"I *will* live it down; I *will* clear myself; and, please Heaven, if ever I am restored, I will do my duty as a priest and pastor in another and better fashion," he murmured to himself.

He went back into the now empty and closed church, knelt down on the lowest step of the chancel, and prayed long and fervently. He returned to his abode, calm and composed. He was no longer Cresswell Price, but Robert Kenworthy, and resolved to remain so till the need was over.

Everything that he required was already packed in his gripsack. His books, papers, and sermons he left untouched. He dressed himself carefully in his new attire, and as soon as it was dark went quietly out at the vestry door, and stole round the chancel end of the church to a path which led through the graveyard to an unfrequented lane running down to the borders of Bilhope Brook, or, as it was commonly called, "the Creek." There he dropped an old clerical coat and waistcoat in the edge of the bushes, where they could hardly fail to be discovered and identified. He knew that at least one family of mill operatives would pass that way on Monday morning. "There will surely be, for forty-eight hours, reports of my suicide," he said to himself. "Given that start in a new position in life, and I am safe in the race." He struck off at right angles from this spot through the woods, and reached the railroad.

Now, a railroad is like a running stream in its facility for obliterating traces. Two hours of brisk walking brought him to the third of the small stations at which the next morning's accommodation train would stop, in the direction away from the city whither he was bound. All this he had planned out with exceeding care. There was, near by, a small tavern, patronized principally by sportsmen, famed

for its game suppers, and accustomed to be called on for rooms at almost any hour in the twenty-four. He reached it not far from midnight. The sleepy porter admitted him without a question, and took the payment in advance for a night's lodging as a matter of course.

It was not difficult for the fugitive to appear the next morning with such changes in his personal appearance as he felt were necessary. He had shaved off the full beard which, as parson, he had worn, leaving his face entirely smooth; cut his hair, which had been long and combed back; and as the latter work was far from satisfactorily accomplished, he sought the hotel barber and asked to be trimmed.

"Who cut your hair last?" asked the tonsorial artist, after the manner of his kind.

"Oh, I got the coachman to trim me up a bit; but he's better at clippin' horses than men. It did n't matter much, when we was just on a gentleman's place to keep it up, like, for the winter; but now I am going to the city to get a situation, and I want to look English-like. That's the ticket, you know."

"Where were you?"

"Oh, up Lenox way; that is to say, I've been out of Ne' York for some time," added Price, as a sort of salve to his conscience. The rector was working into his new part by dint of feeling himself that which he would become; and his success was evident, as the village Figaro named over to him several neighboring residents who might or did want a servant.

"Thanks, much," was the reply. "If I don't find what I want in the city, maybe I'll write you. My name's Kenworthy, Robert Kenworthy, and I'll be obliged if you'll mention it to any gentleman inquiring for a man to do indoors work, — waiter, butler, or the like. I can give good recommends."

Then he strolled over to the station, and got on board the morning accommodation, which he knew would stop also

at Billhope. To himself he reasoned thus: "When I was a boy, I used to fool the other fellows at hide-and-seek by taking the very nearest and simplest place by the goal; and ten to one they would pass right by, looking for the one farthest off, which they would have chosen. Now, that detective will take it for granted that I shall get as far away as I can at the start. He'll watch to see I don't get aboard at Billhope, and then look out for me at all the stopping-places down to the city."

By way of putting his pursuers on this scent, he had left on his table the hand-bill of a European steamship company, carefully folded up, as if he had meant to take it, and also a half-sheet of note-paper with calculations on it of foreign currencies with the equivalents in dollars and cents.

He found a seat by the car window on the Billhope side. As he expected, there was rather more than the usual Monday morning bustle. Pennybacker stepped out of the telegraph office as the train drew up. The detective was lounging about with an air of indifference which was quite labored enough to put any "wanted" criminal on the *qui vive*. Baldwin was there, in spite of what his wife had said the day previous, and looking not at all unfit for his usual day's work. "Evidently they have found the bird flown," thought the rector. "What next?" Pennybacker stepped on board at the last moment, and the detective followed, getting on to the rear platform of the last car as it slid past him, so as to be sure that no one could board the train without his knowledge. Then the two went to the parlor car at the other end, and disappeared in one of the state-rooms, out of sight and hearing. The reader is of course privileged to share their conversation.

"Just what I expected," said the officer. "It would not do to take any chances, but I've no doubt, since I found him gone at midnight, that he got on the

owl freight. That means, drop off at the first handy station, and take this train, when it comes along, probably not the first, but the second station down. If we don't have him before we get to the Grand Central, then we must try the steamships. Fulda sails Wednesday, and we'll most likely find him at one of the Hoboken hotels close by. If you'd said the word, I'd have picked him up as soon as the clock struck twelve; but you could n't make up your mind, and by one this morning he was off."

"Never mind," returned the banker. "I'm not sure yet, and shall not be till I've been to the bank, whether I want him arrested."

Meanwhile, two of Billhope's regular commuters had taken the seat behind Price. One of them stripped off and threw aside the outer and advertising sheet of his Herald. Price touched his hat, and said in a deprecatory manner, "Might I take the liberty, sir, of looking at that?"

"Certainly, my man. I don't want it; keep it, if you like." At the same time he gave a sharp look at Price, and then, as if moved by some occult suggestion of associated ideas, he said to his companion, "Queer story that about the rector of St. Faith's, is n't it?"

"Oh," said the other, "I can tell you the true inwardness of that. You see a check turned up at the Plutonian in favor of Price, and indorsed by him. The check was for five hundred, and signed by Pennybacker. Now, Pennybacker cannot tell whether the check is an out-and-out forgery, or a genuine one raised from a five which he remembers to have given. His check book shows two of that date: one a fifty, which he gave Price, and one a five, payable to bearer, which he paid to the sexton of the church. It was not till Saturday that the fifty came in. It was handed to Price to pay the assessment of the church for convention dues, and came back all right with the indorsement of the treasurer of the dio-

cese. But the queer thing is that Pennybacker declares it is n't his signature, but a poor imitation, which that check bears, while there is n't a man in the bank but would swear that the five hundred one was signed by the president, and he himself won't swear to the contrary."

"Raised, of course!"

"There's where the doubt comes in. There is n't a sign of any such tampering, and Pennybacker declares that when he draws those small checks, which he is in the habit of doing, to pay his little debts in the village, so as not to be supposed to be carrying money about him or keeping it at the villa, he takes special care to fill them in, so that they could n't be raised without showing it at once."

"Forgery, you think, then?"

"I can't say."

"How did it get into the bank?"

"Deposited the usual way. Pennybacker has a special book for St. Faith's, and gets the rector, who is just like a baby in arms in such matters, to indorse a lot of checks for each month. Then Pennybacker, warden and treasurer, signs one of these as it meets the salary for each month, and passes it to the receiving teller to go to Price's account. When the rector wanted money, he came to the warden. Warden always kept the run of the rector's expenditures, told him how much he had to draw upon, filled him out a check for as much as he needed, and Price would get it cashed at any of the stores in Billhope, or pass it over to his creditor. Then Baldwin,—that's Baldwin sitting over there; he's the junior warden, and, like most lawyers in large practice, is constantly getting money in considerable sums when it is too late to deposit the same day. That money he likes to change into checks whenever he can, so he is apt to stop at the rectory, as he comes up from town, and cash Price's checks for him."

"What does Pennybacker think?"

"He does n't know what to think. He is morally certain that he never gave

Price a check for that amount. Could n't have made a mistake."

Here another commuter of Billhope, who sat across the aisle, leaned over and said, "Excuse me, but you are mistaken about the depositing of the check. The odd part is that there is no credit to Price for any such sum, either on his deposit book or on the bank books. The books show that five hundred was paid out on a check duly charged to the president, but they do not show to whom. Now, Price never got the money unless he had an accomplice, for he was not out of Billhope between the 10th, when the check was dated, and the 16th, when it was cashed. The question is, where did the money go?"

"Oh, she got it, no doubt," said the second commuter, who had been a listener.

"No, there you are out. Price never was mixed up in any such matter; that has been looked up thoroughly. I don't mean to say he was n't a moral man and a clergyman, but, being a kind of innocent, he was open to blackmailing schemes, and so there's been a pretty sharp watch kept."

"From the 10th to the 16th!" said the other musingly. "When did young Pennybacker sail for Aspinwall?"

"When? Oh, the 17th, I think. Yes, there are steamers the 3d and the 17th of each month."

Then a silence fell upon the company, broken at last by the remark, "There's something queer in all this. Pennybacker isn't the man to make an open fuss over a trifling loss. He is too strong a Churchman to let a scandal get out needlessly and to ruin his rector, especially as it might be from his own inadvertence. Depend upon it, there is something behind."

"I don't know about that. Forgery and check-raising are to these bank men what horse-stealing is to a Kentucky man of the Blue Grass region; the fellow caught with a halter in his hand finds the other end of it round a hickory limb mighty sudden."

"Yes, that is in the way of business; but when a poor outsider like the parson gets drawn in there is more deliberation."

"I don't know as to that. There is somewhere a very smart hand at work. You know that neither of us could go into a bank with a check payable to another person's order, and indorsed by him, without being required to put our own name on the back of it. Now, this check was paid, and the teller cannot say to whom he paid it. It is an inside transaction altogether. Somebody in the bank has borrowed the money, and put this paper in to cover it. It never went through the regular routine of business. Besides, Price is the one to make a fuss, since he is charged with a five hundred he never got. I can't see how *he* is in it, anyhow."

"Well, the president or somebody else hints something about a remarkable gift at imitating signatures which Price has. He does it unconsciously, they say. You write him a letter, and his reply will be in your very own handwriting. Then the indorsement is as unlike Price's signature as can be. That looks fishy, doesn't it?"

"Then why did the rector run?"

"Has he run?"

"Yes, or dropped into Billhope Creek. They found an old coat of his this morning on the bank by Manter's cowbarn, — boy brought it up to the rectory; and when they went to his room to see what it meant, he was n't there. Most of his clothes were, — his Sunday suit, just as if he had undressed and gone to bed."

"Well, if he suicided, he would n't have taken off his coat and vest. More like he put on another rig and went off on a tramp. What did they say about a steerage ticket for Europe on a North German Lloyd steamer?"

"Not a ticket, but an advertising circular, such as they give you at the office. Depend upon it, he has the money, and to a man who never had ten dollars of his own in his pocket at one time five hundred would seem a fortune."

"Yes, but what started him?"

"Oh, Pennybacker had Crommelyn, the bank shadow, come from the city to look him up. I don't believe he meant arrest and exposure, exactly, — at least he meant to give him a chance to explain in private, — but Price took fright and fled."

"You must be mistaken there, for Price wouldn't know a detective from a hole in the ground, — a more absent-minded, unobservant creature does n't walk the earth; and as for a guilty conscience, I'll bet my head against a cocoanut dipper that he would n't know he had done a wrong thing, or understand why he should be pulled up."

"Well, perhaps. I'm not a believer in good human nature to quite that extent. He was n't a specially model parson, was he?"

"No, perhaps not; that is, he was n't a shining light in the Church; but he was one of those who try to do their duty as well as they know how, and never dream of doing anything else. Jimmy Flatfoot generally makes his prey of your eminent Christians, the special saints above measure, who, like Siegfried or Achilles, have just one weak spot about them."

"That is, you think the contemptible are not the temptable."

A laugh followed this sally, and then the first speaker, who was minded to change the topic, said, with a glance at the person before him, "I wonder whether Sosia will find his *Amphitryon*?"

Price caught the allusion. Had it been to Molière instead of to the Latin comedy, it is doubtful whether he would. Sganarelle or Leporello would have had no meaning to him, but the classic names were familiar, and he was on the point of saying something which would have been highly perilous. Just then there appeared at the front of the car the warden followed by the detective. Price looked steadily at his paper, moving his lips as if spelling out the advertisements, but made no attempt to turn away or

conceal his face. His heart was in his mouth, however, as the pair moved slowly through the car, looking to right and left. Just opposite his seat Pennybacker paused, but it was to exchange a word of civil greeting with the two commuters behind Price. During this pause the rector felt cold chills run down his spine, for it seemed precisely as if it were done to give the detective who followed a better chance to make his scrutiny. He was apparently satisfied, however, and went on.

Two hours later, Crommelyn, who had, of course, a theory of his own, appeared at the Plutonian Bank, and said to the president, "I think we've got our man. He has been hanging round the Lloyd's docks trying to get a steerage passenger to sell him his ticket. See, he wants to go under a false name, as if that ever baffled one of us!"

"Very well," returned the president. "Make sure of his identity, and then I'll cable to Southampton and have him

arrested and brought back. That will give me just the fortnight's delay I need. In fact, as I told you, it is n't the forgery of the five-hundred-dollar check that I mind, — we owe Price as much as that, or nearly; but there's a more serious matter, — big paper which will mature in twenty days, and which, if I can't deny the signatures, might hit me to the tune of fifty thousand. I may need Mr. Price as a witness; and if he will tell me the whole truth, I can clear up, I think, the business so far as he is concerned. Then I'll let him off. Unless he turns out a worse man than I think he is, I certainly will. It is too late to save his ministerial good name, I'm afraid, but I can get him some sort of work. If he had n't bolted as he did, I could have saved him altogether, and then shipped him off as a missionary. As the boy said when he put the lead quarter on the plate, 'the little heathen would n't know the difference.'"

Walter Mitchell.

TAO.

IN a former number of this magazine,¹ the teaching embodied in the Upanishads of the Vedānta was considered in the respect of its applicability and helpfulness to the spiritual life and advancement of the present time. It is here purposed to survey the doctrines of the ancient Tao of the Chinese, as expounded by Lao-tze and Chuang-tze, from the same point of view and with the same object; that is, to see how far the moral and intellectual bases there laid down may be made useful or subservient to the higher or spiritual education of the age in which we live, or serve to throw light on those problems which have perplexed and baffled the most thoughtful of the race at all times in the effort to reach a com-

¹ August, 1893.

plete solution of their difficulties. We must not consider this search to be entirely vain and wasted. It is true, it is not possible for the finite to attain a knowledge of the Infinite. Neither is it possible for the creature of time to find out the nature of the Eternal in its absoluteness. Nevertheless, glimpses may be gained of that which is external to ourselves by projecting the mind beyond the region of the senses, whereby may be discerned the links and lines, as it were, of the "golden chain" by which "the world is bound about the feet of God," — "glimpses which may make us less forlorn," as at least disclosing to us the fact that we are the offspring of the Eternal Infinite, and may hope, therefore, some time to enter into the counsels of the

Most High, of whom and in whom we have our life and being; to which issue, indeed, our present mundane life may be considered the necessary training and preparatory education.

Taoism is a testimony to the unity of that transcendent teaching which has been a formative agent in the development of the race from the remotest ages. A careful survey will show us that similar lines have always been pursued, diverse in name, different in form, but always essentially identical in principle. The raising of the human soul to the divine standard is the fundamental element in all of them, and this is to be accomplished by seizing those supreme indications, those incipient germs of unconditioned life and being, the rudiments, as it were, of a divine origin, which are found, indicated by unmistakable aspirations, within all of us, and are capable of being expanded and developed to an unlimited degree, joining us to the Infinite Eternal, — the infallible signs that we are ourselves of the same nature and substance. Materialistic science will strive in vain to crush these out of us; they are a part of our very being, and, however often repressed and shorn, will again and again burst forth, like the spring growth of a denuded wood. They answer to an irrepressible law, like that which governs the inflowing tide; appearing to retire sometimes, but really steadily advancing with constant and irresistible progress. This lies at the heart of the true evolution of being, the dawn of that incoming light which must and will shine more and more to the perfect day. I think it is by such a concentration or sharpening of the inward gaze that the most of what is called revelation arises. Nothing is ever changed in the Eternal Purpose and Being, no new manifestation made; only the eyes are opened, the spiritual nature awakened, to a clearer perception of that which has always existed within and around us. "What

object does a lighted lamp reveal to a blind man though he hold it on his hand?" asks the Oriental sage. What clearness of divine truth can penetrate the closed mind of the sensuous materialist? All that every form of revelation has shown us existed from the first ages undiscovered in the human soul, and it is only there we shall find it now. The religions or philosophies of the world — I mean those typical ones which have found an affirmative response or confirmative acceptance in the human mind — are but as the facets of a diamond, each presenting a single illuminative point, but all sparkling from the same jewel, all revealing the same inward source of light and beauty, all reflecting the same glorious sun from which their splendor is derived.

The view of Taoism here presented will be that of the original expounders of its tenets regarded in the light of a philosophical system, and not that of the modern form passing under its name, which, I believe, bears no resemblance to it, — is in fact but a travestied anamorphosis of degraded empiricism unworthy of the name of either philosophy or religion.

Tao simply means the Way. Lao-tze was the accredited founder of the system it expounds. He flourished in the sixth century B. C.; his successor, Chuang-tze, two or three centuries later. The teaching of the former was much expanded and diversified by the latter. There have been several translations of the works of both these philosophers into the English tongue, but it will be sufficient here to mention two versions of the text with which the English-speaking reader will have every reason to be satisfied: one by Mr. Herbert A. Giles, published by B. Quaritch, 1889; and the other by Professor James Legge, in the series of the Sacred Books of the East, vols. 39 and 40. Perhaps the latter may be the more soberly literal, as the former is more pointed and epigrammatic;

but the wise student will provide himself with both versions, and study them carefully together.

In considering the religio-philosophy of the Taoist, one must turn from the concrete philosophies of the present time, and place one's self before the purely abstract and unconditioned; and if we would understand it fairly, we must read considerably between the lines of its expositors, and not take their figurative statements too literally. In his peculiar line of thinking and from his particular point of view, the Chinese sage of ancient days has certainly placed himself in advance of all schools and philosophies. With emancipated daring he bursts through the limitations of the senses, and sees an infinite universe before him. Like the wild ass described in the book of Job, "he scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver." He shakes off the shackles of life and time, and soars to the "fourth dimension." He penetrates the inscrutable, he feels the impalpable, he cognizes the unknowable. Partially discerned, imperfectly grasped, dimly discovered, he nevertheless is aware of that which he seeks, of that which in his inmost soul he distinctly apprehends. He not only feels it *must be*, but he holds the interior witness of the higher sense and perception that it, positively *is so*.

To give a general view of the teachings of Taoism is exceedingly difficult, as it recognizes no restrictive formula, proceeds upon no logical thesis. Its significance may be indicated by the attempt to reach the normal or elemental constitution of the primary mind in its unpostulated fullness and unconditioned freedom. It presupposes the transcendental state, an abiding in absolute being, and not in the circumstantial one of concrete action. In this light and aspect, it is not only an intelligible, but also a practical doctrine. The essential force of its appeal lies in that of *being* some-

thing, and not of *doing* something independently, as action alone.

The truth is that Tao represents in a great measure an ideal state, which can no more be realized actually and completely than that of the Ideal of Plato, or than that of absolute Christian perfection. It must remain, as every religion must remain that would "erect ourselves above ourselves," an aspiration rather than a realization whilst in the domain of the body. Taoism sets before it as its ideal the *Law* upon which growth and development are based, just as Nature illustrates her central idea in the symmetrical form of a crystal or the geometric distribution of the petals of a flower; not exact in detail, but indicating uniformity of conceptional principle. Regarded, therefore, from the outside, Tao may be said to be indefinable, even inconceivable within any definite or formal lines. Thus we have the famous saying of the founder, "Those who know do not speak; those who speak do not know." Tao seeks to act on the easy principles upon which Nature works, to select spontaneously without labor or difficulty, and to grow without effort; to enter into Law, in fact, and then to resign conscious effort. The poet Wordsworth was not far from the spirit of Taoism when he wrote the following verses: —

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

I should like to borrow another illustration of the spirit of Taoism from a modern writer: —

"It is a sad substitute when, in later years, the native insight is replaced by the sharp foresight, and we compute with wisdom the way which we should take in love. Are we never to blend the fresh heart of childhood and the large

mind of age, and so recover the lost harmonies of life?"¹

This is exactly what Taoism attempts to do in recurring to those primitive instincts lying at the bottom of the soul, ready to be disinterred, or, as the poet says, "waiting to be born." Its maxims were approximated by David the Psalmist when he said, "Be still, and know that I am God," and by Isaiah when he wrote, "Their strength is to sit still." It is yet further illustrated by the saying of Jesus Christ, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." It adopts the Scriptural Mary's part, and serves by waiting. It is strange that the translator of Lao-tze's Aphorisms in the Sacred Books of the East should be continually seeking, in his notes, for an exact definition of the term Tao. Can we give a definition of the law which we call the Attraction of Gravitation, of that of the pulsation of the animal frame, of the vitality by which we are everywhere surrounded, of the myriad-fold activities and energies which govern the universe? All we can do is to point to observed indications and effects; of the laws themselves we know nothing. Though not to be defined, yet their existence is unquestionable. We live by them. "Let knowledge stop at the knowable," says Chuang-tze; "that is perfection."

The Taoist is content to hold in an inclusive form that which he can neither analyze nor define, knowing it to be a reality. He says all our knowledge is based upon and supported by ignorance. "It is the ground you do *not* tread upon which supports you." Reaching fundamental sources, we come to an impenetrable barrier, as far as our senses and means of inquiry go. To accept unquestioningly the unknowable fact is one of the first principles of Taoism. Herein the Taoist shows his wisdom. He wastes no energy, and does not cover himself with the fool's garment of empty words.

¹ The Seat of Authority in Religion, by James Martineau.

Tao indicates the Supreme Power; but more. It dwells upon no personality. It is the Spirit of the universe, the all-acting Supreme Force. It is energy without effort. It is Nature in repose containing all forms of activity. It is unpredicated Being. It is the *IT IS* of the Vedânta, the *I AM* of the Bible. "The law of the Tao," says Lao-tze, "is its being what it is." He can get no nearer to its definition. It is the ultimate thought, the essence of speech. It dwells in the abode of Silence, unuttered in solitude, spoken in the crowd; but unuttered or spoken is still the same. It lived before the world, and will not die with it. Figures and tropes must fail to convey it, but it inheres in all. It is only by paradoxes that it can be indicated, yet these fail to express it: they appeal only to the apprehensive faculty of the seeker, by the means of which it may be discovered. It is to be understood by appropriation, and in no other way.

We must apologize to the reader for this string of apparently anomalous and self-contradictory statements. They are in the true spirit of Taoism. He will know better what they mean when he has read through the following illustrations drawn from the textbooks of its exponents. Its teaching is quietistic. It appeals to the instinct of goodness rather than to rules of conduct; indeed, it derides and despises the latter. "Use the light that is in you," says Lao-tze, "to revert to your natural clearness of light;" and in that saying is contained the great secret; it tells you all of Taoism which words can convey.

Let me try, in a few words, if it be at the risk of some little repetition, to sum up the doctrine, stated or implied, of the expounders of Tao. It may be set down as follows:—

Live in the fact, not in reasoning and talking about it. Do not seek to prove a sphere is round or a cube square; for this only leads to disputation and contradiction. Accept that which *is* unques-

tioningly. Be content with the central reality, and do not potter over accidents and accessories. A right-angled triangle is not the more regular in its proportion for being demonstrated and proved so. The functions of the corporeal frame would be impeded if we were conscious of their operation. They should not be questioned, but accepted. This, after all, is true knowledge; and surely it is a great teaching if it be properly and reasonably received. As an instance of the contrary, modern ecclesiasticism may be taken. "Love God and your neighbor," says Jesus Christ, "for this is the law and the prophets." But how is this simple teaching obscured by the thousands of books written and published, and the millions of discourses preached on the subject, together with the ordering and regulation of the various churches, not one of which accepts, or even accredits, the doctrine in its integrity! So little is the teaching of the Founder of Christianity accepted that love to all, non-possession, self-abandonment, — the very essentials and most vital points, — are utterly overlooked, disregarded, and forgotten in every form of church calling itself Christian known to me. Supposing all those persons now busied in teaching and preaching this pseudo-form of religion falsely called "Christian" were occupied in living the Christian life up to its just standard in all its relationships, how would the face of society become transformed! Personal aggrandizement and well being to the exclusion of others would not rule the world, nor foolish wars shock the universe. Peace and love would prevail, and this rolling globe, instead of being an unsocial and discordant bear-garden and battle-ground, would become a paradise for terrestrials, and the better and higher life would loom out, not as a conjectured and questionable possibility, but as an accomplished fact, a life proved in the living. There would be no need to *say anything*; the good, the Christian life realized would be the best

instructor, the most efficacious teacher. *This is Taoism.*

The condition of mind signified by Tao is by no means confined to the Chinese of a remote period, but has been known at various times and in various places, though not taking the same name and form. Some schools of thinkers of modern times have been led to adopt its tenets without being aware of their antiquity. For why? Because, as has been already stated, it is a mode of regarding things which has its *raison d'être* in the bases of our being. Madame Guyon says of the soul which has attained the Divine Life, "It seems to itself to do neither right nor wrong, but it lives satisfied, peaceful, doing what it is made to do in a steady and resolute manner." And this is the aim of the Taoist. Many instances might be given from more recent writers of the Western world, showing that, after all, the Taoistic doctrine is not so far from modern lines of thinking as at first sight might appear. Some of these will be referred to in the sequel.

We will proceed to illustrate the Taoist doctrine by a more particular examination of the writings of the two exponents above mentioned, commencing with the Aphorisms of Lao-tze. He opens his tractate by an apparent paradox: —

"The Tao, or way, that can be trodden is not the enduring and unchanging Tao. The name that can be named is not the enduring and unchanging name.

"Conceived of as having no name, it is the Originator of heaven and earth; conceived of as having a name, it is the Mother of all things.

"Under these two aspects, it is really the same, but as development takes place it receives the different names."

That is to say, the mundane, conditioned existence is not aspectually the same as the eternal one, — is only a symbol, figure, or result of it. They both come under the term "existence;"

but the one is essentially unchangeable, the other is temporary and changeable. Existence considered in the abstract is the origin of all things, — Divine Existence, in our terminology. Postulated, or concrete, existence — active, creative energy in its manifestation — becomes the “Mother,” or inceptor, of all things, and can, therefore, be distinguished by name according to its course and kind.

In the following Aphorisms we have an excellent lesson in that unselfishness which relinquishes personal advantage for the good of others, exactly in accord with the Gospel doctrine of a retiring modesty which sees something better than the obtrusion of the individual : —

“Heaven is long-enduring, and earth continues long. The reason why heaven and earth are able to endure and continue thus long is because they do not live of or for themselves. This is how they are able to continue and endure.

“Therefore the sage puts his own person last, and yet it is found in the foremost place ; he treats his person as if it were foreign to him, and yet that person is preserved. Is it not because he has no personal and private ends that therefore such ends are realized ? ”

Even Tao, the outflowing creative energy, is not allowed any self-gratulation, but is purely disinterested. Witness the following : —

“All things are produced by the Tao, and nourished by its outflowing operation. They receive their forms according to the nature of each, and are completed according to the circumstances of their condition. Therefore all things, without exception, honor the Tao and exalt its outflowing operation. It produces them, and makes no claim to the possession of them ; it carries them through their processes, and does not vaunt its ability in doing so : it brings them to maturity, and exercises no control over them : this is called its mysterious operation.”

The “mystery” of this operation is that everything in nature takes place without external coercion or compulsion ; everything is directed by internal propulsion, acting as it were spontaneously, and at the same time disinterestedly, as regards the manifestation of its individual energy. And it is this disinterestedness which we are called upon to imitate. Thus great deeds are to be wrought for their own sake ; for they can only be entirely effective under the condition of pure unselfishness.

I believe that Taoism has the distinction of having given the first utterance to that notable Gospel tenet, Recompense injury with kindness, though it does not enforce it with the loving prescription of the Sermon on the Mount. “To those who are good to me,” says Lao-tze, “I am good ; and to those who are not good to me, I am also good. — and thus all get to be good. To those who are sincere with me, I am sincere ; and to those who are not sincere with me, I am also sincere, — and thus all get to be sincere.”

A great stumbling-block to the Western mind is the teaching of Lao-tze in the assertion that the true Taoist is invulnerable ; that the rhinoceros can find no place in him in which to thrust its horn, nor the tiger its claw, nor the warrior his spear. “And for what reason ? ” asks the teacher. “Because there is in him no place of death.” One would think such language in the mouth of an Oriental could hardly be mistaken. Of course it is figurative, and simply means that as the Taoist has relinquished the mortal condition in choice and will, and taken up his abode with the Eternal, — become transmuted into it, — he is no longer the sport of Time, or liable to Time’s casualties, since he knows that he holds a life which Time cannot touch, and that his being is one with that of the universe.

Both Lao-tze and his follower disclaim that kind of knowledge which overlays

the natural faculties of the mind and would bury them in academic scholarship; they ignore even those activities in the arts which obscure the higher impulses in the elaboration of process and administration. They would cultivate that quick and natural apprehensiveness of spirit, that keen and direct faculty of the soul, which so often knows how to overleap the prescribed gradation of means to an end, instead of overloading it with accumulated facts and precedents gathered from the outside, and thus keep the mind in nearer touch with its ultimate scope and object. It was in the spirit of Taoism that Mozart said, "If you once think of *how* you are to do it, you will never do anything: I write music because I cannot help it." Certainly this is true of all the world's best work. Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Turner, saw the vision clearly, and then expressed it with as little thought of means and process as possible, — a spontaneous law embodied in every line. Taoism would raise every action to the unconscious rule and power of genius. Do not seek the aid of ethics or science in order to live, says the Taoist: live by *living*. If a bird should begin to reason of its flight, — seek how to do it mathematically, or in any way but the instinctive and natural one, — it would immediately fall to the ground.

Taoism turns to the beginning, and inculcates obedience to the primary law. The Taoist "anticipates things that are difficult while they are easy, and does things that would become great while they are small. All difficult things in the world are sure to arise from a previous state in which they were easy, and all great things from one in which they were small. Therefore, the sage, while he never does what is great, is able, on that account, to accomplish the greatest things." Tao is eminently scientific, and justifies its title of the Way by entering the path, and never leaving it till the goal is won. It begins at the beginning,

therefore its end is reached. It anticipates and provides against every contingency. "Poh-kuei avoided floods by stopping the cracks in his dike. Chang-jen guarded against fire by plastering up the fissures of his stove." The Taoist doctrine of inaction is not that of doing nothing. It is that of abiding in law; of seeking to make ourselves right, and simply allowing our actions, naturally and without strain or striving, witness to the principles by which we are governed. "It is the way of heaven not to strive," says Lao-tze, "and yet it skillfully overcomes; not to speak, and yet it is skillful in obtaining a reply; it does not call, and yet men come to it of themselves. Its demonstrations are quiet, and yet its plans are skillful and effective. The meshes of the net of heaven are large; far apart, but letting nothing escape."

Taoism inculcates strict humility and meekness, reminding one in these respects of the saying of Christ, "The meek shall inherit the earth." Thus we have the Aphorisms: —

"That whereby the rivers and seas are able to receive the homage and tribute of all the valley streams is their skill in being lower than they; it is thus that they are the kings of them all. So it is that the sage ruler, wishing to be above men, puts himself by his words below them; and wishing to be before them, places his person behind them.

"In this way, though he has his place above them, men do not feel his weight; nor though he has his place before them, do they feel it an injury to them.

"Therefore all in the world delight to exalt him, and do not weary of him. Because he does not strive, no one finds it possible to strive with him."

When one thinks of how much has been accomplished in the world by self-repression, by raising the life within to the liberality of a broad self-abnegation, one may understand the Taoist's depreciation of a narrow personality. What

spiritual influence in the world has been stronger or of wider influence than that of the Author of Christianity, who did "not strive nor cry, neither did any man hear his voice in the streets"? His silence before Pilate is heard more clearly than the thunders of Sinai, its echoes resounding even until to-day. Amongst the most important and widely diffused influences during the Middle Ages was that of St. Francis of Assisi, who wrote little or nothing, and whose recorded words are of the fewest, yet he once held half Europe in mental subjugation.

We thus gain an insight into the apparently paradoxical teaching of Lao-tze. It is not self-insistent, it does not cry out, it does not struggle. Its creed is above warfare. It dwells with the gods, and knows how to bide its time. It has faith in itself, in the Tao. The Eternal must prevail, the Infinite must rule. It keeps cool and quiet in its place, minding its own business, nor seeks to push the world out of its course, but only to find the clue, the finality, of its revolution, and then to go round with it, furthering its course as much as possible, assured that ultimately it will attain its home, in which all things rest when the stormy time is over. The Taoist lays his head, as it were, on the bosom of Infinite Wisdom, and rests there in perfect confidence that Good will assert itself, that Right will reign, and that all he can do is to trust in purity and honor, and the splendid results which must succeed the acceptance of the highest laws of life and being.

In the writings of Chuang-tze we find a wider intellectual range, a more expansive and varied outlook, than in those of his master. They are also pervaded by a subtle spirit of humor which is very diverting. His literary style is held in great esteem by his countrymen. It is marked by a brightness, vivacity, and play of the imaginative faculty clearly apparent in the translation. His utterances are direct and penetrative, reaching the

mark the nearest way. They are stimulating and suggestive, even in their most transcendental flights, and often imply more than they express. It is difficult to imagine a reader, even amongst those who seek only amusement, who would not be interested and impressed by Mr. Giles's epigrammatic translation of these masterpieces.

Chuang-tze opens his dissertation by expanding the mind to the scale of existence as unlimited. He breaks down the barriers of sense, the boundaries of mortal being, by the conception of an enormous fish called Khwan, compared with which the largest whale is a mere minnow. This fish changes into a bird called Phang. As it flies from the Northern to the Southern Ocean its wings extend from horizon to horizon; so large is it that it appears to bear the sky on its back as it flies. A cicada, seeing the vast flight of this enormous creature, compared it with his own flutterings from one tree to another, with difficulty accomplished, and said laughingly to a little dove, "Of what use is it that this creature should ascend ninety thousand leagues and fly to the south on an endlessly lean and hungry journey, when by going into the suburbs one may enjoy one's self, returning before nightfall with a full stomach?"

The narration of this fable is here very artistically introduced, as it gives the keynote to the Taoist's doctrine of scale and relationship, — the right application of the appropriate faculty to the purposes of life and living. The sage thus enforces his moral: —

"Such, indeed, is the difference between small and great. Take, for instance, a man who creditably fills some small office, or who influences his prince to right government of the state: his opinion of himself will be much the same as that cicada's. The philosopher Yung laughs at such a one. He, if the whole world flattered him, would not be affected thereby, nor if the whole world blamed

him would he lose his faith in himself. For Yung can distinguish between the intrinsic and the extrinsic, between honor and shame, — and such men are rare in their generation.”

But even this philosopher, the sage tells us, is wanting in the highest requirements of his school: he is still attached to the earth, and is the creature of time and circumstance. “But,” he inquires, “had he been charioted upon the eternal fitness of heaven and earth, driving before him the elements as his team, while roaming through the realms of Forever, — upon what then would he have had to depend?” That is to say, had he attained to that high spiritual condition in which the soul becomes entirely independent of its environment, he would have transcended all mortal shackles and impediments, dwelling in the unchangeable and eternal verity. The sage thus sums up the qualifications of the Taoist: “The perfect man has no thought of self; the spirit-like man, none of merit; the wise man, none of fame,” — each of these being raised above ordinary humanity in the degrees thus assigned.

I have said that Taoism often speaks in paradoxes, but beneath these there is always a profound meaning, a wide suggestiveness. In the chapter just quoted there is a pointed illustration of the useful in what is apparently useless from a lack of the faculty to grasp fully its significance or to appreciate its importance, which is, indeed, another logical application of the fable already cited. Hui-tze relates to Chuang-tze that the king of Wei had given him some seeds of a large calabash, the fruit of which, when fully grown, was so large that he did not know what to do with it. First of all he used the dried shells to contain water, but they were too heavy to lift; he then divided them into drinking-vessels, but they were too wide and unsteady for that purpose; he then broke them to pieces, as being of no use whatever. “The uselessness of the calabash,”

says Chuang-tze, “was owing to your lack of intelligence in applying it. Why did you not take your five-bushel gourd and make a boat of it, by means of which you could have floated over river and lake? With that object and intention it would not have been found too large.” Hui-tze replies, saying that he has a large tree, but of a worthless kind. It is unwieldy; its trunk is gnarled and crooked, not fit for planks, and its branches are so contorted that they are not suited to any purpose of carpentry. “It seems to me,” proceeds Hui-tze, “that your words are like that tree, big and useless.” “Sir,” answers Chuang-tze, “have you never seen a wildcat crouching down in wait for its prey? Right and left it springs from bough to bough, high and low alike, until perchance it gets caught in a trap or dies in a snare. On the other hand, there is the yak with its huge body. It is big enough, in all conscience, but it cannot catch mice. Now, if you have a big tree and are at a loss what to do with it, why not plant it in the domain of non-existence, whither you might betake yourself to inaction beneath its shade? There it would be safe from the axe and all other injury; for being of no use to others, itself would be free from harm.”

There is a subtle and transcendental meaning in this parable which may be thus expressed: Put a large thing to a large use; do not cut it up into smaller uses. What is useless in the material plane may find its full purpose in the spiritual one. Do not waste and dissipate the higher faculties of the soul and being on the evolution of the lower and temporary conditions of life, but fix them on the development of the highest and unchangeable state by discerning and entering the Tao, — the Infinite and the Eternal. The scope of the Khwan and the Phang is lost to the quail, the dove, and the locust. It is too wide for their comprehension, too vast for any scheme of their existence. To the materialist,

who lives a life shut up in the scant domain of the senses, who does not discern nor appreciate the spirit-like outlook which regards infinite creation, and knows and feels that he who has such an outlook becomes himself an integral part of this creation, a part as important and necessary as any other part, such a conceptional idea is an occlusion, a stumbling-block, a mere figment. It is for him an impossible and chimerical Khwan or Phang, an overgrown calabash, a yak most useless in the catching of mice, a misapplied force; or rather, not a force at all, but a phantasmagoria without any real existence or place in life.

Taoism does not encourage verbose reasonings and disputations. "The sage thinks, but does not discuss," observes Chuang-tze. "Disputation is a proof of not seeing clearly." This objection to talking in the place of being or living is constantly raised. The same wise master, in describing the character of a true philosopher, says in epigrammatic form, which would be well inscribed over every temple and academy in the world, "He sympathizes, but does not instruct." It is so easy to teach the ethics of life, but so difficult practically to learn them. How often do we get offered to us the scorpion of instruction for the egg of sympathetic consolation! With what distinctness does one feel, in reading the discourses of the consolers of the afflicted Job, that a deeper and wider sympathy might have superseded all their lengthy homilies, and have brought them at once in closer rapport with the sufferer and with the Divine Administrator of suffering! The full reception of this Aphorism would in itself be capable of changing the whole aspect of life, and might indeed constitute a worthy sheet-anchor of moral conduct. If there were to be applied any one test by means of which the moral nature and condition of a man might be adequately measured and appraised, I know of none the alternative

of which would be so decisively and crucially significant as this: Does he sympathize, or does he instruct?

Again, concrete virtues independently exercised on their own bases and limitations, as acts alone, are decried by the exponents of Tao. "Intentional charity and intentional duty to one's neighbor are surely not included in our moral nature," says Chuang-tze. Benevolence and righteousness as specially exercised virtues are everywhere discouraged. The teacher refers to the primitive ages for the ideal state, when men lived in simplicity and according to the unsophisticated dictates of nature, — rules of conduct and formal prescription being useless where the love of goodness universally prevailed. "But," he pursues, "when the sages appeared, tripping over charity and fettering with duty to one's neighbor, doubt found its way into the world." It is not thought necessary to legislate that a woman shall love her offspring; why should it be thought necessary to prescribe by moral subvention that a man should act justly and generously towards his fellow-men? To the perfectly just or justly inclined man, which Tao implies, the charity and duty of set purpose are superfluous, because they flow from him naturally, without intention; so also with other virtues. He is the embodiment of them, as the sun is the embodiment of light, which makes no effort to shine, but dispenses its radiance as a condition of its existence. A passage in the ethical writings of James Hinton puts this very clearly: "When the work of deliverance from self is effected, the thought of others need not be consciously present; the conditions being fulfilled, action becomes instinctive, and the perfectness of instinctive work shows that this is the highest form." That benevolence or charity is discouraged which consists in the mere exercise of a function not dwelling in nor resulting from the faculty in which it properly inheres. So St. Paul: "Though

I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned," — and one cannot imagine a higher exercise of functional benevolence than is implied by these, — "and have not charity" (or love), "it profiteth me nothing."

Tao, in its experimental aspect, is the instrument of the Eternal, the operation of the Infinite when postulated. It allows no intrusion of personality, no selfish or individual interest. Why, inquires the Taoist, should virtues take the place of Virtue? The rules and prescriptions of a factitious benevolence and righteousness are only to be regarded as distractions impeding and obstructing the natural outflow of a generous soul. To assign and prescribe these is simply a distortion and wrong done to that nature. How obvious, when we think of it, is the difference between a generous act done from a principle of justice or duty and one done from the instinct of love! That this is no extravagant distinction of Oriental fancy, but that it has been known and accepted by sober thinkers of more recent times, may be verified by a quotation from Dr. John Tauler, one of the "Friends of God" in Germany in the fourteenth century. He says in one of his sermons: "The child of God must have exercise in good works; but when he comes to possess the very substance of virtue, then virtue is no longer an exercise to him, for he practices it without an effort; and when virtue is practiced without labor or pain, we have got beyond exercise." This is exactly what the Taoist means when he decries "charity and duty to one's neighbor." He fitly crowns his doctrine by an appeal to the highest good, thus showing where his standard and ideal lie. He says: "The Master I serve succors all things, and does not account it *duty*. He continues his blessings through countless generations, and does not account it *charity*. Dating back to the remotest antiquity, he does not account himself old. Covering heaven, supporting earth, and

fashioning the various forms of things, he does not account himself skilled. He it is whom you should seek."

Tao, as has been already indicated, enforces a simple obedience to Universal Law; an acceptance of what is the only safe condition of life, the only secure path which can lead to perfect results. The Taoist seeks to utilize general laws by submitting to them, the only way to make them available to the highest purposes. He says: "Every addition to or deviation from nature belongs not to the ultimate perfection of all. He who would attain such perfection never loses sight of the natural conditions of his existence. With him, the joined is not united, nor the separated apart, nor the long in excess, nor the short wanting. For just as a duck's legs, though short, cannot be lengthened without pain to the duck, and a crane's legs, though long, cannot be shortened without misery to the crane, so that which is long in man's moral nature cannot be cut off, nor that which is short be lengthened. All sorrow is thus avoided." This position is well illustrated by the philosopher Mencius, though not a Taoist, in the following fable: "There must be the constant practice of righteousness, but without the object of nourishing the passion-nature. Let not the mind forget its work, but let there be no assisting the growth. Let us not be like the man of Sung. There was a man at Sung who was grieved that his growing corn was not longer, and so he pulled it up. He then returned home, looking very stupid, and said to his people, 'I am very tired to-day; I have been helping the corn to grow long.' His son ran to look at it, and found the corn all withered. There are few people in the world who do not deal with their passion-nature as if they were thus assisting their corn to grow long. Some, indeed, consider it of no benefit to them, and neglect it; they do not weed the corn. They who assist it to grow long pull out their corn. What

they do is not only of no benefit to the nature, but it also injures it."

If we would see to what "benevolence" and "righteousness," "charity" and "duty to one's neighbor," lead without entering into the *Law* of Love and Truth, and only practiced empirically, we have but to turn to mediæval ecclesiasticism, which consisted with every kind of ignorance and cruelty. War, for example (denounced by the Taoist), was an accepted instrument of the church whose accredited Founder had expressly forbidden the use of the sword to his disciples. The doctrine of tender compassion and sympathetic love, the essence of Christianity, was administered by murderous fires and bitter persecutions.

Another distinctive doctrine of Tao is that of Inaction, before alluded to, but for the sake of clearness further illustration may be given. By inaction, as has been already stated, is not meant the *laissez faire* of the idle, careless, and indifferent, but the placing of one's self in the proper order of events, and then patiently awaiting the issue. The Way is found by submission, not by overwrought exertion; by seeing and submitting to the right and true, not by self-centred action. The master of Tao neglects nothing, must do everything; but each thing must be done in the order and course of law, not empirically; must be done silently, unargumentatively, impersonally; that is, without the least selfishness or self-interest. His life must be *all action*, but it must be action in natural progress and gradation, — orderly, persistent, consecutive, as the earth's revolution round the sun, as natural and as easy; it must be the embodiment of instinctive tact, the child in the man, God in the universe, the working of Nature through the mechanism of phenomena without strife or restraint, but effectually. "Heaven does nothing," says the Taoist, "and thence comes its serenity; earth does nothing, and thence comes its

rest. By the union of these two inactivities, all things are produced. How vast and imperceptible is the process! they seem to come from nowhere! How imperceptible and vast! there is no visible image of it! All things in all their variety grow from this inaction. Hence it is said, 'Heaven and earth do nothing, and yet there is nothing they do not do.' " "But," the Taoist adds, "what man is there that can attain to this inaction?" Who indeed? Yet this is the Taoist ideal, to do everything by a necessity of being, as it were, without any abnormal straining, just as the seasons are brought about by insensible terrestrial changes. Thus the Taoist does not obey Law as something extraneous to himself; he *is* Law, the embodiment of it, and that is the highest form of manhood.

The essential spirit of Taoism is well illustrated in a supposed interview of Confucius with an old fisherman, narrated by Chuang-tze. Confucius, one day, rambling in the Black Forest, sat down by the Apricot Altar, when an old wise fisherman came by. Confucius accosted him, and, knowing him to have attained Tao, requested to be instructed by him. The fisherman began by pointing out the abuses and defections of society in over-officiousness and by an obtrusive personality. Confucius then complained of the rancorous persecution which had followed him, although his constant effort had been to act with justice and integrity. The fisherman attributed his misfortunes to the faults he had been decrying, and then related to him the following fable: —

"There was once a man who was so afraid of his shadow and so disliked his own footsteps that he determined to run away from them. But the oftener he raised his feet the more footsteps he made, and though he ran very hard his shadow never left him. From this he inferred that he went too slowly, and ran as hard as he could without resting;

the consequence being that his strength broke down, and he died. He was not aware that by going into the shade he would have got rid of his shadow, and that by keeping still he would have put an end to his footsteps. Fool that he was!"

The fisherman proceeded to draw the moral thus: "If you had guarded your proper truth, simply rendering to others what was due to them, then you would have escaped such entanglements. But now, when you do not cultivate your own person, and make the cultivation of others your object, are you not occupying yourself with what is external?"

Confucius, with an air of sadness, said, "Allow me to ask what it is that you call my proper truth."

The fisherman replied: "A man's proper truth is pure sincerity in its highest degree; without this pure sincerity one cannot move others. Hence, if one only forces himself to wail, however sadly he may do so, it is not real sorrow; if he forces himself to be angry, however he may seem to be severe, he excites no awe; if he forces himself to show affection, however he may smile, he awakens no harmonious reciprocation. True grief without a sound is yet sorrowful; true anger without any demonstration awakens awe; true affection without a smile yet produces a harmonious reciprocation. Given this truth within, it exercises a spiritual efficacy without, and this is why we count it so valuable."

The Law of Tao is then still more definitely expounded in the following summary:—

"Rites are prescribed for the practice of common people; a man's proper Truth is what he has received from Heaven, operating spontaneously, and unchangeable. Therefore the sages take their law from Heaven, and prize their proper Truth, without submitting to the restrictions of custom. The stupid do the reverse of this. They are unable to take their law from Heaven, and are

influenced by other men; they do not know how to prize the proper Truth of their nature, but are under the dominion of ordinary things, and change according to the customs around them."

Do not disturb the order of events and destroy the harmony of life, says the Taoist, by too much meddling. Life will govern itself, if you will only allow it to do so. Life is enough for the living. Its purposes will be accomplished, its results attained, without combating and struggling against those circumstances whose sum and end are combined in one issue. A too strict and specific government induces crime, an overstrained pressure and enforcement of external rules of constraint and restriction destroy self-dependence, suppressing the natural development of a moral and virtuous life and conduct either by causing moral atrophy, or by arousing a reactionary feeling to evade them. Teach men to depend on their innate goodness, not upon an artificial and factitious code formed by ethical rule and compass. Let your appeal be to the internal witness and standard, not to compulsory external regulation. You will thus form men and women with judgment and independence, not slaves and serfs to superimposed restrictions. This is the doctrine of "Letting Be," and one may very well see the reasonableness of it. It is neither a fad nor a folly, but implies a deep underlying principle which the world may some time think it worth while to appeal to as the stronghold of morals, the fortress of a well laid and firmly regulated life, the safeguard of good conduct and a just perception of the rightness of things. This doctrine ought not to appear strange to us. It has received a singular confirmation by a modern thinker to whom its authority could not have been known. "What if the world be so arranged by God," says James Hinton in his *Philosophy and Religion*, "that it goes best by being *let alone*; not being continually

interfered with by us to make it as we like it (as we find this the tendency of politics, certainly, and medicine)? May this be the truth: that man, having his interest devoted mainly to the spiritual, and suffering the phenomenal to go with less devotion of thought and labor, would find it go better by that very letting alone? One great part of our mischief is, that we continually alter, or try to alter, all phenomena to please ourselves, and so spoil things; our whole interest and thought is *to them*, and it is the wrong attitude of man to them; they go wrong by that very activity; and the remedy for this evil is the devotion of our thoughts to the spiritual, the phenomenal therefore going better. May not this be in part the meaning of 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God,' etc.? Do not pay so much heed to make these things go as you like them, and they will go the better; for it spoils even the phenomenon to make it as man likes it to be."

Does not this strange similarity of doctrine between thinkers so widely separated from each other by time and locality show that it must certainly have a natural basis of truth in the human mind?

"Be careful," says Chuang-tze, "not to interfere with the natural goodness of the heart of man. Man's heart may be forced down or stirred up. In each case the issue is fatal. By gentleness the hardest heart may be softened. But try to cut and polish it, it will glow like fire or freeze like ice. In the twinkling of an eye it will pass beyond the limits of the Four Seas. In repose, profoundly still; in motion, far away in the sky. No bolt can bar, no bond can bind, — such is the human heart."

The necessity of independence of judgment, and for the development of that principle in the individual upon which alone can be based the right government of life, is clearly laid down in the following passage: —

"Cherish that which is within you, and shut off that which is without; for much knowledge is a curse. Then I will place you upon that abode of Great Light which is the source of positive power, and escort you through the gate of Profound Mystery which is the source of the negative power. These powers are the controllers of heaven and earth, and each contains the other."

That is to say, by dismissing acquired knowledge, and placing yourself on the basis of direct thinking, you will attain the highest power of the human mind.

As the Yellow Emperor was going to see Tâ-kwei with seven sages in his train, he lost his way, and stopped to make inquiry of a little boy who was tending some horses. After receiving the required indication the Emperor proceeded still further to question the boy, and was so astonished at the answers given that he finally said to him, "Of course government is not your trade; still, I should be glad to hear what you would do if you were Emperor." The boy declined to answer; but on being again urged, he cried out, "What difference is there between governing and looking after horses? See that no harm comes to the horses, that is all." One hardly wonders that the Emperor was so struck with the boy's answer that, prostrating himself before him, he addressed him as "Celestial Instructor," and so took his leave.

The worldly-indifferent Taoist does not look to the external for his satisfaction. He prefers to dwell, as many of the wisest of all ages have done, in obscure tranquillity, with the wide universe spread out before him, and its secret within his heart. To be greedy of knowledge is not satisfying, for a full appetite asks for more. It is a part of his wisdom to know when he has had enough, and to stop on the hither side of the knowable. He accepts what he has as earnest of all the rest, and is satisfied to be a dweller in Tao, a denizen of the Infinite, an inhabitant of the Eternal.

He asks neither place nor power, and is not to be won by the promise of office, honors, or reward.

"Chuang-tze was fishing in the P'u, when the prince of Ch'u sent two high officials to ask him to take charge of the administration of the Ch'u State. Chuang-tze went on fishing, and, without turning his head, said: 'I have heard that in Ch'u there is a sacred tortoise which has been dead now some three thousand years; and that the prince keeps this tortoise carefully inclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now, would this tortoise rather be dead and have its remains venerated, or be alive and wagging its tail in the mud?' 'It would rather be alive,' replied the two officials, 'and wagging its tail in the mud.' 'Begone!' cried Chuang-tze. 'I too will wag my tail in the mud.'"

The apparently extravagant character of some of the doctrines of Tao is very much modified in aspect if we look for it under other forms and names amongst Western nations. The claims for impressiveness made by the undemonstrative reticence and silence of the Taoist are not unexampled in the social life of to-day. The Taoist is said to do everything by doing nothing, to persuade more by the "argument of silence" than by the rhetoric of speech. "The true Sage," says Chuang-tze, "when in obscurity, causes those around him to forget their poverty. When in power, he causes princes to forget ranks and emoluments, and to become as though of low estate. He rejoices exceedingly in all creation. He exults to see Tao diffused among his fellow-men, while suffering no loss himself. Thus, although silent, he can instill peace, and by his mere presence cause men to be to each other as father and son. From his very return to passivity comes this active influence for good. So widely does he differ in heart from ordinary men."

The men of the greatest influence

are not the loudest nor the most officious. To be "silent in seven languages" is a power over self which implies power over others. The Thoreaus and Hawthornes have not much to say either in public or in private, but their influence goes far, and carries the more weight, perhaps, for the paucity of utterance,—more, in fact, than is possible to blatant self-assertion and an obtruded personality. A single word quietly spoken from a purely unselfish spirit, says Archbishop Fénelon, will go further, even in worldly matters, than the most eager, bustling exertion. The Taoist who seeks to improve, to perfect himself as far as possible first, and then to win over others to his views, is much more likely to succeed in doing so than he who says the wisest things from an unformed or ill-formed, an ungoverned or misgoverned life. We all know the person whom we trust with the best and the worst of ourselves, and whose good faith we rely upon, whom we consult in trouble, and whose sympathy we claim in success or prosperity. He or she has seldom much to say,—is not a person of bustle or excitement. But we know our confidence is not misplaced, nor will our trust be broken.

If we compare the governing sentiment of Taoism with that of Vedantism, there is a considerable difference in the points of view taken; also in the degrees of limitation and extension in the application of those views. The Vedantist has the nobler outlook, the sublimer conception of the spiritual life. He sees the universe as a body of which intelligent essential being is the soul. He sees in his own life and being a manifestation of the Eternal,—the universal thinker, worker, sustainer, dissolver. The Taoist also sees and feels around him the larger influence, the wider power; and his object is the same as that of the Vedantist,—to identify himself with the all-sustaining, the continually enduring. But he does not dwell upon the

intellectual nature of this Being; he separates it from all possible conditions and qualities. It is neither thought, nor act, nor anything for which he has a name. It declines all predicates, and is the sublime nothing, the dark inscrutable, to all human intelligence. The soul of the Vedantist is the universal soul. Tao has neither soul nor spiritual being. The term God, as used in modern forms of religion, might in many instances be applicable to the Brahman of the Vedânta, though it is by no means synonymous with it. But it could hardly be employed for Tao in any just sense or significance. Tao, as has been said, is without predicates, whereas the term God in its usual acceptation implies them. The Vedantist appeals to the soul within, as it exists; the Taoist leaves the soul and time, and soars, as he says, on the wings of nothingness in the realm of nowhere. But these are not mere phrases to him. He grasps what he holds; and though the goal of his efforts and desires is substantially unknown and incomprehensible to him, he is as well assured of its reality as he is of his own existence. The world of his senses is not a finality; and though he refuses to define what may be called the heavenly support which underlies all being, he is not, for that reason, disposed to consider it a figment. Upon this his rule is laid and his life based. But though his outlook has not the spiritual sublimity of the Vedânta, it often reaches a moral grandeur which is in itself sublime.

Which of us can read the words of the ancient sage without feeling the strength of their appeal to that elemental part of the soul which unites us to the Eternal, and confirms us children of the Infinite, — that something within us which is as the echo to sound, the messenger of the voice we recognize as familiar to us?

“That Self (the Tao) is eternal; yet all men think it mortal. That Self is

infinite; yet all men think it finite. Those who possess Tao are princes in this life, and rulers in the hereafter. Those who do not possess Tao behold the light of day in this life, and become clods of earth in the hereafter. Nowadays, all living things spring from the dust, and to the dust return. But I will lead you through the portals of eternity into the domain of infinity. My light is the light of sun and moon. My life is the life of heaven and earth. I know not who comes nor who goes. Men may all die, but I endure forever.”

Thus speaks the Tao. Let us compare the utterance with the words of David the Psalmist, and we shall see how nearly related they are to each other, how similar are the loftiest emotions of the soul and its language at all times and in all generations: —

“Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

“They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:

“But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

“The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee.”

To show where the Taoist really stands, and in further explication of his doctrines, we will give a final extract. It must, however, be premised that the term Thien (Heaven), translated by Mr. Giles “God,” must not be understood to imply a personal deity, for that does not enter the category of the Taoist.

“The foot treads the ground in walking; nevertheless, it is the ground not trodden on which makes up the good walk. A man’s knowledge is limited; but it is upon what he does not know that he depends to extend his knowledge to the apprehension of God. Knowledge of the great ONE, of the great Negative, of the great Nomenclature, of the great

Uniformity, of the great Space, of the great Truth, of the great Law, — this is perfection. The great ONE is omnipresent, the great Negative is omnipotent, the great Nomenclature is all-inclusive, the great Uniformity is all-assimilative, the great Space is all-receptive, the great Truth is all-exacting, the great Law is all-binding. The ultimate end is God. He is manifested in the laws of nature. He is the hidden spring. At the beginning He was. This, however, is inexplicable. It is unknowable. But from the unknowable we reach the known.

Investigation must not be limited, nor must it be unlimited. In this vague undefinedness there is an actuality. Time does not change it. It cannot suffer diminution. May we not then call it our great Guide? Why not bring our doubting hearts to investigation thereof, and then, using certainty to dispel doubt, revert to a state without doubt, in which doubt is doubly dead?"

A Chinese commentator, speaking of the section to which this is the conclusion, says, "The force of language can no further go." Nor can it.

William Davies.

IN A PASTURE BY THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

THE word "pasture" as used on the shore of the Great Salt Lake conveys no true idea to one whose associations with that word have been formed in States east of the Rocky Mountains. Imagine an extensive inclosure on the side of a mountain, with its barren-looking soil strewn with rocks of all sizes, from a pebble to a boulder, cut across by an irrigating ditch or a mountain brook, dotted here and there by sage bushes and patches of oak-brush and wild roses, and one has a picture of a Salt Lake pasture. Closely examined, it has other peculiarities. There is no halfway in its growths, no shading off, so to speak, as elsewhere; not an isolated shrub, not a solitary tree, flourishes in the strange soil; trees and shrubs crowd close together as if for protection, and the clump, of whatever size or shape, ends abruptly, with the desert coming up to its very edge. Yet the soil, though it seems to be the driest and most unpromising of baked gray mud, needs nothing more than a little water to clothe itself luxuriantly; the course of a brook, or even an irrigating ditch, if permanent, is marked by a thick and varied border of greenery. What the poor creatures

who wandered over those dreary wastes could find to eat was a problem to be solved only by close observation of their ways.

"H. H." said, some years ago, that the magnificent yucca, the glory of the Colorado mesas, was being exterminated by wandering cows who ate the buds as soon as they appeared. The cattle of Utah — or their owners — have a like crime to answer for: not only do they constantly feed upon rose buds and leaves, notwithstanding the thorns, but they regale themselves upon nearly every flower plant that shows its head; lupines were the chosen dainty of my friend's horse. The animals become expert at getting this unnatural food; it is curious to watch the deftness with which a cow will go through a currant or gooseberry bush, thrusting her head far down among the branches, and carefully picking off the tender leaves, while leaving the stems untouched, and the matter-of-course way in which she will bend over and pull down a tall sapling to despoil it of its foliage.

In a pasture such as I have described, on the western slope of one of the Rocky Mountains, desolate and for-

bidding though it looked, many hours of last summer's May and June "went their way," if not

"As softly as sweet dreams go down the night," certainly with interest and pleasure to two bird-students whose ways I have sometimes chronicled.

Most conspicuous, as we toiled upward toward our breezy pasture, was a bird whose chosen station was a fence, — a wire fence at that. He was a tanager; not our brilliant beauty in scarlet and black, but one far more gorgeous and eccentric in costume, having with the black wings and tail of our bird a breast of shining yellow and a cap of crimson. His occupation on the sweet May mornings that he lingered with us, on his way up the mountains for the summer, was the familiar one of getting his living, and to that he gave his mind without reserve. Not once did he turn curious eyes upon us as we sauntered by, or rested awhile to watch him. Eagerly his pretty head turned this way and that, but not for us; it was for the winged creatures of the air he looked, and when one that pleased his fancy fluttered by he dashed out and secured it, returning to a post or the fence, just as absorbed and just as eager for the next one. Every time he alighted, it was a few feet farther down the fence, and thus he worked his way out of our sight without seeming aware of our existence.

This was not stupidity on the part of the crimson-head, nor was it foolhardiness; it was simply trust in his guardian, — for he had one, one who watched every movement of ours with close attention, whose vigilance was never relaxed, and who appeared, when we saw her, to be above the need of food. A plain personage she was, clad in modest dull yellow, the female tanager. She was probably his mate; at any rate, she gradually followed him down the fence, keeping fifteen or twenty feet behind him all the time, with an eye on us, ready to give

warning of the slightest aggressive movement on our part. It would be interesting to know how my lord behaves up in those sky parlors where his summer home is made. No doubt he is as tender and devoted as most of his race (all his race, I would say, if Mr. Torrey had not shaken our faith in the ruby-throat), and I have no doubt that the little red-heads in the nest will be well looked after and fed by their fly-catching papa.

Far different from the cool unconcern of the crimson-headed tanager were the manners of another red-headed dweller on the mountain. The green-tailed towhee he is called in the books, though the red of his head is much more conspicuous than the green of his tail. In this bird, the high-bred repose of his neighbor was replaced by the most fussy restlessness. When we surprised him on the lowest wire of the fence, he was terribly disconcerted, not to say thrown into a panic. He usually stood a moment, holding his long tail up in the air, flirted his wings, turned his body this way and that in great excitement, then hopped to the nearest boulder, slipped down behind it, and ran off through the sage bushes like a mouse. More than this we were never able to see, and where he lived and how his spouse looked we do not know to this day.

Most interesting of the birds that we saw on our daily way to the pasture were the gulls, great, beautiful, snowy creatures, who looked strangely out of place so far away from the seashore. Stranger, too, than their change of residence was their change of manners, from the wild, unapproachable sea birds, soaring and diving, and apparently spending their lives on wings such as the poet writes of:

"When I had wings, my brother,

Such wings were mine as thine;"

and of whose lives he further says:—

"What place man may, we claim it,
But thine, — whose thought may name it?

Free birds live higher than freemen,

And gladlier ye than we."

From this high place in our thoughts, from this realm of poetry and mystery, to come down almost to the tameness of the barnyard fowl is a marvelous transformation, and one is tempted to believe the solemn announcement of the Salt Lake prophet, that the Lord sent them to his chosen people.

The occasion of this alleged special favor to the Latter Day Saints was the advent, about twenty years ago, of clouds of grasshoppers, before which the crops of the Western States and Territories were destroyed as by fire. It was then, in their hour of greatest need, when the food upon which depended a whole people was threatened, that these beautiful winged messengers appeared. In large flocks they came, from no one knows where, and settled, like so many sparrows, all over the land, devouring almost without ceasing the hosts of the foe. The crops were saved, and all Deseret rejoiced. Was it any wonder that a people trained to regard the head of their church as the direct representative of the Highest should believe these to be really birds of God, and should accordingly cherish them? Well would it be for themselves if other Christian peoples were equally believing, and protected and cherished other winged messengers sent just as truly to protect their crops.

The shrewd man who wielded the destinies of his people beside the Salt Lake secured the future usefulness of what they considered the miraculous visitation by fixing a penalty of five dollars upon the head of every gull in the Territory. And now, the birds having found congenial nesting-places on solitary islands in the lake, their descendants are so fearless and so tame that they habitually follow the plough like a flock of chickens, rising from almost under the feet of the indifferent horses, and settling down at once in the furrow behind, seeking out and eating greedily all the worms and grubs and larvæ and mice and moles that the plough has disturbed in its pas-

sage. The Mormon cultivator has sense enough to appreciate such service, and no man or boy dreams of lifting a finger against his best friend.

Extraordinary indeed was this sight to eyes accustomed to seeing every bird that attempts to render like service shot and snared, and swept from the face of the earth. Our hearts warmed toward the "Sons of Zion," and our respect for their intelligence increased, as we hurried down to the field to see this latter-day wonder.

Whether the birds distinguished between "saints" and sinners, or whether their confidence extended only to plough-boys, they would not let us come near them. But our glasses brought them close, and we had a very good study of them, finding exceeding interest in their ways; their quaint faces as they flew toward us; their dignified walk; their expression of disapproval, lifting the wings high above the back till they met; their queer and constant cries in the tone of a child who whines; and, above all, their use of the wonderful wings, — "half wing, half wave," Mrs. Spofford calls them.

To rise from the earth upon these beautiful great arms seemed to be not so easy as it looks. Some of the graceful birds lifted them, and ran a little before leaving the ground, and all of them left both legs hanging, and both feet jerking awkwardly at every wing-beat for a few moments after starting, before they carefully drew each flesh-colored foot up into its feather pillow,

"And gray and silver up the dome
Of gray and silver skies went sailing,"

in ever-widening circles, without moving a feather that we could perceive. It was charming to see how nicely they folded down their splendid wings, on alighting, stretching each one out, and apparently straightening every feather before laying it into its place.

Several hours this interesting flock accompanied the horses and man around

the field, taking possession of each furrow as it was laid open, and chattering and eating as fast as they could; and the question occurred to me, If a field that is thoroughly gleaned over every spring furnishes so great a supply of creatures hurtful to vegetation, what must be the state of grounds which are carefully protected from such gleaning, on which no bird is allowed to forage?

As noon approached, the hour when "birds their wise siesta take," although the plough did not cease its monotonous round, the birds retired in a body to the still untouched middle of the field, and settled themselves for their "nooning;" dusting themselves — their snowy plumes! — like hens on an ash heap, sitting about in knots like parties of ducks, preening and shaking themselves out, or going at once to sleep, according to their several tastes. Half an hour's rest sufficed for the more active spirits, and then they treated us, their patient observers, to an aerial exhibition. A large number, perhaps three quarters of the flock, rose in a body and began a spiral flight. Higher and higher they went, in wider and wider circles, till, against the white clouds, they looked like a swarm of midges, and against the blue the eye could not distinguish them. Then from out of the sky dropped one after another, leaving the soaring flock, looking wonderfully ethereal and gauzy in the clear air, with the sun above him, almost like a spirit bird gliding motionless through the ether, till he alighted at last quietly beside his fellows on the ground. In another half-hour they were all behind the plough again, hard at work.

When we had looked our fill, we straightway sought out and questioned some of the wise men among the "peculiar people." This is what we learned: that when ploughing is over the birds retire to their home, an island in the lake, where, being eminently social birds, their nests are built in a community. Their beneficent service to mankind does

not end with the ploughing season, for when that is over they turn their attention to the fish that are brought into the lake by the fresh-water streams, at once strangled by its excess of salt, and their bodies washed up on the shore. What would become of the human residents if that animal deposit were left for the fierce sun to dispose of may perhaps be imagined. The gull should indeed be a sacred bird in Utah.

What drew us first to the pasture — which we come to at last — was our search for a magpie's nest. The home of this knowing fellow is the Rocky Mountain region, and naturally he was the first bird we thought of looking for. There would be no difficulty in finding nests, we thought, for we came upon magpies everywhere in our walks. Now, one alighted on a fence post, a few yards ahead of us, earnestly regarding our approach, tilting upward his long, expressive tail, the black of his plumage shining with brilliant blue reflections, and the white fairly dazzling the eyes. Again, we caught glimpses of two or three of the beautiful birds walking about on the ground, holding their precious tails well up from the earth, and gleaning industriously the insect life of the horse pasture. At the same moment we were saluted from the top of a tall tree, and shrieked at by one passing over our heads, looking like an immense dragonfly against the sky. Magpie voices were heard from morning till night; strange, loud calls of "mag! mag!" were ever in our ears. "Oh yes," we had said, "we must surely go out some morning and find a nest."

First we inquired. Everybody knew where they built, in oak-brush or in apple-trees, but not a boy in that village knew where there was a nest. Oh no, not one! A man confessed to the guilty secret, and, directed by him, we took a long walk through the village with its queer little houses, many of them having the two front doors which tell the tale of Mormondom within; up the long side-

walk, with a beautiful bounding mountain brook running down the gutter, as if it were a tame irrigating ditch; to a big gate in a "combination fence." (What this latter might be we had wondered, but relied upon knowing it when we saw it, — and we did: it was a fence of laths held together by wires woven between them, and we recognized the fitness of the name instantly.) Then on through the big gate, down a long lane, where we ran the gauntlet of the family cows; over, or under, bars, where awaited us a tribe of colts with their anxious mammas; and at last to the tree, and the nest. There our guide met us, and climbed up to explore. Alas! the nest robber had anticipated us.

Slowly we took our way home, resolved to ask no more help, but to seek for ourselves; for the nest that is *known* is the nest that is robbed. So the next morning, armed with camp chairs and alpenstocks, drinking-cups and notebooks, we started up the mountain, where we could at least find solitude and the fresh air of the hills. We climbed till we were tired, and then, as was our custom, sat down to rest and breathe, and see who lived in that part of the world. Without thought of the height we had reached, we turned our backs to the mountain rising bare and steep before us, and behold! the outlook struck us dumb.

There at our feet lay the village, smothered in orchards and shade trees, the locusts just then huge bouquets of graceful bloom and delicious odor, buzzing with hundreds of bees and humming-birds; beyond was a stretch of cultivated fields in various shades of green and brown; and then the lake, — beautiful and wonderful Salt Lake, glowing with exquisite colors, now hyacinth blue, changing in places to tender green or golden brown, again sparkling like a vast bed of diamonds. In the foreground lay Antelope Island, in hues of purple and bronze, with its chain of hills and graceful sky line; and resting on the

horizon beyond were the peaks of the grand Oquirrh, capped with snow. Well might we forget our quest while gazing on this impressive scene, trying to fix its various features in our memories, to be an eternal possession.

We were recalled to the business in hand by the sudden appearance, on the top of a tree below us, of one of the birds we sought. The branch bent and swayed as the heavy fellow settled upon it, and in a moment a comrade came, calling vigorously, and alighted on a neighboring branch. A few minutes they remained, with flirting tails, conversing in garrulous tones; then together they rose on broad wings and passed away, — away over the fields, almost out of sight, before they dropped into a patch of oak-brush. After them appeared others, and we sat there a long time, hoping to see at least one that had its home within our reach. But every bird that passed over turned its face to the mountains: some seemed to head for the dim Oquirrh across the lake, while others disappeared over the top of the Wasatch behind us; not one paused in our neighborhood, excepting long enough to look at us, and express its opinion in loud and not very polite tones.

It was then and there that we noticed our pasture; the entrance was beside us. Shall we go in? was always the question before an inclosure. We looked over the wall. It was plainly the abode of horses, — meek workaday beings, who certainly would not resent our intrusion. Oak-brush was there in plenty, and that is the chosen home of the magpie. We hesitated; we started for the gate. It was held in place by a rope, elaborately and securely tied in many knots; but we had learned something about the gates of this "promised land," — that between the posts and the stone wall may usually be found space enough to slip through without disturbing the fastenings.

In that country no one goes through a gate who can possibly go around it; and

well is it, indeed, for the stranger and the wayfarer in "Zion" that such is the custom, for the idiosyncrasies of gates were endless; they agreed only in never fitting their place and never opening properly. If the gate was in one piece, it sagged so that it must be lifted; or it had lost one hinge, and fell over on the rash individual who loosened the fastenings; or it was about falling to pieces, and must be handled like a piece of choice bricabrac. If it had a latch, it was rusty, or did not fit; and if it had not, it was fastened either by a board slipped in to act as a bar, and never known to be of the right size, or in some occult way which would require the skill of "the lady from Philadelphia." If it was of the fashion that opens in the middle, each individual gate had its special and particular "kink" which must be learned by the uninitiated before he — or what is worse, she — could pass. Many were held together by a hoop or link of iron dropped over the two end posts; but whether the gate must be pulled out or pushed in, and at exactly what angle it would consent to receive the link, was to be found out only by experience. But not all gates were so simple even as this; the ingenuity with which a variety of fastenings, all to avoid the natural and obvious one of a hook and staple, had been evolved in the rural mind was fairly startling. The energy and thought that had been bestowed upon this little matter of avoiding a gate hook would have built a bridge across Salt Lake, or tunneled the Uintas for an irrigating ditch.

Happily, we too had learned to "slip through," and we passed the gate with its rope puzzle, and the six or eight horses who pointed inquiring ears toward their unwonted visitors, and hastened to get under cover before the birds, if any lived there, should come home.

The oak-brush, which we then approached, is a curious and interesting form of vegetation. It is a mass of oak-trees, all of the same age, growing as

close as they can stand, with branches down to the ground. It looks as if each patch had sprung from a great fall of acorns from one tree, or perhaps were shoots from the roots of a perished tree. The clumps are more or less irregularly round, set down in a barren piece of ground or among the sage bushes. At a distance, on the side of a mountain, they resemble patches of moss of varying shape. When two or three feet high, one is a thick, solid mat; when it reaches an altitude of six to eight feet, it is an impenetrable thicket, — except, that is, when it happens to be in a pasture. Horses and cattle find such scanty pickings in the fields that they nibble every green thing, even oak leaves, and so they clear the brush as high as they can reach. When, therefore, it is fifteen feet high, there is a thick roof the animals are not able to reach, and one may look through a patch to the light beyond. The stems and lower branches, though kept bare of leaves, are so close together, and so intertwined and tangled, that forcing one's way through it is an impossibility. But the horses have made, and kept open, paths in every direction; and this turns it into a delightful grove, a cool retreat, which others appreciate as well as the makers.

Selecting a favorable-looking clump of oak-brush, we attempted to get in without using the open horse paths, where we should be in plain sight. Melancholy was the result: hats pulled off, hair disheveled, garments torn, feet tripped, and wounds and scratches innumerable. Several minutes of hard work and stubborn endurance enabled us to penetrate not more than half a dozen feet, when we managed, in some sort of fashion, to sit down, on opposite sides of the grove. Then, relying upon our "protective coloring" (not evolved, but carefully selected in the shops), we subsided into silence, hoping not to be observed when the birds came home; for there was the nest before us.

A wise and canny builder is Madam Mag, for though her home must be large to accommodate her size, and conspicuous because of the shallowness of the foliage above her, it is, in a way, a fortress, to despoil which the marauder must encounter a weapon not to be despised, a stout beak, animated and impelled by indignant motherhood. The structure was made of sticks, and enormous in size; a half-bushel measure would hardly have held it. It was covered, as if to protect her, and it had two openings under the cover, toward either of which she could turn her face. It looked like a big, coarsely woven basket, resting in a crotch up under the leaves, with a nearly close cover, supported by a small branch above. The sitting bird could draw herself down out of sight, or she could defend herself and her brood at either entrance.

I, in my retreat, had noted all these points before any sign of life appeared in the brush. Then there came a low cry of "mag! mag!" and the bird entered near the ground. She alighted on a dead branch which swung back and forth, while she kept her balance with her beautiful tail. She did not appear to look around; apparently she had no suspicions, and did not notice us, sitting motionless and breathless in our respective places. Her head was turned to the nest, and by easy stages, and with many pauses, she made her way to it. I could not see that she had a companion, for I dared not stir so much as a finger; but while she moved about near the nest, there came to the eager listener on the ground low, tender utterances in the sweetest of voices (whether one or two I know not), and at last a song, a true melody, of a yearning, thrilling quality, that few song birds, if any, can excel. I was astounded! Who would suspect the harsh-voiced, screaming magpie of such notes! I am certain that the bird, or birds, had no suspicion of listeners to the home talk and song, for after we were discovered we heard nothing of the sort.

This little episode ended, madam slipped into her nest, and all became silent; she in her place, and I in mine. If this state of things could only remain; if she would only accept me as a tree trunk, or a misshapen boulder, and pay no attention to me, what a beautiful study I should have! Half an hour, perhaps more, passed, without a sound, and then the silence was broken by magpie calls from without. The sitting bird left the nest and flew out of the grove, quite near the ground; I heard much talk and chatter in low tones outside, and they flew. I slipped out as quickly as possible, wishing indeed that I had wings, as they had, and went home, encouraged to think I should really be able to study the magpie.

But I did not know my bird. The next day, before I knew she was about, she discovered me, though it was plain that she hoped I had not discovered her. Instantly she became silent and wary, coming to her nest, over the top of the trees, so quietly that I should not have known it except for her shadow on the leaves. No talk or song now fell upon my ear; calls outside were few and subdued. Everything was different from the natural unconsciousness of the previous day; the birds were on guard, and henceforth I should be under surveillance.

From this moment I lost my pleasure in the study; for I feel little interest in the actions of a bird under the constraint of an unwelcome presence, or in the shadow of constant fear and dread. What I care to see is the natural life, the free, unstudied ways, of birds that do not notice or are not disturbed by spectators. Nor have I any pleasure in going about the country staring into every tree and poking into every bush, thrusting irreverent hands into the mysteries of other lives, and rudely tearing away the veils that others have drawn around their private affairs. That they are only birds does not signify to me; they are my fellow-creatures, and they have rights which I am bound to respect.

I prefer to make myself so little obvious, or so apparently harmless, to a bird that she will herself show me her nest, or at least the leafy screen behind which it is hidden. Then if I take advantage of her absence to spy upon her treasures, it is as a friend only, — a friend who respects her desire for seclusion, who never lays profane hands upon them, and who shares the secret only with one equally reverent and loving. Naturally, I do not find so many nests as do the vandals to whom nothing is sacred, but I enjoy what I do find, in a way it hath not entered into their hearts to conceive.

In spite of my disinclination, we made one more call upon the magpie family, and this time we had a reception. This bird is intelligent, and by no means a slave to habit; because he has behaved in a certain way once, there is no law, avian or divine, that compels him to repeat that conduct on the next occasion. Nor is it safe to generalize about him, or any other bird for that matter. One cannot say, "The magpie does thus and so," because each individual magpie has his own way of doing, and circumstances alter cases, with birds as well as people.

On this occasion we placed ourselves boldly, though very quietly, in the paths that run through the oak-brush. We had abandoned all attempt at concealment; we could hope only for tolerance. The birds readily understood; they appreciated that they were seen and watched, and their manners changed accordingly. The first one of the black-and-white gentry who entered the grove discovered my comrade, and announced the presence of the enemy by a loud cry, in what somebody has aptly called a "frontier tone of voice." Instantly another appeared, and added his remarks; then another, and still another, till within five minutes there were ten or twelve excited magpies shouting at the top of their voices, and hopping and flying about her head, coming ever nearer and nearer, as if they medi-

tated a personal attack. I did not really fear it, but I kept close watch, while remaining motionless in the hope that they would not notice me. Vain hope! nothing could escape those sharp eyes when once the bird was aroused. After they had said what they chose to my friend, who received the taunts and abuse of the infuriated mob in meek silence, lifting not her voice to reply, they turned the stream of their eloquence upon me.

I was equally passive, for indeed I felt that they had a grievance. We have no right to expect birds to tell one human being from another, so long as we, with all our boasted intelligence, cannot tell one crow or one magpie from another, and all the week they had suffered persecution at the hands of the village boys. Young magpies, nestlings, were in nearly every house, and the birds had endured pillage, and some of them doubtless death. I did not blame the grieved parents for the reception they gave us; from their point of view, we belonged to the enemy.

After the storm had swept by, and while we sat there waiting to see if the birds would return, one of the horses of the pasture made his appearance on the side where I sat, now eating the top of a rosebush, now snipping off a flower plant that had succeeded in getting two leaves above the ground, but at every step coming nearer me. It was plain that he contemplated retiring to this shady grove, and, not so observing as the magpies, did not see that it was already occupied. When he was not more than ten feet away, I snatched off my sun hat and waved it before him, not wishing to make a noise. He stopped instantly, stared wildly for a moment as if he had never seen such an apparition, then wheeled with a snort, flung out his heels in disrespect, and galloped off down the field.

The incident was insignificant, but the result was curious. So long as we stayed in that bit of brush not a horse attempted to enter, though they all

browsed around outside. They avoided it as if it were haunted, or, as my comrade said, "filled with beckoning forms." Nor was that all; I have reason to think they never again entered that particular patch of brush; for, some weeks after we had abandoned the study of magpies, and the pasture altogether, we found the spot transformed, as if by the wand of enchantment. From the burned-up desert outside we stepped at once into a miniature paradise, to our surprise, almost our consternation. Excepting the footpaths through it, it bore no appearance of having ever been a thoroughfare. Around the foot of every tree had grown up clumps of ferns or brakes, a yard high, luxuriant, graceful, and exquisite in form and color; and peeping out from under them were flowers, dainty wildings we had not before seen there. A bit of the tropics or a gem out of fairyland it looked to our sun and sand weary eyes. Outside were the burning sun of June, a withering hot wind, and yellow and dead vegetation; within were cool greenness and a mere

rustle of leaves whispering of the gale. It was the loveliest bit of greenery we saw on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. It was marvelous; it was almost uncanny.

Our daily trips to the pasture had ceased, and other birds and other nests had occupied our thoughts for a week or two, when we resolved to pay a last visit to our old haunts, to see if we could learn anything of the magpies. We went through the pasture, led by the voices of the birds away over to the farther side; and there, across another fenced pasture, we heard them plainly, calling and chattering and making much noise, but in different tones from any we had heard before. Evidently, a magpie nursery had been established over there. We fancied we could distinguish maternal reproof and loving baby-talk, beside the weaker voices of the young, and we went home rejoicing to believe that, in spite of nest robbers and the fright we had given them, some young magpies were growing up to enliven the world another summer.

Olive Thorne Miller.

A WINTER TWILIGHT.

BLOOD-SHOTTEN through the bleak, gigantic trees,
 The sunset, o'er a wilderness of snow,
 Startles the wolfish winds that wilder grow
 As hunger mocks their howling miseries.
 In every skulking shadow Fancy sees
 The menace of an undiscovered foe, —
 A sullen footstep, treacherous and slow,
 That comes, or into deeper darkness flees.
 Nor day nor night, in time's eternal round
 Whereof the tides are telling, e'er hath passed
 This isthmus-hour, — this dim, mysterious land
 That sets their lives asunder, — where upcast
 Their earliest and their latest waves resound,
 As each, alternate, nears or leaves the strand.

John B. Tabb.

FROM LITERATURE TO MUSIC.

"Music alone ushers man into the portal of an intellectual world, ready to encompass him, but which he may never encompass."

BETHOVEN.

MUSIC is often called a universal language. I like to think of it as a thing of numerous languages, carrying at one and the same time messages of infinite variety. Though we occasionally meet a person to whom not one of these languages is intelligible, I wish to show that this unfortunate condition need not exist.

As one human being differs from another, so may his comprehension of one rather than another of these music-languages differ from his neighbor's; or his musical perceptions may include several phases of music, while his neighbor's may recognize but one. The usual view of the subject presupposes lower and higher forms of the art, — a natural growth in one's apprehension from low to high, and a start from near the beginning. If this view be correct, how shall we account for enthusiasm over compositions by Bach or Handel, where none has ever existed for Strauss; for Donizetti, with never any advance to Beethoven?

When a boy, I heard a story that greatly amused me, of Jullien and an eminent musical critic who was in no sense a musician. The story ran that Jullien, having read an uncomplimentary newspaper critique on one of his compositions, went in a great rage to see the writer thereof, whereupon ensued the following dialogue: "Mr. Critic, did you ever write a fugue?" "No." "Can you write a fugue?" "No." "Did you ever play a fugue?" "No." "Can you play a fugue?" "No." "Then what the deevil you know 'bout a fugue, anyway?" Of course experience soon taught me that there was nothing amusing in all this excepting the musician's stupidity.

It is not easy to gauge the extent of

true poetic musical insight that is frequently shown by persons who have no technical knowledge of musical art. On the other hand, it is not at all uncommon to find a well-equipped musician in whom it is difficult to discover artistic perceptions that are at all lofty, far reaching, or real in any fine sense.

The apparent love for music which is developing on every hand is subject matter for hearty congratulation to those who love this noblest of the fine arts, while at the same time there exists some anxiety concerning its sincerity and its permanence. There is abundant evidence that music of a superior order is welcomed and enjoyed with avidity by many who have no technical knowledge of the art. From the lips of such persons can frequently be heard comments so full of appreciation and perception as to show that their attitude in the premises is genuine.

It is one purpose of this paper to suggest a cause for the unwonted presence at musical performances of a large number of people whose absence in former years was notable. I hope that in this same suggestion may be found a possible way to the enjoyment of music for those who are naturally unappreciative.

It may not be amiss to call attention to the fact that some of us take music so seriously that the custom of publishing newspaper advertisements of symphony concerts, quartette concerts, oratorios, etc., under the heading "entertainments," seems as inappropriate as it would be thus to classify scientific lectures. Whether this position be sound or not, it probably accords with the conviction of many that the province of music is to reach and affect the innermost sense, and to elevate as well as possibly to excite one's imagination. Failing to realize this is like thinking of a rainfall as simply making one's pathway muddy.

It is a well-known fact that many persons who to-day show much interest in music confessedly cared nothing about it some years ago. The question naturally arises, Is this departure genuine? To say that it is not, and to suggest fashion as the probable cause, is to match shallowness with shallowness. Journeys to and from Baireuth for the hearing of a single opera, lengthy performances of severely classical works, etc., are experiences not persistently endured for fashion's sake.

I say that the departure is genuine, and, moreover, that they who remain unmoved by music might be under its influence, if they would not doggedly look into a mirror when the subject is mentioned. The man who responds to an appeal to take a new outlook by obstinately insisting upon his own particular position in the premises is quite like one who turns to the mirror and sees nothing beside his own likeness.

I wish to think that music is for all, and not for a favored few, and to present reasons for believing that there are susceptibilities in us all which, on being touched by their counterpart in musical art, cause us to respond with emotion, and possibly with warm appreciation. A circuit is established, so to say.

Presupposing willingness on the part of an individual who has received nothing from music, I believe that he can acquire enough of it greatly to enrich and beautify his life.

A difficult subject to deal with would be a person who is naturally in touch with some one phase of music, but who rests just there, and closes his senses to all that does not conform to his position. For instance, the association of a short tune with certain words or with a given rhythm, as in dancing or marching, marks the narrow limit of the musical appreciation of some persons. I claim that such lovers of music could easily go much further. More than that, I believe that most people who have lived to middle

age without comprehending *any* phase of music can, if they are at all imaginative, become devoted to it.

As has been intimated before, a well-equipped musician, technically speaking, may be quite without true musical instincts, while one who is entirely ignorant of music as an art may be musical and perceptive. The listener who comprehends in one of Beethoven's tone-works nothing but the music is dangerously like the reciter who carries only the words of a poem, or one who sees nothing in a picture but its color.

The frequency with which we meet persons who have never cared for the jingle of street music, but who are reverently devoted to Handel or Bach, presents to our consideration an interesting fact. A boy who has shown a marked distaste for sculpture or for painting in any form may, on becoming a man, find great pleasure in a statue or a painting of a favorite subject in literature, in which his ideal has found expressive representation in form or color.

By all this I am trying to show that imagination may right willingly ally itself with sound; perhaps because sound is intangible, plastic, full of subtleties, and insinuating to a high degree.

To reason about music, to treat it as one can a picture or a poem, is difficult; it scales one's environments, and rides into one's being, into one's very soul, by any and every means at hand, without let or hindrance.

It would seem that for us of this period Richard Wagner has opened up a mission for music whereby it more closely allies itself to the romantic in literature, and is less fixed in its own paths of independent absolute form. It is generally conceded that music, to be true to itself, should be the logical development of well-conceived themes, as well worked out and as shapefully and consistently interwoven as the materials used by an architect for an edifice. This might be in the construction of a song or a

symphony, the duet in an opera or the chorus in an oratorio. Although Wagner has turned away from rigid forms, and worked on lines that almost deny his music the right to stand quite alone, may he not, unwittingly, perhaps, and in the simplicity of his greatness, have hit upon a helpful path for those who have failed to recognize music as easily and naturally as others, — a path which leads the rather literary or the purely imaginative mind into a comprehension of what it might otherwise have missed?

Speaking of the poem of the *Nibelungen Ring* during its composition, Wagner said, "It presents this interesting and important myth in the form of a play, just as a fairy tale is given to a child; thus everything makes a plastic effect, and all is understood at once." What did he mean by this? He was treating of Wotan and Walhalla, of Rheingold and Rhine Daughters, of the Walkyrie, of Niebelheim, the *Twilight of the Gods*, etc., in the fusion of materials taken from mediæval German and Norse mythology into his four-evening drama, and he said, "It is like a child's fairy tale, easily understood at once"! "Easily understood at once" was musically speaking, perhaps. He made no doubt that the subject and matter of his libretto would quicken the reader's imagination abundantly. He then gave expression to his musical imagination, and this union produced the works for which he is so justly famous.

That Wagner was right is now not often questioned. Is it not reasonable to think that this union between romance in literature and romance in music is constantly bringing the latter into the lives of many to whom it was before unknown? Where music does not stand entirely by and for itself, but is the handmaiden and accessory of dignified literature, is it not possible that by such an alliance a way is opening through which one can enter the enchanted ground by a literary instead of a purely musical path?

A sharp line should be drawn between programme music and Wagner's method of using short musical phrases which are indissolubly identified with various characters, situations, and even emotions connected with, or, rather, an integral part of, his music-dramas. Certainly, these phrases are charged with some potent force that makes them mean, if possible, more than the matter for which they stand. Another marvel is their simplicity; and here comes a point that is important to note. If we can recall some of the so-called motives that stand in Wagner's operas, respectively, for *Walhalla*, the *Rhine Daughters*, the *Holy Grail*, *Kundry*, *Niebelheim*, *Lohengrin*, the *Walkyrie*, *Parsifal*, etc., we shall bring to mind combinations of sound that are but a slight tax upon the comprehension of any one who is not deaf, unless it be a person who is without the power to distinguish high from low in sound, or fast from slow in motion.

It is, unfortunately, true that there are civilized people in the world "which have eyes to see and see not, and have ears to hear and hear not," but why need we deal with the abnormal? Such unfortunates are blessed with unconsciousness of what they lose, and are simply to be pitied, unless they are of the sort who parade, as if it were a joke, this fact of their incomplete natures.

It would be delightful if Richard Wagner should prove to be a writer for the larger world, and that through him many are to reach the truth who otherwise might have failed to find it. Thus he would have builded better than he knew.

It goes almost without saying that these somewhat vague suggestions are offered more in the spirit of speculation than of conviction; but be the case as it may, it behooves the confirmed lover of music to hold his mistress in such lofty esteem as to make it impossible that some day he shall discover her newer acquaintances to be in touch with her on a more lofty plane than his.

"FOR FALSTAFF HE IS DEAD."

"He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom."

THEY were from Virginia. Most Texans are from somewhere, and the true Virginian never ceases to be from the Old Dominion, even to the third and fourth generation. They had evidently been people of consequence once, and were about as capable of holding their own in the rough-and-tumble, hustling West as a couple of babes.

The war, I think, had beggared them. The major knew as much about earning his right to existence as a prince of the blood royal. Misfortune had buffeted them and drifted them, as wind and water sweep a couple of stray leaves about, till it had finally lodged them in San Antonio; and Mrs. Randolph set to work keeping boarders among the invalids and tourists.

I boarded with them, the first time I went to Texas; and, like everybody else who had ever tasted Mrs. Randolph's cookery and fallen within the spell of her genius for home-making, I returned. Perhaps her wonderful coffee served the purpose of the water from the fairy wells of Ireland, of which, if one drinks, he will return to drink again before he dies; or, more likely, her own gracious influence, diffused upon all her surroundings, accounted for it; but people who had once sojourned with them always did come back.

Mrs. Randolph was a slight, faded woman, with only the luminous hazel eyes, — such beautiful eyes, — looking out of the hollows of their orbits with a clear, wistful brightness, to mark what a beauty she must have been. Just the slender brown stalk of a once gorgeous flower.

Her voice — it trembles in my ear as I write of it — was unforgettable, so peculiar to herself was it: a thin, sweet

falsetto, like the upper notes of a little flute very softly blown. No voice, it seems to me, was ever so exquisitely soothing to ailing nerves or tired ears.

She was a perfect sick-nurse, — that wonderful mingling of galley slave and angel. Of the many who came to her in lingering and hopeless disease, or who actually breathed their last in her arms, all appeared to loosen or forget other ties of love and kindred, to cling to her. Their nearest and dearest, who came, summoned to stand helpless about that last bedside, were almost unnoted, while all the poor, plaintive, peevish appeals were to her; and the failing eyes and voice followed and sought her to the last.

We all sheltered ourselves in her and hung upon her, as though she had been a strong man, and not a weak, drooping, overburdened woman; but there was in that fragile form a great heart that was never appalled, never utterly vanquished, a benignant tenderness and kindness accessible to every piteous creature whose warrant was his need, impersonal and vast as those of nature. When you add that she was a typical and perfect Virginia cook, you have, I suppose, the reasons for the popularity of that boarding-house.

It was never the major who made it, of course. Or perhaps I err, — perhaps I should say it ought not to have been. All the boarders were agreed that hanging was too good for the worthless old reprobate; and yet among them all, I will venture to say, there was not one who did not have a sneaking weakness for the merry old sinner.

He was a very large man. He had evidently been of immense frame before he became so enormously fat as he was when I first saw him. At that time he must have weighed considerably more

than three hundred pounds. He was not a man who became hilarious with drink; he simply managed, by consuming enough liquor to keep a whole political convention tipsy, to be always just comfortably mellow.

A large, unwieldy mass supported on two short and shaky legs, a big mottled face, a quartette of chins, and a rolling, merry eye, — that was the major. He was a confirmed sloven, which annoyed his wife, I am sure, as much as all his other shortcomings together. His shirt (made by Mrs. Randolph, of the finest linen throughout, and upon a special pattern, which was the accretion of years of experience, and sloped out from the top like a circus tent) was always open a button or two at his fat red neck; and his clothing, flung upon his great bulk anyhow, was usually far from spotless. Not a pretty picture? No, and not far from a repulsive reality — and yet —

As to the major's mental characteristics, he was a man of wit; not one who told funny stories, but a creature whose careless and rambling brain contained always the fit and apt phrase to characterize a man, an act, or a situation with such inimitable drollery as printed it forever upon your mind. He nicknamed God's creatures, and his nicknames always stuck. His idle good humor, his thriftless good fellowship, his appreciation of the humorous side of all human mishaps, including his own, were as expansive as his frame.

Nobody who studied his facile, sensual mouth and his shifting, laughing eye would have inclined to belief in his statements; but few would have guessed, on first acquaintance, the extent of their unreliability.

It was not from necessity he lied, — he knew not the word, — but from preference, which formed the basis of all his actions. His fictions were not ingenious; he took no thought to elaborate them; they were simply astonishing in quantity and brazen effrontery. Any-

thing or nothing furnished him a text; his prowess during the late war, his wife's beauty when young, his conquests of gallantry, his great bodily strength, or the extraordinary complication of diseases from which he suffered, — no theme was too high, too solemn, or too trivial for him to embellish.

What did his wife think of these things? Who has penetrated the mind of a woman like Mrs. Randolph? Who can tell how it is that such an one finds it possible to offer, out of her chastity, respect and wifely duty to the coarse, immoral man who chances to be her yoke-mate; out of her probity, trustful affection to the dishonest scoundrel whose schemes she has the best chance of seeing through; or, out of her fastidious abstemiousness, a fond consideration to the drunkard whose name she bears? These are among the things that people may not know, and that must always remain unsolvable mysteries to those of us who are more impulsive and less rigidly self-governed.

The major's mornings were spent sitting with a few congenial spirits in the front door of a grocery where liquor was sold, around the corner from the house. This galled Mrs. Randolph's pride; not so much, I think, that he spent the time there drinking and idling — the Randolphs, she told me, as if speaking of any other hereditary peculiarity, had always been drinking men, more or less — as that he must do his drinking in a common groggery, in the company of common loafers.

Major Randolph, to do him justice, was troubled by no such aristocratic scruples. The cronies with whom he consorted pleased him as well as if the best blood of Virginia had reddened their noses, and the little corner grocery was dear to his soul. He was not a man of theories. His philosophy was to reach for what he wanted, get it if he could without too much trouble, and sit in the sun to enjoy it. He was, in-

cidentally, good humored, as impatient of pain for others (if he chanced to see it) as for himself, enjoyed making people laugh rather than cry, so that possibly his simple ethical code was as serviceable to his fellow-creatures as many that are more elaborate.

Thus, all the morning he sat in the shady front door of his lounging-place, between the bulging tin signs of "Beauty of the Plains" lager and "Cowboy's Delight" cut plug, his fat knees wide apart, his doubly double chin resting on the head of his cane, babbling, bragging to those who would listen, adjourning frequently to the shrine of Bacchus within, when his throat became dry from incessant talking, and occasionally rising to enthusiasm over the bright eyes, graceful figure, or small foot of some feminine passer-by, for the major was still a great admirer and connoisseur of fine women. When noon came, he got up, and, after a final sacrifice at the inner shrine, rolled home.

There, in the long, cool dining-room — Mrs. Randolph's rooms were always cool, without reference to the thermometer — would be spread one of her perfect dinners. We sat, perhaps, at table, as the major labored in, red and perspiring, and would hear Mrs. Randolph's little, silvery, remonstrant voice behind him: —

"Morton, Morton, wait and wash your hands. I've ironed you a fresh linen coat."

"Coat — coat" — he would reply, in his fat, wheezy tones; "who wants a coat this confounded weather? I don't."

And he usually came in struggling to extricate himself from the one he had on; flung it, when it was doffed, across the back of his chair; and sat down, looking, in his shirt sleeves, like a captive balloon.

Once seated at the table, he gabbled incessantly, and ate enormously of the most trying compounds, rich old cheese crumbled in very sweet coffee being one

of his favorite mixtures. His gastronomic and conversational feats annoyed some people; but to most of the "regulars" it was a never failing delight to see him take a new-comer in hand. The smartly awakened interest at the beginning in the face of the uninitiated one, which merged gradually into astonishment, as one fabulous story or statement jostled another in the turgid tide of the major's reminiscences, and frequently ended in downright irritation as the true status of the narrator was shown by some misstatement more glaring than those that had preceded it, — these phases succeeded so certainly as to be worth watching.

I remember an elderly, quiet man from Ohio, whom the major instructed once on the subject of the late war. The Ohio man had been an officer in the Federal army, the major in the Confederate. They exchanged reminiscences very interestedly for a while; or rather, the major held forth, and his hearer put in an astonished query now and again, with a perplexed look growing in his face. Finally the Ohio man found pause in which to mention that he was wounded at the battle of Bald Ridge.

"The battle of Bald Ridge took place on my land," said the major.

"Yes, sir," in reply to a surprised exclamation; "mostly on the ten-acre pasture of my Virginia plantation. I was n't in it. Home on sick leave at the time. Down in the bed, and not expected to live. When I heard the cannonading begin, that morning, about sun-up, I said, 'Those are Yankee guns. Get me up and dress me.' I was n't quite such a heavy weight in those days as I am now, and my boy managed to do it. Two of 'em got me downstairs and out on the front gallery. By that time it was nine o'clock; and I sat there all day, listening to the firing."

"The fight came on about two o'clock in the afternoon, as well as I remember," said the Ohio man, rather coolly. His

face was beginning to harden from astonishment into skepticism.

"Yes, two o'clock, — two o'clock," chimed in the unabashed major; "that's about the hour. As I was saying, when you fellows commenced to retreat about two o'clock, — or it *may* have been as late as three, — and come up over the ridge that lay between my house and the battlefield, musket balls began to be exhilaratingly thick on my front porch; but I was too much interested to notice 'em."

"Oh, major, I should think you'd have been frightened," said a soft voice from the foot of the table. She was a new boarder, too; a young teacher, and very pretty.

The major looked at her indulgently. "Who — me?" he asked. "Musket balls were too common with me those days to talk about feeling scared of 'em; they formed my natural atmosphere. I began to feel better directly they commenced beating the devil's tattoo on the porch floor and the sides of the house; and I was up and walking round, time the Yankees had fought and straggled over the far side of the ridge and out of sight. I had my boys take me over then to where the main fighting had been, — it was in my twelve-acre pasture. That was a fearful sight, a fearful sight, — a dreadful battle! Why, let me tell you, sir, the ground was so thick with the killed and wounded that I could have walked all over that whole fifteen-acre field and never stepped off a dead man!"

The Ohio man pushed his chair back with some emphasis; and then, rising, walked, without a word of reply, into the other room. I was the first to follow him there. I left the major explaining to the pretty teacher how one gets used to danger, and citing the case of his big "brinnet" cat, Tom, who ran and hid himself at the first sounds of firing; concluding, "Before the day was over he was out on the porch with me,

chasing those musket balls when they'd sail across the porch floor, fearless and playful as a kitten."

I found the Ohio man figuring with pencil and paper, and exploding mild expletives. As there was no one else to appeal to, he began on me.

"Why, hang it!" he said, "what does that old idiot mean, getting off such talk as that to a man who was a soldier? Claims to have been in the war himself, too. Why, hang it *all*!" with an accession of wrath, "it makes me mad to be taken for a fool, like that! I've made a calculation here, and allowing for a lot of men lying crooked and all sorts of ways, the number of dead he claims to have seen in his old pasture is more than were killed on *both* sides during the entire war!"

Why was I born to be the major's apologist? I appeased the wrathful Ohio man as best I might, and pondered as to why that task fell to me oftener than to another. Why should I, a young woman professing the most advanced views in regard to all those laws of conduct which he daily transgressed and trampled underfoot in serene unconsciousness, feel moved to offer excuses for him? What was it that begot in me the feeling of toleration, even of indulgence, which I was sure he saw and relied upon?

To whom did he turn when too hard pressed by the graceless young men boarders who were fond, in Mrs. Randolph's absence, of "running" him, and setting traps into which some invention more audacious or unlucky than another would precipitate him? It was invariably to me, and — he always found the ally he openly reckoned upon.

It was a chance expression, not the overwhelming daily testimony of eye and ear, that finally revealed to me the hidden spring of this sympathy, this feeling of *camaraderie*.

These same young scamps were mostly prime favorites of his, despite their

persecutions. However shameless and open their jokes at his expense, his good humor was unfailing, and the waggish drollery of his replies often much more amusing than the remarks which called them forth. I think he liked best his chief tormentor, a young newspaper man, who was running a weekly paper for pleasure and the gratification of a natural bent, and keeping books at night for a living. He was really most likable; keen and brilliant in his quiet way. The major used to tag him about persistently while he was in the house, and tell him his most fabulous stories, and always distinguished him above the others by following him to the porch on his departure.

One hot day, just after dinner, I went out on the porch, and found the major sitting in his big common-sense rocker, with his great carpet-slipped feet on a stool, watching the young editor off, after a final bout. As I paused in the doorway he waved his hand toward the slender, erect figure disappearing down the sunny street.

"A fine fellow," he said; "he'll make a man of himself. A heart of gold, — a heart of gold!"

The stage was not set for a transformation, — only prosaic daylight all about us; I had not guessed him, even, when his pasture acres were growing, from sentence to sentence, like the men in buckram; yet at the Shakespearean phrase disguise fell away, — the incongruous domestic setting, the modern surroundings, the slouchy, soiled modern clothing, — and my old friend Jack Falstaff stood revealed: merry, bibulous, ungodly; running lies like a public pump; mighty of paunch and short of wind; yet withal, in some sense, a lovable creature, by reason of those very faults he made no effort to conceal. Why had I never recognized him before?

Oh, I knew him now! Where he had dallied since the days of Hal, of Bardolph, Poins, and Pistol, I knew not,

but him I knew; and never to the day of his death did I lose the feeling that he and I had a secret understanding, that we had campaigned together aforetime.

Shall I tell you how Falstaff died? I know, for I was there. Of all the world who have laughed at his sallies across the footlights, or wept over his end in the pages of King Henry, I only saw him die.

A couple of cowboys from the upper Panhandle ranges had, in their energetic efforts to spend in one spree a whole year's wages, paid over to them at one time, strayed as far south as San Antonio. They had probably not been sober for weeks when they reached the town, and their serious intention was to clean it out.

Their irruption into the major's sleepy little haunt caused an unwonted commotion; and their warlike demonstrations finally sent the proprietor scurrying out to the sidewalk. As he passed, cautioning the major to seek safety in flight, the old man rose, and started into the saloon.

"What's this?" he said. "I can quiet 'em. They don't want to hurt anybody. They're good boys. I" —

He uttered the last words as his foot reached the threshold. Perhaps such a target as he made, standing against the light, was not to be resisted; perhaps, as seemed to be proved at the subsequent inquest, they were shooting wild, and it was a stray bullet that struck him; but his next step carried him almost to that gate which waits to open for all of us somewhere.

They brought him home, six of them, groaning, sweating, and tugging at the litter they had improvised from the heavy iron-bound shop shutters. He could not be carried up the stairs, and they laid him on my bed in the downstairs room.

Mrs. Randolph, dry-eyed and efficient, did everything as the physicians directed

her, exactly as I had seen her work over many another sufferer; but when they told us that the wound was necessarily fatal, that he might live till noon the next day, certainly not longer, she asked that I would stay with her during the night.

And so it came about that, when everything had been done that her hands could do for him, I was to see with astonishment how deep, how poignant, and how utter her grief was. I say, with astonishment; yet who was I to hold that the major should not have his one faithful mourner? My own heart was torn with that remnant of Puritanic judgment which would not sanction the grief that rushed in upon me, and was pulled this way and that by choking emotions, and questionings that shall have no answer this side heaven; but to her who sat across from me the great groaning bulk between us represented all that life once meant: times and scenes and joys long gone; the pretty boy, the playmate of her youth, the young soldier who was the father of the little children she had buried under the Virginia sod; the last pitiful tie to what had been.

In the early part of the night he talked incessantly: sometimes, with the light of reason in his eyes, to us; more often, with that light quenched, to those we could not see. Like his prototype,

"a' babbled o' green fields." He was in the Virginia meadows, with his dogs and gun. He called to servitors, long dead or dispersed, to bring his horse; he smiled at his wife's bent head, and patted it, calling her first one name and then another.

Then the words were fewer, and the groans were so frequent as to be almost continuous. His wife slipped to the floor, and knelt, holding his hand, her face hidden on his pillow.

I watched the gross, blotched features fine and sharpen under the chisel of pain and the chill of death, till the face of the gay and gallant young Virginian of thirty years before showed faintly through their clumsy mask, like a fleeting image in troubled water.

His voice lapsed into silence, broken now and then by a word, a groan, or a long, sobbing breath. The window began to shine pallidly with the light of dawn, and the dawn's chill breath swept into the room. I got up to put out the lamp that its movement set wavering and flickering. The voice of the dying man rose as I did so.

"Cold — cold — cold!" he cried.

His wife put down the hand she was holding, caught the other, laid her palm against his cheek, and broke into sobs.

And Falstaff had gone back to Shadowland.

Grace McGowan Cooke.

HAMILTON FISH.

THE recent death of Hamilton Fish, of New York, who was a member of the House of Representatives in 1843 and 1844, and who sat in the Senate as Senator from New York from March, 1851, to March, 1857, calls attention to the fact that the statesmen who, prior to the rebellion, took part in framing our laws are rapidly passing away. Only six mem-

bers of the present Senate sat in Congress before the war began. Of these, not one was a Senator, and only one (Mr. Sherman, of Ohio) was elected to the Senate before that time.

On his father's side, Mr. Fish was of English descent. The first of the name in this country came to Massachusetts from England. After residing first at

Lynn, and then at Sandwich, he removed to Newtown, Long Island, about the middle of the seventeenth century. A century later, his great-great-grandson, Jonathan Fish, established himself in business in the city of New York, where he died in 1779. His son Nicholas, the father of Hamilton Fish, was a man of strong character and of much influence. He was a soldier in the army from the beginning to the close of the war of the Revolution. He was in the battles of Long Island and Saratoga, and witnessed the surrenders of Burgoyne and Cornwallis. He was the devoted friend of Alexander Hamilton, was one of the executors of his will, and named for him the first son born after Hamilton fell at Weehawken.

The mother of Mr. Fish was the daughter of Peter Stuyvesant, of New York, who was the great-grandson of Petrus Stuyvesant, the last governor of the Dutch colony of New Netherlands. That part of the Stuyvesant estate which came to Mr. Fish made him pecuniarily independent, and enabled him to devote himself to the service of his country.

When a young man attains his majority with expectations of pecuniary ease in the near future, it is too often the case that he is not disposed to work. Such was not the nature of Mr. Fish. He made the most of every advantage that fortune had thrown in his path. His hand was soon felt in the governing board of Columbia College (from which he had graduated with the highest honors); in the organizations connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church in his native city; in the public libraries of that city (especially the Astor Library); in other public institutions and charities of New York; and in the banks, insurance companies, railroads, and other business corporations which centred there. He also took an active interest in political matters, both state and national. Trained in the ways and traditions of Federalism, he became a Whig in the

natural course of events, and was recognized as a wise adviser and safe leader of that great party. He was not ambitious, in the ordinary sense of that term. During his long life he never sought office nor strove to bring himself to the front. He came there through the public sense of his fitness to lead those who agreed with him politically. As he was not an orator, he had to depend upon his sterling character, his great good sense, and his well-balanced faculties to take the place of that power of speech which so often leads to political fortune.

In 1842, when he was thirty-four years of age, he was elected as a Whig to represent the sixth district of New York, in which he resided, in the twenty-ninth Congress. It was a Democratic district, and was recovered by the Democrats at the next election.

In 1846 he was the Whig candidate for the office of lieutenant-governor, and was defeated. In 1847 he was again a candidate for that office, and was elected. In 1848, when General Taylor was elected President, Mr. Fish was chosen to be governor of New York. In 1851 he was elected by the legislature of that State to represent it in the Senate during the thirty-second, thirty-third, and thirty-fourth Congresses.

While he was a member of the Senate, the Republican party was formed by consolidating the great bulk of the Whig party with the antislavery Democrats. His colleague, Mr. Seward, had been a Whig. Mr. Fish's successor was therefore taken from the ranks of the Free-Soil Democrats. Soon after that he went to Europe with his family, and remained there between two and three years. Not long after his return the civil war began.

His great power of organization and the influence of his character and intellect then made themselves felt nationally. He was active in supporting Mr. Lincoln for the presidency in 1860. He was pro-

minent in organizing the Union Defence Committee in New York, of which he was made chairman after General Dix resigned to take command in the army. He was one of the two envoys sent to negotiate with the Confederates for an exchange of prisoners, and the successful results of the negotiation were in a large measure due to him. As this paper does not aim to be a biography, it is sufficient to say that, during those trying four years, few men in private life were more active than he in defense of the Union, and none gave to the government a more intelligent or more directing support.

When General Grant became President, it was his purpose to offer the English mission to Mr. Fish. Circumstances induced a change of mind, and he sent his name to the Senate for the office of Secretary of State. This nomination was confirmed, and it is to a large extent as a Cabinet officer, as adviser of the President, and as head of the foreign department of the government that Mr. Fish is to live in history. In all those relations his great strength of character impressed itself upon everybody with whom he came in contact.

The condition of Cuba at that time made our relations with Spain most critical. The Spanish revolution of the previous year had created much excitement in Cuba. Many natives of that island had greeted it with enthusiasm, as evidence "of the dawn of a new era and a radical change of Spanish policy." The slavery question came to the foreground. Public opinion was divided upon it, and all looked anxiously to Madrid to see what the new government was disposed to do. Meanwhile, an armed uprising, hostile to Spain and favoring the emancipation of the slaves, had broken out in the eastern part of the island, and was assuming threatening proportions. The insurgents, many of whom were naturalized citizens of the United States, were endeavoring to excite sympathy for their cause in this country, and to obtain

substantial aid and comfort for it. This was the state of things on the 4th of March, 1869, when General Grant became President.

On the 27th of that month the Captain-General of Cuba issued a proclamation against the insurgents, in which he said that vessels captured in Spanish waters *or on the high seas near to Cuba*, having on board men, arms, and munitions of war, should be treated as pirates, and that all persons found in them would be immediately executed. This was followed, a few days later, by another decree, regulating sales upon the island in such a way as virtually to confiscate properties of naturalized American citizens. Each of these decrees was, as issued, objected to by Mr. Fish on the part of the United States.

On the 2d of June, 1869, a counter-revolution took place in Havana, by which the too liberal Spanish Captain-General Dulce was deposed. General Dulce was for the time being replaced by Colonel Domingo Leon. Political authority was vested in the Cuban volunteers and their officers. This meant an indefinite continuation of the state of things against which the United States was protesting.

It would have been an easy, and from an international standpoint a justifiable settlement to issue a proclamation recognizing a state of belligerency. An internecine struggle to the death had been going on for months in the island, in which the rights, the properties, and the lives of American citizens were involved. The Captain-General, in managing his side of the fight, had set up a claim to exercise the rights of a belligerent upon the neutral high seas. Nothing would have been easier or more just, so far as Spain was concerned, than for the United States to admit this right, and to require from Spain the observance of the duties which flowed from its exercise. There was a brief time when the President contemplated the possibility of such a solu-

tion. It was then that, taking a vacation from Washington, he left behind him such a proclamation, with his signature, but without directions to affix the great seal and the attest of the Secretary of State.

Mr. Fish, while conceding that such a solution might become necessary, was of opinion that it was not so at that time. He regarded it as directly leading up to the acquisition of Cuba, to which he was opposed. Its inhabitants were one half Spaniards, or of Spanish origin, not speaking our language and not familiar with our laws. The other half added to the disqualifications of alienage and ignorance of our laws the fact that they were still in bondage, and would come to us freshly enfranchised, to increase the difficulties which the work of reconstruction was then imposing on the country. He sought other less revolutionary solutions; and, with the consent and approval of the President, found such, and adopted them. The Spanish minister at Washington was authorized to adjust and settle, without referring them to Madrid, all claims and complaints on the part of citizens of the United States as arising. This continued for about a year. The power was then withdrawn, and a claims convention was agreed to, under the operation of which most of the vexatious questions were amicably settled. Later on, in 1873, came the episode of the *Virginian*, which was disposed of in a conference between Mr. Fish and the Spanish minister at Washington, in November of that year. And thus we escaped the danger of entering into political partnership with Cuba.

The claims against Great Britain, commonly known as the "Alabama Claims," were brought to the front by the rejection of the Johnson-Clarendon treaty, a month after Mr. Fish became Secretary of State. In reopening negotiations at London, he departed from the well-known views of Mr. Seward, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Sumner respecting the

effect of the recognition of the belligerency of the insurgents as a basis for a claim for damages; and he instructed Mr. Motley to say that the President recognized the right of every power to determine for itself the character and nature of a civil conflict in another state, and to define its own relations to the parties to the conflict. It is needless to say that this differed radically from the views of his predecessor.

Throughout the long discussion which followed, and all the bitterness which accompanied it, he adhered to this position. He had ever one object in view, which he pursued steadily until it was accomplished: to restore cordial relations with Great Britain, by securing the payment of our just claims and a proper settlement of our other differences, and to disembarass us in the future from the damaging effect of national claims, founded upon a doctrine respecting the improper recognition of belligerency which he regarded as erroneous. The judgment of the Geneva Tribunal was brought about, in no small measure, by his persistency in adhering to what he thought to be right. To him more than to any other man, not only the United States, but all civilized powers which acknowledge the obligation to observe the requirements of international law, owe this expression of the measure of national duty and national obligations from a source which cannot fail to command respect and obedience in the future.

Few Secretaries of State have had to deal with and dispose of two questions so fundamental and so important. Mr. Fish's immediate predecessor, overwhelmed by the deluge of civil war, was forced by uncontrollable circumstances to turn his energies in the direction of postponement and delay rather than of settlement. Mr. Marcy established relations with Canada which, had they been left undisturbed, would have brought the question of annexation much

nearer than it is likely soon to be. Mr. Webster settled the pending questions with England in his day by the Ashburton Treaty. Mr. Clay tried in vain to find a satisfactory solution of Spanish-American questions. Mr. Adams and Mr. Monroe, with the help of Mr. Canining, launched the Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe struggled for ten years with the Berlin Decrees and the Orders in Council, and then went to war with England on another question, which war was concluded by a treaty of peace settling nothing. Mr. Madison, while Secretary of State under Jefferson, settled the pending differences with France by the acquisition of Louisiana, contrary to Mr. Jefferson's constitutional convictions. Mr. Jefferson, as Secretary of State under Washington, had to deal with questions of the deepest significance. Those who are familiar with his work under other circumstances cannot but recognize the influence of Washington himself in the disposition of such questions by his Secretary of State.

There were other novel and important questions with which Mr. Fish had to deal, but which were not finally settled when he left office. Foremost among these was the effect of a treaty of extradition.

The treaty of 1842 with England, known as the Ashburton Treaty, provided, in its tenth article, for the surrender and extradition of criminals, without any provision forbidding their trial in the country demanding them for offenses other than the one for which they were extradited.

One Lawrence had been extradited from England on a demand alleging the commission of one offense. He was said to have been tried and convicted in the United States under an indictment alleging an offense technically different from that for which he was surrendered; but knowledge of that fact had not been officially brought to the notice of the

Secretary of State. Not long after, in February, 1876, demand was made in the usual form upon Great Britain for the surrender of one Winslow, "charged with the commission of the crime of forgery in the State of Massachusetts." To this demand Lord Derby replied: "Her Majesty's government do not feel themselves justified in authorizing the surrendering of Winslow until they shall have received the assurance of your government that this person shall not, until he has been restored or had an opportunity of returning to her Majesty's dominions, be detained or tried in the United States for any offense committed prior to his surrender other than the extradition crimes, proved by the facts on which the surrender would be grounded."

A long discussion followed, during which execution of the treaty was suspended on both sides; but it was soon found inexpedient to continue this course, and Sir Edward Thornton informed Mr. Fish, on the 27th of October, 1876, that the British government had concluded to continue to surrender, as it had done before the breach, "without asking for any engagement as to such persons not being tried in the United States for other than the offenses for which extradition had been demanded."

This terminated the correspondence on the particular case then in question. A general discussion ensued with a view to the conclusion of a new treaty, which was continued into the next administration. The Rauscher case (119 U. S. 407) was decided by the Supreme Court in 1886 adversely to the views for which Mr. Fish had contended. The two governments, accepting this decision, concluded a new extradition treaty in 1889, in which it was agreed that no person surrendered should be tried for an offense other than that for which he had been extradited. Four years later, the Supreme Court, in *Lascelles v. Georgia* (148 U. S. 537), held that the principle settled by the Rauscher case was not ap-

plicable to extraditions made from one State to another, under the Constitution and laws of the United States.

A word should be said with regard to Mr. Fish's views on the subject of expatriation, before taking leave of his work as foreign secretary. Without going at length into it, it is sufficient to say that he gave a new direction to political thought and to executive instructions on this subject, from which they have not since diverged. He maintained that citizenship of the United States, as it confers privileges, also requires the performance of duties. He held that while the powers of the government ought to be exerted in defense of the right of a naturalized citizen as fully and as potently as they should be in defense of a native citizen, yet that naturalization imposes duties to the adopted country; and then when it is sought only for the purpose of residing in the land of nativity discharged of the obligations of citizenship there, and without the performance of such duties here, the naturalized citizen, if he fails to do his duty after due notice to him, is not worthy of protection. The Franco-German war gave ample scope for the application of such a canon of international law. Holding these views, he always refused his consent to the appointment of a naturalized alien as consul at a place within the land of his nativity.

Mr. Fish had no superior as an executive officer. His great ability made itself felt in every room and at every desk. He knew every clerk personally, and seemed to find out instinctively their habits and ways of life, — whether they were prompt or dilatory, attentive to work or disposed to shirk it. While firm in his requirements, he was just to all under him, and patient in listening to their grievances. He was rewarded by their confidence and respect, — perhaps it is not too much to say, by their affection.

When he could induce Congress to

make the necessary appropriations, he reorganized the Department of State, bringing men to the fore whose minds and hearts were in their work. Over seven hundred volumes, made up from loose and unindexed miscellaneous correspondence, were then brought together, indexed, and bound. Simultaneously with this he introduced in the department, for the first time, a system of general indexing, which, as improved by experience, now enables the clerks to find papers without unreasonable delay.

In his administration of the Department of State, Mr. Fish anticipated the reform of the civil service. He instituted a rule requiring an official examination of all candidates for consulates. Under its operation, a person named for a consulate was sometimes found not fitted for the place he sought. In no instance was the member of Congress who favored him able, conscientiously, to object to the result, when the written answers of the applicant were shown to him.

Mr. Fish had a large acquaintance among members of Congress. His house was the scene of a generous and gentlemanly hospitality, never lavish or ostentatious, which brought men of all parties and of all tones of thought into touch with him. His influence upon them cannot be exaggerated. His genial ways, his polished manners, his strong character, his wide range of reading, especially in American political history, his remarkable memory, and his unusual power of conversation fitted him to make the best use of such opportunities.

The same causes operated in the same way in his intercourse with his colleagues and with the President. On all subjects which affected the general policy of the administration or the general welfare of the country he had decided opinions, which he expressed with freedom, and upon which he was always ready to act.

Fortunately for the country, Mr. Fish

enjoyed the entire confidence of President Grant, who felt that in his Secretary of State he had a man of honor, conscientiousness, and truth, unselfish, and with no purposes of his own to advance; who had no whims or changing fancies; who was devoted to the best interests of his country, and understood those interests well; who had a clear and well-educated intellect, peculiarly adapted by its knowledge and training to serve the state, and fully equipped for the performance of every duty of his office, social, intellectual, or political; whose large faculties were always at ready command; who had unusual habits and power of work; and who was, withal, a man of the world, yielding in unessentials, but firm as a rock when duty and his sense of right dictated. This man — his personal selection for the office, and entering unwillingly on its duties to please him — Grant from the outset trusted and leaned upon. In all his troubles — and they were not few — he never withdrew that confidence. In a letter from him written to me in October, 1877, after he ceased to be President, he said, "Give my love to Mr. Fish." The affection implied by such a message was fully reciprocated by the person to whom the message was sent.

A notice of Mr. Fish would be incomplete which failed to speak of his devotion to the Protestant Episcopal Church. Baptized into that Church in infancy, and trained in its ways and faith in childhood, in manhood he accepted it from choice, and gave up the best portion of his nature to it and its service.

Throughout his long career he was one of its most trusted servants. A lay delegate, both in the conventions in his own diocese and in General Conventions, no layman had greater influence in its councils than he. Among its bishops and clergy he found his dearest friends at all times of his life.

The general appreciation of such a character — a character unfortunately too rare in public life — is shown by the many positions of trust and honor to which he was called. In addition to the political offices already referred to as held by him, he was president of the General Society of the Cincinnati for nearly forty years; a trustee of Columbia College for fifty-three years; chairman of its board of trustees for thirty-four years; a trustee of the Astor Library; one of the presidents of the New York Historical Society; and a member of the Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church on the Revision of the Prayer Book. Columbia conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws in 1850, Union in 1869, and Harvard in 1871.

The home of Mr. Fish was a centre of family affection and love. Without venturing to intrude upon its sanctity, it may be said that it was the abode of education, culture, and refinement, in the best sense of those words, allied to the directness and simplicity of character which come from training a gentle and loving nature in the way of uprightness and truth. The influence which such a home exercised in Washington has become historic.

J. C. Bancroft Davis.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

HE rests from toil ; the portals of the tomb
Close on the last of those unwearying hands
That wove their pictured webs in History's loom,
Rich with the memories of three distant lands.

One wrought the record of the Royal Pair
Who saw the great Discoverer's sail unfurled,
Happy his more than regal prize to share,
The spoils, the wonders, of the sunset world.

There, too, he found his theme ; upreared anew,
Our eyes beheld the vanished Aztec shrines,
And all the silver splendors of Peru
That lured the conqueror to her fatal mines.

Nor less remembered he who told the tale
Of empire wrested from the strangling sea ;
Of Leyden's woe, that turned his readers pale,
The price of unborn freedom yet to be ;

Who taught the New World what the Old could teach ;
Whose silent hero, peerless as our own,
By deeds that mocked the feeble breath of speech
Called up to life a State without a Throne.

As year by year his tapestry unrolled,
What varied wealth its growing length displayed !
What long processions flamed in cloth of gold !
What stately forms their flowing robes arrayed !

Not such the scenes our later craftsman drew ;
Not such the shapes his darker pattern held ;
A deeper shadow lent its sober hue,
A sadder tale his tragic task compelled.

He told the red man's story ; far and wide
He searched the unwritten records of his race ;
He sat a listener at the Sachem's side,
He tracked the hunter through his wildwood chase.

High o'er his head the soaring eagle screamed ;
The wolf's long howl rang nightly ; through the vale
Tramped the lone bear ; the panther's eyeballs gleamed ;
The bison's gallop thundered on the gale.

Soon o'er the horizon rose the cloud of strife, —
Two proud, strong nations battling for the prize, —
Which swarming host should mould a nation's life,
Which royal banner flout the western skies.

Long raged the conflict; on the crimson sod
Native and alien joined their hosts in vain;
The lilies withered where the Lion trod,
Till Peace lay panting on the ravaged plain.

A nobler task was theirs who strove to win
The blood-stained heathen to the Christian fold,
To free from Satan's clutch the slaves of sin;
Their labors, too, with loving grace he told.

Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er
The sweet-breathed roses which he loved so well,
While through long years his burdening cross he bore,
From those firm lips no coward accents fell.

A brave, bright memory! his the stainless shield
No shame defaces and no envy mars!
When our far future's record is unsealed,
His name will shine among its morning stars.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HIS VANISHED STAR.

XVI.

JASPER LARRABEE stood transfixed, gazing at that tremulous, luminous astral presence with a strange superstitious thrill at his heart. It hardly seemed merely a star, so alien to his mind was its aspect in the erst untenanted spaces whence it blazed, so freighted with occult significance. Had the moment been charged with some wonderful apotheosis, some amplification of its pure white lustre into the benignant splendors of a vision of angels, the transformation could scarcely have exceeded the capacities of that breathless, insistent expectation which the ignorant mountaineer lifted toward it. For his was a simple faith, and his untaught mind had learned no doubts.

And had never these nights of ours communion with celestial pursuivants? Did never the flutter of an angel's wing illumine far perspectives that darkle heavily over the earth? Was this rare fluid, which we call the air, so dense; were its sensitive searching vibrations, known as waves of light and sound, so dull, that it should feel naught, reveal naught, when the angel of the Lord flashed through the stars and the wind, through blossoming woods or bleak snows of deserts, and into the haunts and the homes of men?

So many had come! He did not know that they were alien to the nineteenth century, and that the most spiritual-minded of to-day would account for their sudden vision as from prosaic natural causes, — as mental aberration, or

the distortions of a diseased fancy, or the meaningless phantasmagoria of somnolent cerebration. To him it seemed that they had been with man from the very beginning; and why should their presence here be stranger than his own? Their very numbers served to coerce credibility. So many had come! To kings, to wanderers in the wilderness, to prophets, to children, in dreams and in the broad daylight, they came: to stand with a gleaming sword before the gates of Paradise, and to sing in the starry advent of a new day, — Peace on earth, good will toward men; to bring the immortal lilies of the Annunciation, and to tread the ways of the fiery furnace; to touch the bursting bonds of saints in prison, and to roll away the stone from the sepulchre of all the world; to minister to the Christ alike in the shadows of Gethsemane and amongst the splendors of the Mount of the Transfiguration!

He was trembling in every limb, as the scenes trooped out before him in the vivid actuality of his recollections of the pages of the much-thumbed volume which he had left behind him when he had fled from the still in the Lost Time mine. He sank down upon the rocky verge of the precipice, amongst the clinging verdure of its jagged crevices. Some sweet-scented herb sent out its delicate incense under the pressure of his hands. A drowsy twitter of half-awakened nestlings came from the feathery boughs of a cedar-tree that a niche in the cliff hard by half nourished, half starved. The melancholy antiphony of the voices of the wilderness rose and fell in alternating strains, and at long intervals in a vague indiscriminated susurrus the night seemed to sigh.

He heard naught; he heeded naught. His unwinking gaze was fixed upon the wondrous star in the heavens, with that thronging association of angelic ministrants so definitely in his mind that he might have thought to see an amaran-

thine crown expanding from the rayonant sidereal points, or the outline of a nearing pinion stretched strongly to cleave the ether. For so many had come!

But no! His imagination could compass no such apotheosis. The star remained a star. The exaltation of that moment of wild, vague, and breathless expectation exhaled slowly. A poignant sense of loss succeeded it. The prosaic details of the actual outer life pressed once more on his realization. He looked about him on the sombre wilderness, the black surly mountains, the itinerant mists, heedless whither, the steely glimmer here and there of the ponds where the water made shift to catch the reflection of the sky amidst the dun shadows, and sighed drearily with the sighing night.

He was penniless, shelterless, his life at the mercy of any chance that might favor his crafty enemy, his confidence betrayed by the fugitive whom he had succored, his liberty endangered, already a criminal in the eyes of the law, — an outcast, in truth, within a league of his home. From the nullity of the begloomed landscape the glance naturally rebounded, and the very obscuration of the earth lent glister and definiteness to the wonderful precision of the march of the constellations, as, phalanx after phalanx, they deployed, each in its allotted space and sequence, toward the west. And again his eyes dwelt upon that new splendor in the midst of them. How strange that it should suddenly blossom whitely forth among these old, old stars that had lighted the bosky ways of the garden of Eden! How strange that the sight of it should be vouchsafed to him — and why!

His pulses were tumultuously astir. All at once the thought that had been slowly framing itself in his mind took definite form. He wondered if it could be a sign for him, and of what!

In the arrogations of poor humanity of the higher things, in the infinite

breadth of the claim of an immortal soul, vast incongruities meet. The extreme might seem reached in the ignorant mountaineer, the moonshiner obnoxious to the law, the poverty-stricken laborer, seeing with the wild preëmptions of fancy this star, all newly and miraculously alight in the sky, as charged with some mysterious relation to his infinitesimally petty and restricted life. But once admit the idea of an immortal spirit, heir of all knowledge, made a little lower than the angels, to be crowned with glory and worship, the climax of development, and even the splendors of the star are as naught.

Larrabee had no cultivated sense of comparison. His tenacious nature laid hold upon the idea of an intimate personal intention, a sign in the heavens, with a blunt and stalwart appropriation.

He rose swiftly to his feet. So different a spirit animated him that it seemed a different path from that which he had trod as he had plodded slowly up the mountain, with hesitating steps and frequent uncertain pauses. Now he went deftly down the rugged and far darker way, brushing amongst bushes and vines, and beshowered with the perfumed drops that his hasty transit shook from their boughs; swiftly slipping through the shifting mists that now hid the sky, and again revealed the glister of that great star amidst a myriad others at the vanishing point of a perspective of seemingly precipitous white ascents, as the uncertain light cleft the glimmering vapors. He looked up to it, as it were, through a defile between these impalpable white cliffs, from the dark abysses of the night; and then the gauzy medium interposed, and without the faint light of the stars the night was black again. His pace did not slacken. He went forward as confidently in the darkness as if he were led by the definite capacity of sight, trusting to that instinct of woodcraft almost as keen as sense itself. Sometimes, indeed, his foot struck against a branch, torn by

the wind from the trees and left to wither in the rugged path; or the splash of a pool beneath his inadvertent step broke the silence of his journey, as these unaccustomed incidents of the way asserted their presence as obstacles. He never hesitated, nor doubted, nor deviated. He seemed led through the darkness by his will. He was aware in some mysterious sort of the looming propinquity of great trees or the locality of jagged rocks; he avoided the verge of cliffs and abysses with that keen, accurate discernment of an unascertained faculty, as a somnambulist might have done. As far as his recognized intelligence was concerned, he was down in the Cove before he knew it, for the way was still sloping, the footing rocky and uneven. A long slanting burnished gleam of orange light appearing suddenly before him, revealing the white mists, and making the darkness a definite visible blackness rather than merely charged with a sense of sightlessness, he deemed only one of those transient lines of lightning reflected in the temporary ponds that he had marked earlier in the evening. It did not flicker, however, and die away. As he stared forward, he perceived, beyond a darkly lustrous interval, a parallel line of yellow brilliance, — another, and still another; and he became aware that he was amongst the workmen's shanties, the lights of which were mirrored in the water. Presently illusory shimmering squares were visible in the mists which marked the open doors. A croaking frog by the waterside ceased suddenly, as, with more decided step, Larrabee skirted the pool and approached. He felt rather than saw the shadowy creature's leap from before his foot, again an elastic spring along the margin, and a splash as the frog jumped into the water, and the long lines of gilded light were broken into a thousand concentric shoaling curves. Voices sounded close at hand, and then the whole little settlement became vaguely visible, — the cabins further apart than

they had seemed at the distance; a banjo was strumming at the most remote, and as Larrabee walked up to the nearest, boldly, in the avenue of light that the open door blazed out in the darkness, he saw within the man whom he sought, bending his frowning brow over a paper in his hand. In the other hand Kenniston held a cigar, which at long intervals he put between his lips; then he pulled energetically at it as if merely to keep it alight, and with no definite experience or expectation of nicotian solace. The county surveyor, on the contrary, on the other side of the table, puffed his pipe systematically, his eyes half closed, his grizzled bearded face showing in repose amongst the wreaths of smoke, his conscience discharged of every detail of the great science of mensuration which he sought to apply to the various parcels of land owned or claimed by his fellow-man. He had answered so much at random the occasional remarks of his host on the subject of the processioning that it became very apparent to Kenniston that he did not propose to work at his vocation out of office hours, as it were. From the consideration of futility as well as decorum, Kenniston had relapsed into silently comparing the calls of the deed with the notes he had made of the day's work, and only unconsciously did an interjection of irritation and disgust escape him.

"I ain't responsible for any disputed p'int, Mr. Kenniston," said the surveyor, sibilantly sucking his pipstem, his eyes quite closed, his feet upon the fender of the little stove. "Ye kin hev a jury o' good and lawful men ter examine an' decide upon it; my business is ter run the line 'cordin' ter the calls an' the compass. That's all!"

Kenniston looked up, a sarcastic comment in his eyes; the mere possibility of submitting the question of the boundary of his land to the wild will of a jury of mountaineers, qualified by the surveyor, according to the law of processioning

land, and met in those tangled precipitous woods to discriminate in matters mathematical and to settle questions of topographical fact, seemed to him so happy a travesty of the theory of law and justice that he could not forbear a scornful smile at his own probable plight when he should come forth from such unique adjudication of his interests.

"There's no disputed 'p'int,'" he said, laughing satirically. "It's the whole confounded line from the Big Hollow Boulder to Wild Duck Falls!"

"'Cordin' ter the calls an' the compass," muttered the surveyor, fast succumbing to the unholy fascinations of a dream in which he found that in seeking to ascertain the area of a triangular body of land he achieved the petrifying result of transforming it to a square. Reason revolted; he woke with a snort, filliped off the ash from his pipe, adjusted himself anew in his chair, looked very wide awake, to be overtaken again by the same irreconcilable process and result.

In the diversion of Kenniston's attention he had lost the run of his ideas; he paused, puffed his cigar into a glow, pushed his chair slightly back from the table, glanced with lowering disaffection at the slumbering surveyor, and then mechanically about him at his surroundings.

The house was the roughest of shells, and hardly compact enough to withstand the floods of rain that had descended upon it to-day. In one corner the floor was still damp, the eaves outside dripped. Beyond a cot, a table, and a few chairs there was no furniture save Kenniston's valise, his gun in its case, which was never opened, and a monkey stove, an object of aversion to its æsthetic owner; for, despite its utility, its outline and atmosphere were a continual affront to him, and it suffered grossly from the comparison with the great open fires of the mountaineers' hearths, the incense of hickory and ash and pine, the flash

and flame and sparkle of those humble illumined interiors.

The shadowy figure of a man standing in the doorway Kenniston did not immediately notice. Beyond a slight start, a mere matter of nerve (for he could hardly be surprised by aught that the mountaineers could say or do), he did not betray the unexpectedness of the apparition. He smoked silently, eying the intruder without salutation, as if he sought to shift the discourtesy of the lack of formality upon one who merely paused at the door of his domicile and surveyed its occupant; it was his rule not to encourage the mountaineers to come about, and he felt at liberty, with so untutored a folk, to depart from the rules of decorum in such small matters, which were, however, exigent even with them. In this instance no offense seemed to be taken, no intentional lack perceived. Larrabee stood, his smiling dark eyes scanning Kenniston with a steadiness which apparently had other actuation than mere curiosity; his pale clear-cut face, his red hair, his alert strong pose, distinct in the crude white light of the unshaded kerosene lamp. Whether it were the natural commendation of a face and figure regularly handsome by the line and rule by which Kenniston was wont to apportion beauty; whether the exaltation of the discovery of the star, the spiritual audacity of the arrogation of a personal intimation in its manifestation, had touched Larrabee's expression with something strange, something aloof from the day, the time, and the people, Kenniston's jaunted interest was stirred.

"Did you want to see me?" he demanded, at length. "Then come in."

Larrabee remained at the threshold, but he leaned against the wall, his big brown hat on the back of his head, as it rested against the rich veined amber and creamy tints of the yellow pine wood.

"Air you-uns the stranger-man ez hev been hyarabouts, building the hotel an' sech?" he asked slowly.

Kenniston's eye became intent, hardening as he nodded. His thoughts flew instantly to that fair edifice and the collapse of all his plans, with the quick inference that here was information to come touching the incendiary. He felt his blood leap; by his pulsing veins he knew how it was burning into his face. He had that desire toward justice which should animate every civilized man, but although he sought to hold himself impartial, calm, circumspect to receive what might be a false accusation, it would have fared ill with Larrabee's enemy had he had an old score to settle thus.

As he remained silent Kenniston spoke, with a view of urging forward the disclosure. "Have I ever seen you here before?"

Larrabee shook his head. "I hev never viewed you-uns ez I knows on." Then, after a pause, "Air you-uns a book-l'arned man?"

"Reasonably so," Kenniston said, with a slight laugh. He leaned his elbows on the table, holding his chin in his hand, which was half obscured by his full beard, and while he looked impatiently at his visitor his white teeth gnawed his underlip.

Larrabee hesitated. "Hev ye met up with the stars in yer readin'?" he finally blurted out.

A sudden look of blank disappointment crossed Kenniston's face.

"Stars!" he echoed in dismay, "Why, I thought you had come to give me some information about the cur that set fire to my house."

(It was a different kind of brute, but the fact of Bruin's agency was relegated to the state of things not revealed, which we denominate mystery.)

It was Larrabee's turn for impatience, and an affronted sense of interruption.

"I dunno nuthin' 'bout who burnt yer hotel" — He paused suddenly, the conviction all at once fully fledged in his mind that it was the deed of the moonshiners, to rid the Cove of its prospect of

troublesome invaders. The recollection of Espey's threat rang in his ears as if the very vibrations of the words were audible upon the air: "Burn him out! Burn his shanty every time he gits it started!"

Larrabee suffered the sense of a nervous shock, so great was the revulsion from the subject that had engrossed him; for this reminiscence of all things he had least expected to meet here. He could hardly cope with it in the free outer air. It belonged so essentially to that other life of his, that underground world where he bore so different an identity, that it seemed to have thoughts and intentions and a conscience peculiar to itself. He had realized the dangers of the isolation in which he stood amongst those of his association, but he had thought himself safe here. Kenniston knew him neither by name nor face, and he was a stranger to all the workmen; since their advent into the Cove he had been held a prisoner in the Lost Time mine. Even a chance encounter with Rodolphus Ross he did not dread, for the officer had not been apprised of his identity on the night he had summoned him to search for the escaped Espey masquerading under the name of Larrabee.

The abrupt pause, the introverted look, the sudden recollection advertised in unmistakable characters upon his unguarded face, did not escape Kenniston's observation, now keen and all on the alert. For his heart was in this reprisal. If he had had naught to gain and much to risk, indeed much of certain loss, he would have pursued this injury to its ultimate and bitterest requital. All that was manly in him—his courage, his pugnacity, his tenaciousness, his self-respect, his vehement, insistent, vigorous personality, that could neither make nor keep covenant with concession, compromise, or defeat—rose to the occasion. He had cursed in his heart the lukewarmness of the authorities who had opined that the mountaineers were mighty rough folks, mighty hard to catch, lived in a

mighty difficult country, and who offered him the half-veiled advice that they were mighty bad to run against, in lieu of the formulated and disciplined suspicions which he had expected, the canvassing of possible "fire-bugs," involving as sequence the search warrants for portable property and warrants for arrest, indictments and other fierce and formidable processes of the law, executed with full intent and expectation.

Here was a clue,—the first; and fortunately it had fallen into his own hands. However, it behooved him to be cautious, or the suggestion might be of as little ultimate value as if the intimation were already given to the turbulent, ill-advised, precipitate deputy, or to his unsanguine, dubious, dilatory principal, with his wise saws about the lack of prudence involved in running against mountain folks, who were mighty hard to catch in the wilds of their difficult country.

Now and again the family of Captain Lucy had had an intimation of how pleasant Mr. Kenniston could be when he chose. It was reserved for Jasper Larrabee to experience the fascination of the full and ripened flavor, the bouquet, so to speak, of his geniality and good will. A second rapid covert survey from that altered point of view which one is apt to adopt when a personal interest looms in the background convinced Kenniston that his visitor was no fool. Although he intended to drop the subject for the present, he did not quit it abruptly.

"I was in hopes you could name some suspicious characters, or had heard some threatening talk, or"—

Once more he saw from his visitor's face that, inadvertently, he had again struck the nail on the head. His secret self-applause aided his self-denial in relinquishing so promising a line of investigation. The man must be made to talk freely, to disclose; his confidence must be secured.

"I have had heavy losses in this matter, and the officers seem of mighty little

account. Every now and then I hope I'll hear of something some other way. I'm afraid to build again unless I know the fire-bug is somewhere else, or what I've done to set people against *me*."

Larrabee's face was at once softened and troubled. "Burn his shanty every time he gits it started," quoth Espey. And he that would work ill to one man would work ill to another: witness his own plight. His conscience began to stir. If, he thought, the whiskey tax were not in itself so tyrannical, so impracticable and obnoxious a thing, he might have admitted for the nonce that moonshining was in itself wrong.

Kenniston's eyes were studying his unconscious countenance. "Well," he said suddenly, "since it's nothing about my affairs, what can I do for you? Won't you have a chair?"

Larrabee shook his head silently. He stood for a few moments undecided. It might seem that his enthusiasm, so ruthlessly dragged down to earth, might hardly make shift to rise again; but it was strong of wing, as behooves that ethereal essence, and in his ignorant assumptions he thought that he had seen a sign in the heavens, a sign for him. The fervor of all that he had half doubting believed, and half believing doubted, fired his pulses once more. He cared naught for Espey and his troublous usurpations, the officer of the law, the moonshiner and his deadly feud, the incendiary, the necessity of heed to his words. He cared for naught under the moon. Once more his face had that illumined, exalted expression. As he leaned suddenly forward, with a keen anxiety, and said, "Air ye 'quainted with the stars by name, bein' a book-l'arned man?" Kenniston had a swift doubt of his sanity.

"Yes," he replied. And after a pause he asked the counter-question, "Are you interested in the stars?"

But Larrabee, still under the influence of the strong excitement that possessed him, did not answer directly.

"I kin read, but I hain't got but one book. The teacher what l'arned me ter read 'lowed ez the stars air named; they air numbered in a book. Hev ye l'arned sech?"

"Oh yes; I have studied astronomy," replied Kenniston capably. "I know their names."

"I know *them*; I dunno thar names," said Larrabee, making a definite distinction. "That's the reason I kem ter you-uns, hearin' ez ye air a book-l'arned man."

He turned his head and looked out into the night as he stood on the threshold. The mists had gone their ways. The clouds were far in the west. Above all, the clear, sombre field of the sky was thickly bespangled with stars, chill, keenly glittering, for below the night was very dark.

"Thar's a new one," he declared excitedly, "a new one never viewed afore! I seen it kindled up a matter of three week ago, three week an' better, an' it's thar now!"

Kenniston sat in silent amazement, looking steadily at him.

"Kem out!" Larrabee insisted, in tones strangely urgent. "Kem out an' see!"

Some subtle monition apprised Kenniston that there was something in the man's disclosure withheld; that it was not merely to bring his book-learning to bear upon the array of the stars that he was asked to step out of his door at this hour of the night. How often he had heard, as the climax of a feud, of a man in these mountains being summoned on some pretext out of his door to meet a murderous bullet fired by an enemy hidden in the dark! He was momentarily ashamed of this recollection as he glanced at the surveyor asleep close at hand; as he heard the rhythmic beat of feet on the shaking, ill-laid floor, and the pattering of hands as some jovial young blade danced a "break-down" in one of the workmen's shanties to the strumming of the banjo, finding

this far more congenial an occupation than shoving the jack plane.

Nevertheless, he had enemies, virulent, unscrupulous, powerful, as his short stay here might seem to attest, and what strange, fantastic vagary was this touching a new star! He would not refuse; that would impugn his courage even to himself, and he held it dear: and as he looked at Larrabee's face with its ever-smiling eyes, despite the intimation of something withheld, of trafficking with a mere subterfuge, he doubted as causeless his prudence. Moreover, this was a man of whom he must keep track, of whom he must know more. He was looking about the room as he rose. "Wait a minute," he said. "I have a strong glass here that may be of use."

The door of the maligned monkey stove standing ajar emitted a ruddy glow of embers upon the yellow pine walls of the room, and toned down the white glare of the kerosene lamp. A deep, restful red hue might have attracted the eye from the further side amongst the shadows, as Kenniston tossed a rug upon a chair aside to obscure a quick search through his valise. A pernicious habit, that of carrying his pistols at the bottom of his luggage, amongst his clean shirts, and he promised himself this should be the end of it. At the moment that he thrust the revolver into his pistol-pocket he picked up the field-glass from the cot. "Here it is," he said, and he followed his guest out of the door and into the dusky night.

It was still all vibrant with the twanging drone of the cicada and the windy note of the booming frogs. The air, damp and of clarified freshness, was pervaded with indeterminate fragrance, the blent perfume of some flower and the pungent aroma of weed and shrub and the balsamic fir. A cluster of great trees rose just outside of the little shell, and though many a star shone down in the interstices of the black fibrous foliage, Larrabee led the way out beyond them and into an open space. It was nearer

the other cottages instead of further away, as Kenniston had half expected. The suspicion, the half-dormant fear, the doubt in his mind, were giving place anew to his determination to keep his hand on this man, to win his confidence or to surprise his secret. All those genial arts of ingratiation at his command were once more brought into play. It was he who introduced the subject of their mission, as they paused on a slight eminence, with a clear view of the great fields of heaven before them.

"Now which is the star that you want to know more about?" he demanded, lifting the glass with a free gesture, and adjusting it to his eye.

"Don't ye see nuthin' oncommon?" the mountaineer asked, in a tense voice.

The strained tone struck Kenniston's attention, and he lowered the glass and looked through the baffling darkness at his companion, whose form could be discriminated only by some fine sense from the surrounding darkness by an effect of solidity, given one could hardly say how.

Kenniston, the glass swaying useless in his hand, gazed upward once more.

"No, I can't say I do," he replied wonderingly.

Larrabee suddenly came up close to him, taking him by the arm.

"Now, hyar, to'des the east, an' yit a leetle to'des the north, sorter slanchwise to'des Big Injun Mounting, setting a mite ter the west from that, an' plumb west from Chillowee, a bright, bright star, — with," he added, in a surprised tone, as if he had not before discerned this, "a sorter silver shine onto it."

Kenniston laughed slyly in his sleeve. One can hardly better appreciate the immense distance that mechanical appliance has brought man from his normal state of natural, unassisted faculties than in the effort to point out, with such accuracy as to enable another to distinguish, an object in those fair and foreign fields of heaven, by the unaided means of the index finger. A suffusion

of self-gratulatory pride is apt to over-spread the consciousness, the unit assuming the credit of all that the genius of invention has achieved in the generic name of mankind. Kenniston had not even a slight expectation of being able to distinguish the particular star, but the affectation of effort, in his own interests, in some sort constrained his will. He looked about the skies with that vague sense of recollection which animates one who turns the leaves of a volume written in a half-forgotten language. He had not been the familiar of the stars. His choicest ambitions had lifted him no further than a reasonably safe height for an attic, or those fantastic simulations of turrets with which the new architecture apes *haud passibus æquis* the old. He had naught in common with the full-pulsed, aspiring audacity of those architects of eld who builded in the plain of Shinar; his was but a low-studded Babel. He had not cared for a higher outlook, and his building had no definite designs touching heaven. It had been so long since he had regarded the upper atmosphere other than barometrically that he hardly made shift to see the Swan arch her snowy neck from those great lakes of ether, whose indented shores seemed marked and foliage-fringed by the wooded summits of the Great Smoky Mountains. The assertive brilliance of Lyra he noted near the meridian, with the harpstrings all vibrant, doubtless, with that music of the spheres which we are told by the scientist is no longer a mere figment of poesy. The Cor Caroli gleamed pure and splendid amongst the mists of a struggling recollection. And where was Scorpio? — how low in the sky, how far to the southwest, how near to its setting! Through a water-gap of Chillhowee, cloven to the very heart of the range, he marked the gleaming coils. Of strangely melancholy intimations were the stars, seen so far through the steep wooded defile, dark and rugged on either hand; but he remembered

only the relation of its early setting and the season, for it was near the end of September. How little building weather the year might spare him yet! How heavy the rains of to-day, and the west still harbored portents! Unless he relinquished all and left the field, baffled and beaten, he must have the incendiary behind the bars. To jail a suspect, at all events, would intimidate the lawless population, and point the moral of "Hands off!"

"I don't see it," he said, reverting to the prosecution of his intention to win the mountaineer's secret information as to the origin of the fire. "I'm sorry I can't see it, Mr. — Excuse me, what did you say your name is?"

His visitor had not said, but all thrown off his guard the young man replied promptly, "Lar'bee, — Jasper Lar'bee. Ef ye look jes' a leetle ter the right of that thar batch o' stars ez 'pears some similar ter a kyart-wheel" — He raised once more the futile inefficiency of his index finger.

But Kenniston was not looking. This name, — he placed it at once. In the short interview which he had had with the deputy sheriff touching the incendiary, without whose apprehension he feared to recommence the building, it had recurred repeatedly to Rodolphus Ross's lips coupled with many an imprecation. Kenniston had paid scant heed at the time to the story of the search for Espey, of the pretended arrest, of the escape of the supposed Larrabee and the inference of some crime which his flight fostered. It had all happened during his absence from the Cove, and shortly before the beginning of the building of the hotel. He could not conceive of any reasons for connecting one with the other; but this man indubitably knew something of the crime; his long and mysterious disappearance had baffled all the devices of the officers, and surely it was a strange subterfuge which had brought him hither. Strange to the minds of others as well, for sundry figures were

detached now and again from the illumined thresholds near at hand; presently the foreman had joined the two, and several of the workmen approached, all pausing at intervals and craning their necks up toward the sky, having noticed their scrutiny of it, and expectant of some *lusus naturæ*, — comet, or aurora borealis, or other phenomenon the observation of which might serve to break the monotony. The resonant tone of the banjo now and again sounded loud in the damp air, as the musician who carried it under his arm jostled against one of the others. Their attitudes and faces expressed an alert curiosity, for they were not altogether indistinguishable; the two star-gazers having insensibly changed their positions, and come within the line of light falling from one of the open doors.

"Some ter the right o' that batch o' stars ez be some similar ter a kyart-wheel," repeated Larrabee urgently.

"I don't know which you mean," replied Kenniston, drawing himself back to the subject with difficulty.

"Don't ye view one ez ye never viewed afore?" demanded Jasper breathlessly. "Ef ye know 'em, ye air 'bleeged ter see that thar one air strange!"

"Mr. Jackson," — Kenniston turned to the foreman, — "do you see anything unusual in that sky?"

The foreman answered with a prompt and businesslike negative, and then appealed in turn to the workmen. None of them could perceive aught amiss, although they all turned about and critically surveyed the majesty of the heavens.

"It's a new star," protested Larrabee, unconsciously adopting the scientific term of description. "I seen it kindle up myself 'bout three weeks ago."

There was an astounded silence; then a resonance broke out abruptly as the young musician smote his bullet head with the instrument, apparently inadvertently, but with the view of intimat-

ing to his fellows that all was not accurately adjusted in the cranium of their queer visitor.

Kenniston hesitated for a moment. There lay in his mind the residuum, so to speak, of an impression that new stars or temporary stars are not of infrequent occurrence in the economy of worlds, rating time by the long astral lengths. He could not say at once, — such scant commerce he had had with the stars of late years, to be sure. His mind had reverted instantly to the question upon what pretext he should seek to detain the man. He only saw rather than noted the workmen slowly turning aside, the long lane of yellow light streaming through the door, the lustrous mirror-like suggestions in the darkness hard by where the pools lurked and the frogs were still croaking, the outlines of the clustering roofs of the other little buildings, shadowy in the deeper shadow, the dense woods surrounding all, and above the great amphitheatre of the mountains on every side. The voice of the foreman recalled him: —

"That's a queer customer. First crank I've seen here."

"Where is he?" cried Kenniston, with a start, the freedom of the criticism notifying him of the absence of its subject. "Stop him! Call him! Hold on to him!"

But the effort was vain. Larrabee had departed as suddenly, as tracklessly, as if the night had swallowed him up.

XVII.

It was a buoyant, elated spirit that Jasper Larrabee bore as he slipped swiftly away through the darkness and the woods, unaware of the sudden vehement search for him, unhearing the hue and cry. He had put his discovery to the test, — the most searching that he could devise. And not the man learned in

letters, who even knew the stars by name, not the clear-headed, prosperous, efficient foreman, not the humbler handicraftsmen, could see that gracious, splendid stellar presence still shining, — shining down into the wilderness, doubtless with some message, some token, some personal relation, that would be in due season made known. He had no uncertainties; he had said to himself that if it were invisible to others he would accept it as a revelation to himself. For had he not seen it even as it first kindled in the blank spaces of the midnight sky?

He felt with a sort of surprise that his limbs were trembling as he went, his breath was short; more than once he paused, with a reeling sense as if he should fall, and he beheld the summit line of demarcation where the dark woods touched the clear sky describe a long curve upward, and once more sink to its place. He had not known the physical exhaustion that ensues upon strong and long-continued mental excitement. Beyond the moment's impatient recognition he gave it no heed. He was glad, glad beyond all power of analysis, expectant, breathless, his eyes continually fixed upon the star, unmindful whither his failing feet carried him. He passed without a thought the door of the store of the Lost Time mine, from which so lately he had escaped as it were with his life in his hand. He might have seen, if he had chosen, the twinkle of Cornelia Taft's fire through the chinking, as she nodded on the hearth and vainly waited for her father's return to supper. He heard naught, — no voice from the woods, no stir of leaf, no sigh of wind, no lapsing of the alien sheets of water, not even the full rush of the stream from the portal of the Lost Time mine, loud, sinister, seemingly charged with cavernous echoes from those hidden haunted recesses whence it came, wild, turbulent, with thrice its normal volume hurling out into the black night.

Only once he paused. The unseen air and the invisible moisture were at their jugglery again, weaving from nothingness wondrous symmetries of scrolls tenuous to the eye, marvelous winged suggestions endowed with the faculty of flight and airy poise, graces of fabric, and tissues, fold on fold of impalpable pearl-tinted consistencies; now a floating film passed before the star; again it shone out more splendid still, and anon dimly through the gathering haze, and so was lost to sight.

Larrabee stood for a time spellbound, still gazing up into heaven. But winds were astir in the region of the clouds. Heavy purple masses, with here and there flocculent white drifts, and showing lines of white at their verges, were spreading over the sky; the temperature had fallen suddenly; he was shivering. Vagrant gusts seemed to issue from defiles of the mountain, and he heard the awakening of the pines. Out of sight of the star his flagging energies failed. The definite realization of his fatigue, his hunger, his faintness, pressed upon his aroused senses. He could hardly support his tottering limbs to the door of the Lost Time mine, and drag himself up on the rocks, out of the reach of the water, to rest, as he waited till the clouds should pass, till the sight of the star should be renewed to his longing gaze. Even in its eclipse, in a certain yearning sense of bereavement, in his disappointment, he had a patience and calm acquiescence begotten of confidence. For he should see it again. Was it not his own, his very own, charged with some unimagined significance to him? He shifted his posture once, reckoning upon its position in the sky, that it might not fail his sight the moment the baffling clouds withdrew. He was conscious of a high degree of happiness despite his tremulous thrills of suspense. He gazed upward, as he reclined on the ledge of rock, with smiling eyes and a heart full of deep content. He had gone far

enough within to have an upward view through the jagged portal of rough-hewn rocks. Beyond their edges the sky seemed of lighter tint, so black it was within. He could mark here how the clouds made sail, how swiftly the wind sped them. He watched a section of a branch close at hand sway in sight, and swing back on the wind, and once more wave, nodding, plumelike, into view. He heard the sharp bark of a fox outside in the woods; it roused far-away baying of drowsy hounds, and again all was still, except the reverberation of the water loud against the echoing walls of the darksome place. The sound affected his nerves; he was dizzy for a moment. Then something cold, clammy, suddenly struck him in the face. His heart seemed to stand still for a moment with the recollection of the spectral terrors of the place. It came again and again, and the air was vaguely fanned about his brow before he recognized the noiseless flight of bats on their way to the outer darkness. He lay back upon the ledge, finding a solace in the mere posture of rest in his extreme fatigue, and once more watched the jagged black portal and the purple clouds with their hoary drifts, as in endless unbroken folds they rolled before the serene white splendors of that wondrous star. Again and again he would lift himself upon his elbow, fancying that the cloud textures waxed thin, and that presently, when they should fall away from before it, he would behold anew the sidereal incandescent glory that meant so much, that should mean more to him. Not once did his faith fail him. Not once did he doubt that the white fires of this star which none else could see were miraculously kindled and charged with some deep significance for him, with the vouchsafed will of God. For were not stars messengers of the olden time? Had he not read of one, supremely blessed and brilliant, which had led men, the wisest men, to the cradled Christ? As

he lay back in the dense darkness, with the gathering clouds outside, and the air freighted with the sense of black noiseless invisible wings of creatures of ill favor and ill omen, he seemed to have a vision of that guiding star, — not a chill splendid crystalline glitter like his own, high, high in the sky, but low down in the dark east, and of a soft supernal silver sheen in the purple shadowy mist above the shadowy purple hills of Judea, that stretched out in ever-lengthening perspectives, as it fared on and slowly on its mystic way, for Bethlehem might still be far to seek.

And suddenly, with a start, Larrabee became aware that it was a real light at which he was gazing far down in the Lost Time mine. He had slept he knew not how long, nor in what danger, for the lantern whose starry lustre shone so far in the dark cavernous depths was swinging in the hands of one of two men who must have passed him as he lay dreaming and unconscious. He hardly dared move at first, so far those slanting, divergent rays extended from the white focus into the darkness. He lay still, struggling for a moment with the idea of the traditional spectres of the place, whose grisly renown had served to make it so solitary. It was the lantern which proved a redoubtable exorcist. The sight of the little mundane contrivance appealed to his logical faculty as no mere theory of the impossibility of spectres could have done. He lifted himself cautiously on his elbow, and gazed down the vistas of the gloomy place with a suspicious, inquisitive worldly pulse beating in every vein. These were men in truth; and what was their mission here? One of them was singularly gesticulatory of manner. The other slouched heavily. It was the latter who had just lighted the lantern, for he was evidently throwing away a match, an article which the Lost Time store had made common in the Cove. Suddenly they were joined by a third dark figure,

somehow detached from the darkness, for Larrabee could hardly have said whence he had approached, and who turned with a light, lithe motion, swinging to his shoulder an implement which the thick-set man had handed him. It was a pick-axe. How often, how often Larrabee had heard its vibrations ring through these storied depths while he threaded the dark tunnel to the still, and shivered at the thought of the two dead miners digging and digging the graves these thirty years for their bones which only the waters had buried!

The lantern swayed, the shadows all flickered, the group was on the move. Larrabee sprang hastily to his feet to follow.

He could not easily judge how far the feeble glimmer led them, so rugged and winding was the way. Once, as the submerged mouth of a shaft yawned suddenly before his feet, he hesitated, half deterred; he was fain to skulk with the skulking shadows, lest the light should reveal his presence, and thus the dangers which they braved menaced him doubly. He marveled, as he noted that the half-fallen timbers in a cross-cut through which they passed barely supported the masses of earth which any jar might dislodge, that they dared the possibilities of the place. Everywhere was the sound of water working its secret will still on the ruins that it had made, and its tone added to the awe of the place, and the desolation, and the darkness, and the eerie effect of the bats that flew after the lantern and smote blindly against it.

The light was set down presently, and as the men seemed stirring about their work Larrabee ventured to approach nearer behind a pile of broken rock in the darkness, and mopped the cold perspiration from his brow. He caught his breath at the sight of the faces which the lantern revealed.

For they were all recruited from his mother's hearth. Some crazy folly, doubtless, of old man Haight had drawn

him here. He had been one of the miners before that catastrophe which had closed the work forever; Larrabee remembered in what deep, blood-curdling tones he was wont to curse the Lost Time mine. And his daughter Jerusha's husband, — it had always been a marvel where and how he obtained the whiskey he so indubitably consumed; perhaps, in consideration of his age and infirmities, Mrs. Larrabee furnished a too ample allowance of liquor to old man Haight, who, for services rendered in this wild enterprise, furnished his son-in-law.

"We-uns hev been toler'ble good customers o' the Lost Time still," Larrabee muttered sarcastically.

And there was Jack Espey! The sanity of *his* presence here was easily demonstrable; nowhere else could he so safely be. How he had chanced to co-operate in this strange work with the dotard and the sot was soon explained.

"Gimme a holt o' that thar grub," he said gruffly, with a look of poignant hunger on his thin face.

Old Haight, with a trembling, deprecatory expression and shaking hand, made haste to give him a small basket, of a queer shape and aspect which bespoke the work of the Indians of Qualatown. The young man eagerly thrust his hand into its narrow mouth, and as he drew forth its meagre contents gave vent to his disappointment.

"My Lord!" he exclaimed, "is that all? An' ye expec' me ter kem hyar night ater night — from — from" — the effort of his heavy flight of imagination showed in his face — "from 'way over yander whar I live now, an' holp ye dig an' seeh, an' gin me seeh forage ter work on ez that!" He pointed contemptuously at the food, albeit his mouth was full.

"Now, now, Jack, now, bubby, lemme tell you," expostulated the old man, his jaw quivering painfully as he spoke, and his wrinkled face showing, in the glim-

mer of the lantern, at once grotesque and piteous, encircled as it was by the brilliant hues of a little shawl of Mrs. Larrabee's, in which his head was tied up for protection against the weather, and which was surmounted by his hat. "Ye dunno how durned hard it war ter git that much. This hyar Henrietty Timson hev got us down on half rations, mighty short commons. 'T ain't like 't war whenst you-uns lived with us, Jack. Oh my! Oh my, no!" and he shook his queerly upholstered head as he sat quaking and shivering on a ledge of the rock. He impressed Larrabee as much out of place, — so habituated was he to the sight of him in the chimney corner, — as the oven, or pot, or crane, or any other naturalized appurtenance of the fireside might have been. He let his veinous old shaking hands fall on his knees with a gesture deeply significant of grief. "I wisht ter Gawd," he cried, "ez S'briny war hyar!"

He pronounced her name as if she were a sort of minor providence, as indeed she had been to him.

"Leetle ez ye hed, ye mought hev brung it sooner," grumbled Jack, stuffing the half of a very fat, very heavy biscuit into his mouth.

"Law, Jack," cried the old man, "we-uns air plumb 'feared ter leave the house sooner, — even arter all war bedded up for the night. That thar 'oman hev got her pryin' nose in every mortal thing; 'pears ter me the longest, sharpest nose I ever seen," he added maliciously, and with sudden sprightly interest, "ain't it, Tawm?"

His fellow-sufferer from its pointed inquisitiveness had seemed about to fall asleep in a heavy, shapeless lump, but he roused himself at this to add his testimony with some sincere acridity.

"Longes' an' sharpes' I ever seen," he protested thickly, "an' I hev known 'em p'inted an' drawn out to *de-straction*." His snore followed so promptly that one might have doubted whether

he had spoken at all; it presented the phenomenon of a waking parenthesis, as it were, in the midst of the somnolent text.

"I tell ye, it's good fur S'briny ter go, ter let we-uns savor how we miss her," said the old man. "Sech a house, Jack, sech quar'lin' an' scufflin' an' tormentin', f'om mornin' till night, — crowdin' *Me* up on the h'a'thstone, an' shovin' *my* cheer, an' talkin' 'bout useless cumberers, whenst I hev been treated with sech *re-spec'* by S'briny Lar'bee ez ef I hed been her own dad, stiddier jes' her husband's step-dad, — sech *re-spec'* an' hot vittles, an' the fus' sarved, an' the bes' o' everything!" His old face flushed with the recollection of the recent indignities offered him. "The pa'son tells ye ter lean on the Lord. Ef ye ain't got the grace ter do that, S'briny Lar'bee's a mighty good substitute!"

For the life of him, Jasper Larrabee could not harden his heart.

"Her pet tur-rkey air dead," old man Haight presently observed disconnectedly.

"Glad of it," said Jack callously. "I never seen a beast so pompered, an' fairly hanker ter git stepped on, forever flusterin' 'roun' the floor underfoot."

"*She* 'll be powerful sorry. She sot a heap o' store by it, an' doctored it cornsider'ble. She 'lowed it hed the quinsy." Then, after a pause, "Whenst I gits my money back," said the old man meditatively, "I be goin' ter buy S'briny Lar'bee suthin' ez will s'prise her. — I dunno what. I studies on it some mighty nigh every day. A spry young filly, mebbe, or a good cow an' calf, — I dunno. I'd gin her the money, ef she would n't be sure ter fool it away on them wuthless triflin' cattle o' chil'n an' folks she contrives fur all the time. I'd gin S'briny half o' the cold cash, an' ennyhow I lay off ter spend half fur a presint fur her."

Espey, his energies recruited by food, and perhaps willing to postpone the evil

hour of shoveling and digging, looked up with a satiric eye and a rallying laugh.

"Whar 's my sheer, ef ye be goin' ter gin Miss Lar'bee haffen the money? Ye 'lowed Tawm hed hed his pay in whiskey," — he cast a side glance at the bloated slumbering face and collapsed figure in the shadow, — "an' he 's hed a plenty, too, fur he 's nuthin' but a cag o' liquor set a-goin' on two legs; but I 'm durned ef I'll take my pay out in Mis' Timson's sour yeast an' raw dough." He twirled the empty basket over contemptuously. "Ye 'lowed that night, three weeks ago, whenst I — ye — whenst we run on one another, an' s'prised one another, ez ye'd pay me solid silver ef I wouldn't tell nobody, but help ye; now did n't ye?"

Espey's tone was so obviously that of one who speaks in flagrant jest that Larrabee perceived he gave the unknown enterprise no serious support or credence, and that he was only utilizing some preposterous delusion of the old man touching his work in the Lost Time mine to secure food to sustain him while he evaded the pursuit of the law.

"Enough!" screamed the old man shrilly, and Larrabee recognized the clamors of the queer cracked voice which he had been wont shudderingly to mark in the tunnel that led to the still. "Ain't I done tole ye what I ain't never tole no other livin' man — I don't count Tawm — 't eighty-seben dollars! Yes, sir, nigh on ter a hundred, what I hed done sold my cabin an' lan' fur on Big Injun Mounting whenst I ken over hyar ter settle, — eighty-seben dollars in hard silver." He broke off abruptly. Then, in the deep, hollow, blood-curdling tone which Larrabee had so often heard about the fireside, he cursed the Lost Time mine. His excitement was painful to witness, as Larrabee, still looking round the pile of broken rock, noted his feverish illumined eyes, the flush on his withered parchment-like cheek, the aimlessness and the quaking of his fluttering nerveless

hand. Espey was gazing at him calmly, his face lighted by the lantern placed on the ground between them, and evidently believing that not a syllable he uttered had any foundation in fact.

"'T war the day o' the floodin' o' the mine," old Haight mouthed and gesticulated vehemently. "Every durned thing went wrong that day! I war hyar a-workin'. I hed worked in mines over in Car'liny, an' war ckal ter all. I war toler'ble young an' nimble, — knowed ter be ez nimble ez a painter! An' one o' them durned buzzards workin' of the windlass drapped the whole contrivance, winch, rope, bucket, man, an' all, down inter the bottom o' the shaft; an' they could n't make the man answer, an' 'lowed he war kilt. An' I — the devil's own fool — mus' ups an' volunteer ter go down an' git the windlass an' let 'em hoist it out, an' then let down the bucket agin an' fetch up the man — (I furgits his name, dad burn him! — Tom, Jim, Pete, cuss him, whatever he be!) An' ez they war a sort o' harnessin' me up with ropes under my arms an' around my middle, I felt my leetle bag o' money a-poppin' 'bout in my pocket, an' 'peared ter me it mought pop out down in that deep onhandy shaft. An' I handed it ter the foreman ter keep fur me in his pocket, — he war a clever trusted man; I never tole the t'others, kase they war toler'ble hard cases, an' some men would kill a man fur a dollar an' a half; an' bless Gawd — eighty-seben dollars! An' down I goes! I hed about teched bottom when — hell broke loose! I 'lowed I hearn thunder: 't war the water on a plumb tear, breakin' down the walls an' cavortin' like a herd o' wild cattle through the mine. Sech screechin's! The men ez helt the rope drapped it on my head an' run fur their lives!"

With open mouth and shaking jaw, he rose up, and gazed eagerly about, while Espey wearily yawned and passed his hands across his eyes.

"It bust through about thar." He pointed about in real or fancied recognition of the course of the flood. "But over yander—the whole thing hev fell down an' caved in sence then, mighty nigh—'t war higher 'n the level o' the overflow, an' I stayed down thar in the shaft dry ez a bone. I stayed two days along o' that dead man. I furgits his name," he broke off in peevish irritation.

He sat down, readjusted his plaid shawl about his head, surmounted it again with his big broad hat, and recommenced:—

"Waal, they 'lowed at fust they'd work the mine agin,—did n't know what the damage war; an' ez they war pokin' 'bout, somebody 'membered me, an' when they fished me out'n the shaft I hed these hyar jiggets." He held up his shaking hands, and looked in exasperation from one to the other. "Some calls it the palsy, but the doctor, he 'lowed it kem from the narvous shock. An' the foreman, he hed done hed ter git drowned with my leetle bag o' money in his pocket." He rose to his feet, with a sudden steady blazing fire in his eyes. "But it's silver,—eighty—seben—dollars!" He pronounced the words as if they expressed the wealth of the Indies. "They air silver,—silver metal. Water can't hurt 'em, an' the leetle leather bag kep' 'em from scatterin'. The foreman's got 'em in his pocket. Mebbe he hain't got no pocket by this time, but he hain't got rid o' all his bones. The money'll be nigh his bones, an' I be goin' ter foller the wash o' that flood, afore the walls fell in on it, till I find 'em."

There was something pathetic to Jasper Larrabee's sympathetic gaze in the record of the gradual failure of the old man's mental powers registered on the walls. He could easily distinguish, of course, the difference in the work wrought by numbers and with the expectation of valuable ore and this unique subterranean burrowing with only the object of Haight's search in view. But at first ac-

cepted methods of mining had been held in regard with a due consideration of safety. The excavations had been carefully timbered, the débris of the ancient lumber serving for the purpose; the nature of the earth and rock all capably recognized either in the avoidance of obstacles or the seizure of advantage; the exact location of an old cross-cut definitely ascertained and intersected by the new tunnel, and utilized to further him on the way to some objective point, doubtless once definite in his mind, but now hazy and intermittent, or possibly lost altogether, for here and there, evidently at random, great vaults had been hollowed out and abandoned, and for a long time every precaution or thought of safety had been discarded. His plan and its feasibility were gone, and only his inadequate intention remained.

Larrabee started violently as the walls rang suddenly with the weird old voice, which, with its keen, false intonation, had so often struck terror to the stout hearts of the moonshiners of the Lost Time still. It was a voice of insistent command. He was urging his comrades up to work, and presently the regular strokes of the pickaxe wielded by the stalwart "Tawm" set the echoes of the place to a hollow, melancholy iteration dreary to hear, and dismally blent with the rush of the cruel torrent. Espey's stroke seemed, in comparison, incidental and ineffective; but albeit both men worked apparently with a will, it was evidently quite at random, obeying implicitly now and again a gesture or command given in pursuance of some weak, wavering intention, and changed in a moment.

The accident which had put the secret into Larrabee's hands seemed to him now so natural that he marveled that it had not been earlier revealed. But doubtless the vocation of the lost miners had served to connect the stroke of the pickaxe with their gruesome fate, and thus the very fact of the sound, which must otherwise have betrayed the enterprise,

aided the spectral traditions and the constant avoidance of the place to preserve it. Would Espey have dared, he asked himself, to venture within, had he not feared the living more than the dead? And but for his own recognition of the humble lantern and its necessarily human uses he would, for fear of the spectral miners, hardly have tracked the old miner to his new lead.

And suddenly, with the very thought, notwithstanding the perfectly natural solution of the mystery, he was solicitous as to the means of departure. He could not wait to follow that feeble lantern far enough in the background to insure his invisibility. He would not issue upon them now and advertise his discovery, and dismay the old dotard with his hopeless scheme. "I don't want to torment the pore old man," he said. He felt a keen thrill of savage joy to have discovered Espey's lair, but he would need some thought secretly to entrap him. "Fur ye air a mighty slick shirk, brother Jack," he said, with scorn. He was feeling some matches in his pockets, and judging of their number. Should they fail him before he reached the outer air, he could step aside and wait till the men should pass with the lantern. Its glimmer served now as long as the passage was comparatively straight; when it turned, himself out of the possibility of view, he struck the first match. The way was shorter than he had fancied. His store was not yet exhausted when he felt the warmer temperature from without, and saw the jagged outline of the portal and heard the melancholy dash of the rain; for it was once more "falling weather," and the sky was cloaked and gray.

As he hesitated without, his mind intent upon Espey and the incidents of his career since he had been among them, there came to him the thought of the barn in which his whilom friend had been

wont to spend so many idle and meditative hours. A good refuge, to be sure, for a fugitive from the law. The idea of comforts allured him as he recollected the great fragrant elastic masses of hay. A hiding-place as well. Here even Henrietta Timson would hardly find him, for the rotting ladder, from which many a rung was missing, afforded scant footing for a barn swallow, or a flying squirrel, or an athlete like himself or his friend. Sleep would recruit his energies, quiet solace his mind, a vacant interval of time clarify his intentions and fortify his resolves. He started up the mountain briskly; the thought of home, even in this humble, secret, half-outcast guise, warmed his heart. He did not feel the rain dash in his face. A prescience of October was unheeded in the melancholy cadences of the midnight wind. He hardly noted the deep gloom of the Cove, where an owl was wailing at intervals, and whence all the orange-tinted lights had vanished. As the chill of the failing season struck him, he shivered, but unconsciously. He had forged on past the Lost Time store almost to the crest of the ridge, where the homeward way diverged, when suddenly a dull subterranean thunder shook the air, and the earth seemed to tremble. He paused in astonishment.

"Why, they air a-blastin' down thar in the Lost Time mine. Espey ought n't ter let two bereft folks tech sech ez that; 'tain't safe."

Then he reflected that Espey himself had doubtless superintended the charges with due regard to their safety and his own. Nevertheless, he shook his head as he stood looking over his shoulder into the blank, unresponsive darkness. He heard no more, and presently he turned again and went his homeward way in the dark persistent dripping of the early autumn rain.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

TAMMANY HALL.

IN November, 1890, a mayor for the term of two years was to be elected in the city of New York. It was a foregone conclusion that the Democratic candidate, whoever he might be, would be chosen, and naturally, as the time for making nominations approached, there was much speculation, in the newspapers and elsewhere, as to who would receive the office. But, strangely enough, there seemed to be a dearth of nominees; persons were not "prominently mentioned," as is usual under such circumstances; and in fact it was utterly uncertain whom the electors had in mind, until a private citizen of New York opportunely arrived home from Europe. This was Mr. Richard Croker. When Mr. Croker came, New York found out who its chief executive officer was to be. He named the candidate; the delegates to the nominating convention ratified his choice, and in due course the electors confirmed it.

Who is Mr. Croker? What is the history of the man who possesses this extraordinary power over the chief city of a "free" country, — a city having more than two million inhabitants? Mr. Croker emigrated to New York from Ireland about forty years ago, being then a small boy. He remained in New York, growing up on the East Side of the city, and while still in his teens he acquired some reputation as a "tough." He became identified with what was known as the "Fourth Avenue Tunnel Gang;" and subsequently he advanced to having a "gang" of his own. The "tough" recognizes but one virtue, that of courage, and this young Irishman possessed that virtue in a far higher degree than is the case with most "toughs." In 1866 he defeated one Richard Lynch in a fight at Jones's Woods, on a Sunday morning. Afterward, he was matched to fight a well-known professional, Mr.

Owney Geoghegan; but this arrangement fell through. At one time Mr. Croker kept a liquor saloon. Later, he served for a short period as stoker to a fire engine. Then he went into politics, holding a small clerkship under Tweed and "Prince Harry" Genet. Rising a little, he became an alderman, and in that capacity he signed a paper agreeing to take no step and to cast no vote without first obtaining the consent of Genet and several other persons named in the document. From 1874 to 1879 he held the office of county coroner. After that he was an alderman, again, and both Mayor Edson and Mayor Hewitt appointed him a fire commissioner.

Mr. Croker is a man of medium height, heavily built, but not portly. He has a massive jaw, a well-shaped head, and though he wears a full beard it is possible to see that he has a mouth which denotes a will of iron. His face is of the bulldog type, but it lacks the good nature which those who are familiar with the really gentle character of the bulldog are able to detect in that animal's countenance. Mr. Croker is reputed to be a man of very few words; that he is extremely sagacious need not be said; that he has an innate tendency to become respectable is evident from his career. At present he holds no public office whatever, but he governs New York more absolutely than most kings have governed their kingdoms. Though without visible means of support, he is a man of great wealth. He has built, or is building, one palace in Heidelberg, another in New York, and he has invested large sums both in running and in trotting stables. How are these facts accounted for? Why is Mr. Croker an autocrat and a millionaire? The answer can be made in a word, — he succeeded John Kelly as Boss of Tammany Hall.

To explain Mr. Croker, therefore, it is necessary to explain Tammany Hall, and this I shall endeavor to do. In the first place, one must distinguish between the "Tammany Society or Columbian Order" and the political organization called for shortness "Tammany Hall." The Tammany Society or Columbian Order was founded within two weeks after Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States. Tammany was an Indian chief of legendary fame, and the Tammany Society was a fraternal, benevolent, and patriotic club. It still exists, its principal function being to celebrate the Fourth of July by a banquet and addresses. The Tammany Society owns a large building on Fourteenth Street, near Third Avenue, and it leases rooms in this building to the "Democratic Republican General Committee of the City of New York," otherwise and more commonly known as "Tammany Hall" or "Tammany." Tammany Hall means, therefore, first, the building on Fourteenth Street where the "Democracy" have their headquarters; and secondly, the political body officially known as the Democratic Republican General Committee of the City of New York. I had the curiosity, not long ago, to visit this famous building. Mr. Croker's offices, on the first floor, are accessible to the public. They consist chiefly of a large room, furnished with a few tables and chairs, and hung with pictures of the Braves. In one corner is a closet, where, in safe seclusion, hangs a now historic telephone. The great man emerged from this closet as I entered the room. He wore a high hat, had a stout cane in his hand, and was evidently in a hurry to depart; it was the morning of the day when Directum and Alix had their race at Fleetwood Park, which Mr. Croker attended in company with the Hon. W. C. Whit-

ney. Several Tammany leaders, wearing that jaunty, half-military air which always distinguishes them, were waiting about the room to speak with the Boss; and he permitted them to approach in turn, which they did with deference. Each one had a few moments' whispered conversation with the autocrat, who appeared sometimes to grant, sometimes to refuse, the petitions offered to him. It was plain from his manner, which is very quiet and emphatic, that when he says no, he says it with absolute finality.

Such is the Tammany leader; and now, at the risk of being tedious, I shall state briefly how the Democratic Republican General Committee of the City of New York, and the bodies related to it, are formed. The city of New York is divided by law into thirty "assembly districts;" that is, thirty districts, each of which elects an assemblyman to the state legislature. In each of these assembly districts there is held annually an election of members of the aforesaid Democratic Republican General Committee. This committee is a very large one, consisting of no less than five thousand men; and each assembly district is allotted a certain number of members, based on the number of Democratic votes which it cast in the last preceding presidential election. Thus the number of the General Committeemen elected in each assembly district varies from sixty to two hundred and seventy. There is intended to be one General Committeeman for every fifty Democratic electors in the district. In each assembly district there is also elected a district leader, the head of Tammany Hall for that district. He is always a member of the General Committee, and these thirty men, one leader from each assembly district, form the executive committee of Tammany Hall.¹ "By this committee," says a Tammany official, "all the internal affairs of the

being to have one "business man" as well as one politician elected from each assembly district.

¹ Since this paper was put in type the number of the executive committee has been doubled, at Mr. Croker's suggestion; the design

organization are directed, its candidates for offices are selected, and the plans for every campaign are matured." The General Committee meets every month, five hundred members constituting a quorum; and in October of each year it sits as a county convention, to nominate candidates for the ensuing election. There is also a sub-committee on organization, containing one thousand members, which meets once a month. This committee takes charge of the conduct of elections. There is, besides, a finance committee, appointed by the chairman of the General Committee, and there are several minor committees, unnecessary to mention. The chairman of the finance committee is at present Mr. Richard Croker.

Such are the general committees of Tammany Hall; and I pass now to the local officers and bodies. Each assembly district is divided by law into numerous election districts, or, as they are called in some cities, voting precincts, — each election district containing about four hundred voters. The election districts are looked after as follows: Every assembly district has a district committee, composed of the members of the General Committee elected from that district, and of certain additional members chosen for the purpose. The district committee appoints in each of the election districts included in that particular assembly district a captain. This man is the local boss. He has from ten to twenty-five aids, and he is responsible for the vote of his election district. There are about eleven hundred election districts in New York, and consequently there are about eleven hundred captains, or local bosses, each one being responsible to the (assembly) district committee by which he was appointed. Every captain is held to a strict account. If the Tammany vote in his election district falls off without due cause, he is forthwith removed, and another appointed in his place. Usually, the captain is an actual resident in his district; but

occasionally, being selected from a distant part of the city, he acquires a fictitious residence in the district. Very frequently the captain is a liquor dealer, who has a clientele of customers, dependents, and hangers-on, whom he "swings," or controls. He is paid, of course, for his services; he has some money to distribute, and a little patronage, such as places in the street-cleaning department, or perhaps a minor clerkship. The captain of a district has a personal acquaintance with all its voters; and on the eve of an election he is able to tell how every man in his district is going to vote. He makes his report; and from the eleven hundred reports of the election district captains the Tammany leaders can predict with accuracy what will be the vote of the city.

The Australian ballot law, if enacted in its integral form, might have embarrassed Tammany somewhat; but when this measure was under discussion in the New York legislature, Mr. David B. Hill procured the passage of the "paster ballot amendment." The paster is a ballot of the same size and shape as the official ballot. The voter brings his paster with him, if he chooses, and glues it over the official ballot, thereby wiping the latter out of existence. Probably the ingenuity of Tammany would be able to cope with any form of ballot that could be devised to make voting a secret and independent function. Some time ago, a Tammany leader, known as "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, suspecting treachery in his district, took the precaution to have the genuine Tammany ballot perfumed, so that by giving it a slight wave in the air its identity would be disclosed. Now, the voter does not himself deposit his ballot in the box; that is done by a clerk or inspector who takes the ballot from the voter's hand. In this case, therefore, it was only necessary for the clerk (a Tammany man, of course) to give the ballot a little flourish before dropping it in the slot; and if it failed to breathe forth the expected per-

fume, the name of the man, who presented it was noted, and Dry Dollar Sullivan reckoned with him thereafter.

From this brief survey, it will be seen how thorough and comprehensive is the organization of Tammany Hall. On the one hand, Tammany, by means of its General Committee, enlists an army of men, five thousand strong, which is perpetually in service. On the other hand, by means of the election district captains, with their lieutenants and henchmen, Tammany keeps an eye on every individual voter in the city of New York. Tammany knows no race or creed when it is a question of acquiring or preserving political power. Some of its election district captains are Jews; and although most of the assembly district leaders are Irishmen, there are almost as many Germans as Irish in the rank and file. Tammany, again, is always on the alert to placate and promote men who have influence or ability. If there be, for example, an Italian in the district who shows some independence of character, and has a following, however small, among his countrymen, Tammany will grapple that man to itself with hooks of steel. He will get money or a place; he will get something, or at least the promise of something. Tammany is very hospitable to rising talent, and it bears no grudges. It receives a convert with open arms, and rewards him in proportion to the harm which he did to the organization in his unregenerate days. Young men find that Tammany is ready to advance them as fast as their capabilities will permit.

Then there is the social aspect of the organization. Every assembly district has its headquarters, always kept open, where the district committee meet and consult, and where an *esprit de corps* is developed and maintained. There is also, in almost every assembly district, a Tammany clubhouse, frequented by the well-to-do faithful in that district. They go there to smoke and drink, to talk, to

read the newspapers, and especially to play cards. To understand the cohesive strength of Tammany one must understand how Tammany lies in the mind of an ordinary "average" member of the organization. In the first place, he glories in its history. He is obliged to admit, of course, that Tweed and his gang were the leaders of Tammany in their day; but so is a Catholic forced to admit that some of the popes were bad men, and in neither case is the former existence of corrupt leaders a sufficient reason for giving up the organization. Besides, were not they also Tammany men who, with Tilden at their head, purged the society and overthrew Tweed?

As regards the national government, Tammany's history is a noble one. In the war of 1812, when many hearts were faltering, Tammany strengthened the hands of the administration. In the war of the rebellion, Tammany poured out its blood like water. It would do the same again, should the occasion arise. The Tammany Society was founded as a patriotic body, — to cherish the cause of the people, to defend the Jeffersonian view of our government as against the aristocratic view, which, early in the century, was very strong. The same antagonism that existed then between Tammany and the upper class of New York citizens exists in some degree to-day. The Tammany man dislikes and despises the Anglomania of what is called "society" in New York; he distrusts the people who compose "society," and he believes them to be at heart out of sympathy with American principles; whereas Tammany, in his view, is a concrete protest against monarchy and monarchical arrangements of society. He considers that Tammany is, on the whole, a good body, that it gives New York a good government, that it stands for what is manly and patriotic. It troubles him somewhat that a few of the leaders are said to be acquiring ill-gotten gains; and if the scandal increases, he will overthrow those leaders, and appoint others

in their stead. Meanwhile, Tammany is his party, his church, his club, his totem. To be loyal to something is almost a necessity of all uncorrupt natures, and especially of the Celtic nature. The Tammany man is loyal to Tammany.

In truth, there is very little in New York to suggest any higher ideal. What kind of a spectacle does the city present to a man working his way up from poverty to wealth, — to one, for instance, who began as a “tough,” and ends as a capitalist? The upper class — at least the richer class, the class chiefly talked about in the papers — is, with exceptions, of course, given over to material luxury and to ostentation. It is without high aims, without sympathy, without civic pride or feeling. It has not even the personal dignity of a real aristocracy. Its sense of honor is very crude. And as this class is devoted to the selfish spending, so the business class is devoted to the remorseless getting, of money. A Wall Street financier would overreach his own father in a business transaction. To get the better of the man with whom he is dealing has become a law of his nature; and it is on that plane that business in general is now done. The tone of Delmonico’s, of the Union Club, of the Merchants’ Exchange, of the Stock-brokers’ Board, is no higher than the tone of Tammany Hall. It may be more refined, but it is probably less honest. A man of Mr. Croker’s origin, for example, commonly has an instinct of honesty, just as he has an instinct of pugnacity; but this primeval instinct has almost died out of the trading and speculative class.

When we come to consider the laboring population, we find that they also are looked after by Tammany. They have their “Associations.” Thus, in one assembly district there will be the “P. Divver Association,” in another the “Michael O’Hara,” in another the “Charles Steckler Association.” This means that once every year Mr. Divver,

for instance, will give his constituents a vast free picnic; chartering a steamer and barges, hiring at least one brass band, and perhaps providing lager beer gratis. Tammany, therefore, stands not only for politics, but also for society and amusement and fellowship. P. Divver, besides being at the head of an “Association,” is district leader in his assembly district, and also a police justice. The result is that Mr. Divver exercises the powers of a feudal chieftain in the Middle Ages. In fact, modern New York presents a very good illustration of feudal government. It is feudalism tempered by newspaper oversight.

We think of New York as one vast town; but in reality it is a conglomeration of villages. This is especially true of the lower part of the city and of the laboring class. Professional men and those of similar standing in New York are less often natives of the town than are the small tradesmen and the mechanics. The people of a ward, as a rule, know one another. Many of them were born where they live; they are acquainted with their alderman, a Tammany man, and with the district captain, and these functionaries are acquainted with them. If they want anything of the city, it is to Tammany that they must go for it. The force of laborers employed by the various departments is, of course, immense, and all this patronage is at the absolute disposal of Tammany. Moreover, those who have contracts with the city do not select their own laborers; they employ such men as Tammany designates. If it is not work that a citizen desires, but immunity from arrest or imprisonment, or from molestation by the police in his business, here again it is to Tammany that he must apply for protection or relief. No wonder, then, that Tammany is strongly intrenched in New York.

As to the power which Tammany has to harass its enemies and to intimidate all neutral persons I shall speak pre-

sently ; but first a word or two should be said concerning the kind of government which Tammany provides. If you ask an anti-Tammany man about this, he will most often give you to understand that the city government is administered largely by thieves and murderers. "Tammany," writes Mr. Dorman B. Eaton in the *North American Review*, "is an institution composed of Lilliputs in influence and Brobdingnags in rascality, in the hands of savage and venal partisans, on a level with gamblers, thieves, and pirates, who never apologize, and who would be ruined by any attempt at justification."

But if you push your inquiries a step farther, and ask what sort of a government these people give the city, you encounter some strange admissions. It is commonly conceded that in most respects the city is well governed. It is orderly ; the criminal class is well kept under ; the fire department is exceedingly good ; the police are extremely efficient, though often brutal and oppressive in their treatment of persons without money or influence ; the streets are well paved, and not very dirty. School-teachers are appointed regardless of politics.¹ Finally, the cost of the city government is not excessive. The tax rate is \$1.85 per hundred, and the valuation is low, being calculated at forty, or possibly fifty per cent. Two million people live in New York, and about two million more do business there. Consequently, there is in the lower part of the city, the business part, an immense accumulation of wealth, and the real estate in that quarter is of almost fabulous value. For this reason, a tax rate and valuation comparatively low produce a great return, so that in reality more money is raised by taxation than would appear to be the case at first sight. It is true, also, that

a controversy exists as to whether the city government is economically administered. The subject is too vast and too complicated to be discussed here ; but, on the whole, I think it may be assumed that the bill which Tammany sends in every year to the citizens of New York for carrying on their government is not unduly exorbitant. Furthermore, so far as is known, no frauds are committed upon the taxpayers outright, such as were perpetrated in the days of Tweed. Tammany raises immense sums, but they are raised by contribution and by blackmail, not by theft. In short, the results are astonishingly good, considering the character of the persons who are now at the head of Tammany Hall ; and the inference is that the rank and file of Tammany Hall, including most of the office holders, are sound, honest men. As was remarked to me recently by a prominent lawyer, familiar with city politics, "If a reform movement should be made successfully here in New York, and an anti-Tammany machine be organized, the rank and file would remain substantially the same ; the leaders only would be changed." Such is the result of my own observations ; and, as I have said, the good government which the city enjoys can be explained upon no other hypothesis.

But there are many respects in which the government is not good ; it is growing worse every year in those respects ; and, above all, it is not a government of the people, by the people, or for the people. It is a government of Mr. Richard Croker, by means of Tammany Hall, for Mr. Croker primarily, for Tammany Hall secondarily, and for the people in the third place. It is a literal fact that a despotism has got itself established in New York. There has been a transfer of political power as complete as that

¹ This rule has doubtless been broken in some instances, but not, perhaps, with Mr. Croker's knowledge or consent. In one case, a school trustee, being directed by a district

leader to appoint a certain teacher, appealed to Mr. Croker himself, and the Boss told him, in presence of the district leader, to make such appointments regardless of politics.

which, in the eighth century, made the mayors of the palace, instead of the reigning king, the real rulers of France.

No one who has not lived in New York can imagine the despotic power which Tammany Hall exercises there. No citizen is too humble to be beneath its notice; no citizen is too rich or too powerful to be safe from its interference. There is not a man living in New York, however independent his character, who would not think twice before doing an act likely to offend Tammany, — or the city government, for they are one and the same thing. People outside of New York would be astonished if they knew what eminent citizens of that town, Republican as well as Democratic, what respectable and wealthy corporations, curry favor with Tammany by keeping their hands off in city politics, by downright contributions of money, and in various other ways. In many assembly districts the Republican party organization is a sort of annex to Tammany: many of the Republican inspectors of election are in the pay of Tammany. Rich and respectable Republicans in the city refrain from vigorous warfare against Tammany, because they do not want to be harassed in respect to their real estate, their shops, their railroads, their factories, their tax returns.

What power Tammany has in this direction I shall show presently; but first I ought to state some of the ways in which Tammany misgoverns New York, the good features of its government having already been mentioned. Many of its appointments, especially during the last year or two, have been very bad. Few men in the city have more power for good or for evil than the police justices. They ought to be lawyers of high character, trained to sift evidence. Mayor Hewitt said, in one of his special messages, in 1888, "I do not assert too much when I declare that the function of a police justice is of more importance to the community than that of a judge of

the Court of Appeals. The latter finally settles the law, but the former applies it in the first instance in nearly all cases affecting the life, liberty, and property of the citizen. . . . The divorce between party politics and the bench should be made so complete that when a man becomes a judge he should cease to be a politician."

As a matter of fact, the present police justices were all active politicians when they were appointed, and most of them are now Tammany "leaders" in their respective assembly districts. Few, if any, of them are lawyers. Mayor Grant appointed, among others, Patrick Divver, keeper of a sailors' boarding-house and a liquor dealer. He also appointed Thomas F. Grady, a former state senator, whose character was indicated in a letter (which made much stir at the time) written by Mr. Cleveland, then governor of New York, to John Kelly, then Boss of Tammany Hall. In this letter Mr. Cleveland requested that Mr. Grady should not again be sent to Albany as a legislator. He wrote: "I do not wish to conceal the fact that my personal comfort and satisfaction are involved in this matter. But I know that good legislation, based upon a pure desire to promote the interests of the people, and the improvement of legislative methods are also deeply involved."

Among Mayor Grant's other selections for the bench were an undertaker and two clerks taken out of city offices. A police justice recently appointed by Mayor Gilroy is one Koch, a man who made a discreditable record as excise commissioner. The appointment was condemned by a committee of investigation reporting to the City Reform Club.

Tammany's representatives in the state legislature are mostly mere agents, and some of them are corrupt men. Some interesting particulars concerning them are given in the Eighth Annual Record of Assemblymen and Senators from the City of New York, compiled and published by the club just mentioned. From this pam-

phlet we learn that one assemblyman "was born in Cork, Ireland, . . . and immigrated to this country when about seven years of age. He attended public schools. When about twenty-four years old he became a bar-tender in a saloon which he soon owned. He now has a saloon at 442 Washington Street. He is illiterate, shameless, and utterly unfit to represent the important district from which he comes. His record for the past session is bad. . . . Apparently, all the bills which he introduced were strikes." (A "strike" is a measure brought forward simply for purposes of blackmail; as, for example, a bill, introduced last year, reducing fares on the New York surface railways from five to three cents.)

Of another assemblyman we have the following account: "He received six or seven years' schooling in the public schools of this city. His early associations were not good. He was employed in various newspaper delivery offices for several years. He afterwards became a liquor dealer, then an undertaker, then a liquor dealer again. Last year he called himself a lawyer, and this year a plumber. As a matter of fact, he has recently opened a new saloon at 35 Marion Street. He does not use tobacco nor drink intoxicating liquors. . . . He belongs to the worst class of bar-room politicians. He has engaged in street brawls, poses as a fighter, and is a typical New York 'tough.' As a legislator, he is preposterous. He is dishonest, and has been accused upon the floor of the House of using money to defeat certain bills."

One assemblyman "was born in New York city, of American parents. He was educated in the public schools, and was admitted to the bar. . . . He has no conception of his duties, and seems lacking in ordinary intelligence. . . . He associated with and followed the lead of the most corrupt element in the legislature. The story of his unsuccessful journey to an interior town, at much personal discomfort, for the purpose of demand-

ing a sum of money for his vote in favor of a bill making a small appropriation for a charitable institution is public property. It is supposed that his simple-minded attempts to strike various interests will prevent his return to the assembly."

A better kind of legislator is described as follows: "He was born in New York city, of Irish parents. He was educated in parochial and public schools and the College of the City of New York. He worked as a school-teacher, and studied law at the same time. . . . He now has a law office. . . . He is an honest man, of considerable ability. His associates at Albany are good. *He is Richard Croker's pet assemblyman.* . . . His record for the past session was bad so far as he was controlled by Tammany Hall. He voted for all its bills, whether of a political or private nature, and showed activity only when Tammany needed his services; when Tammany interests were not involved, he was usually upon the right side."

This description of Mr. Croker's "pet assemblyman" is, I think, highly significant. It will be observed that the pet assemblyman is just as honest and reputable a man as it is possible for him to be without neglecting the selfish interests of Tammany Hall and Mr. Croker. And such is the character of the whole government of the city of New York. It is as good, as effective, as honest a government as Mr. Croker can afford to give the citizens without doing what he would doubtless consider injustice to himself and to his political constituents. Probably he thinks that any inhabitant of New York who fails to be satisfied with it is very ungrateful. Certainly it is as good as the citizens deserve. The Croker régime is far removed from the clumsy, thieving system of Tweed. An analysis of the City Reform Club's report, from which I have just quoted, shows that Tammany, on the whole, prefers men of the pet assemblyman type rather than of the type represented, for

instance, by the second character described above. Of the thirty assemblymen elected from the city of New York last year, twenty-nine were classed as Tammany Democrats. There was but one Independent Democrat, and not a single Republican. Of the twenty-nine Tammany Democrats, three were good men and good legislators; fifteen were mere Tammany machines, not "personally dishonest;" whereas only eleven are set down as inherently corrupt. The reason why Tammany Hall needs to be well represented at Albany is doubtless familiar to most of my readers. The city of New York is controlled very largely by the state legislature. For the past fifty years the city has been Democratic, excepting, I believe, one year only; for the same period, with the exception of a year or two, the legislature has been Republican. The consequence of this state of things is stated by Mr. Godkin, Tammany's acute and courageous opponent: "In order to protect themselves against the gross consequences of Democratic ignorance and corruption, Republicans have been compelled to fly to Albany and ask for some sort of temporary relief in the shape of special legislation." And Mr. Godkin adds: "The strain on integrity which the situation creates on both sides is, in fact, greater than human nature can bear, even when it has not been trained in city politics. Nothing can well be more demoralizing for the country members of the legislature than the power to regulate the affairs of a wealthy community to which they do not belong, and whose interests they do not understand. Nothing, too, is more demoralizing for a minority, in any community, than the discovery that it need not try persuasion on the majority in order to accomplish its ends; that there is a power outside to which it can appeal to enable it to have its way when elections go against it."

The state legislature, then, and not the aldermen, constitutes the real legislative

body of the city. There are no common councilmen, and the aldermen have very little power; their business is chiefly to regulate the use of highways and sidewalks, to make ordinances about awnings, etc. Even for the laying out of a new street recourse must be had to Albany. The "boodle" aldermen, whose trials created so much excitement a few years ago, were aldermen who had been bribed to give a charter to a surface railway; but such rights are now required by law to be sold at public auction. Since 1884, the aldermen have not even had the power of confirming or rejecting the mayor's appointments.

Last year, however, Tammany had a majority both in the assembly and in the senate, and this very much simplified Mr. Croker's task in directing legislation. He was able to pass or reject bills by telephone. The Capitol at Albany still continued in service, the City Hall at New York was also occupied by its customary tenants, but the real seat of municipal legislation was the wigwam on Fourteenth Street.

I have spoken of the laws affecting New York which are passed at the capital; and there is another way, also, in which Tammany, or rather the state "ring," of which Tammany forms the chief part, is interested in Albany legislation. For many years the "striking" of individuals, and more especially of corporations, has been a recognized industry at Albany, as indeed it has been, though to a less extent, in most state capitals. A legislator "strikes" a corporation, as I have indicated, when he introduces some bill calculated to injure it directly or indirectly; his purpose being, not to have the bill pass, but to compel the corporation to buy him off. Sometimes, also, corporations are forced to pay large sums for particular legislation which they desire, which may be, and often is, perfectly proper, and which a legislature not venal would grant without difficulty. It is generally believed that enormous sums

pass into the ring's hands in this way. I know of one case where twenty-five hundred dollars were paid by a corporation for a small piece of legislation. I know of another case where fifteen thousand dollars were demanded for a similar but more important service. After much deliberation, and under the advice of able counsel, it was concluded to pay this sum, and nothing remained to be done except to send the cheque; but at that stage of the negotiations the election of last November occurred. Tammany lost its majority in the legislature, and I presume, though I do not know, that the cheque was not sent. In still another case, Tammany demanded of a corporation doing an immense business in the State sixty thousand dollars for some entirely proper legislation at Albany. The company was advised by its counsel, an eminent member of the bar, to hand over the money. But here, again, the election of last November intervened, and caused, I believe, a hitch in the proceedings. These large payments are not made by shady individuals, or companies doing a doubtful business and advised by shyster attorneys; they are made by the chief corporations in the State, acting under advice of the chief lawyers in the State. Last year, Tammany being in full possession of the legislature, this blackmailing business was thrown directly into the hands of the ring, and the result was described by the president of a great insurance company doing business in New York. "Formerly," he said, "we had to keep a man at Albany to buy off the 'strikers' one by one, but this year we simply paid over a lump sum to the ring, and they looked after our interests."

It should be said, moreover, that Tammany deals very honestly in these transactions. It protects its clients from the raids of the Black Horse Cavalry (as the strikers are called) as faithfully as Rob Roy protected his clients from cattle-lifters on the Border. Such is one source

of Tammany's income, and the money derived from it is said to exceed a million dollars per annum. How much of it goes into the treasury of Tammany Hall, and how much into the pockets of the leaders, is not known. Neither the ring nor Tammany renders accounts.

Tammany's legitimate revenue consists chiefly of assessments levied upon candidates for office and upon office holders. Every one of the five thousand members of the General Committee pays an assessment, varying from five dollars to fifty dollars. Every candidate for an elective office pays a sum proportioned to the salary and length of term attached to the office. The city employees above the grade of laborer make annual contributions to Tammany. Another source of revenue is the contributions of liquor dealers. There are about thirty thousand men in New York engaged as principals or assistants in selling liquor over a bar. The saloons number about eight thousand; and almost all of them help support Tammany Hall. Still another, and perhaps even greater source of revenue is found in the criminal classes. Every gambling house, every house of prostitution, pays hush money through the police, and, it may be added, to the police.¹

It remains to state what power Tammany has to harass its enemies and to punish rebellious followers; and this power is perhaps more valuable to it than any other. Certainly, without this power Tammany never could have acquired the firm grip which it now has upon the city. I have already reminded the reader of the fact that New York is governed chiefly through laws passed at Albany. In 1882 these laws were codified in one great act, called the Consolidation Act. An annotated edition of this act, with the subsequent additions and amendments, published in 1891,

¹ Even this abuse has its advantage. The system tends to reduce the number of criminal resorts, and to make them orderly.

makes a very bulky volume of over nine hundred pages. The minor ordinances passed by the aldermen make another large volume. Now, a citizen of New York, especially if he own any real estate, or if he be a builder or contractor, a tradesman, a stable keeper, a liquor dealer, or an inn keeper, does not know what his rights and duties are unless he has mastered these extensive works. Of course, as a matter of fact he has never seen them. But if he falls under the ban of Tammany, the police will soon begin to give him object lessons in city government. A few concrete instances, for the truth of which I can vouch, will suffice to show how this is done. Last spring there was employed in a certain livery stable a young man who had made himself somewhat conspicuous as an "anti-snapper," — an opponent, for the time being at least, of Tammany. It was not long before the police began to drop in at that stable almost daily with various complaints and charges. The manure pit was an illegal nuisance, and its use must be discontinued immediately; there were, it appeared, numerous sanitary regulations which the stable keeper had not complied with; his plumbing was defective; he must stop putting wagons in the street (he had been doing this for years, to be sure, but still it was contrary to a city ordinance). In short, it soon became plain that the stable keeper must either go out of business, or dismiss the anti-snapper. He took the latter course, and the police troubled him no more.

In another case, a Broadway hotel keeper, who refused a contribution to Tammany, suffered severely in a similar way. He became a prey to inspectors, who were continually requiring him to make this or that change in his building, at the same time suggesting that So-and-So would be a good man to do the job. His plumbing was always out of order, from a Tammany point of view; his fire escapes were insufficient, etc.

If the offender be a merchant, he is vulnerable not only as regards plumbing, fire escapes, and the like, but also in respect to signs, awnings, obstruction of the sidewalk, obstruction of the street by wagons standing in front of his shop, and in various other ways. There was a junk dealer who owned several shops in different parts of the city. For some years it had been his practice to take out a single license, upon the theory that he was licensed as a dealer who might have one or more places of business. Tammany acquiesced in this interpretation of the law; but when the junk dealer became recalcitrant politically, then indeed Tammany's conscience was aroused, and thereafter that particular junk dealer was required to take out as many licenses as he had shops. An undertaker, to whom the city officials had been accustomed to direct a good deal of business, fell under suspicion, and Tammany gave him only one funeral in the course of a whole month. A lawyer was employed to collect a bill against the city, his client being the owner of a patented machine which the city had been using. There was no doubt as to the justice of the claim, but various difficulties were thrown in the way, and it seemed impossible to get the city authorities to act upon it. Finally, the lawyer was given a hint that if he joined Tammany Hall the claim would be paid. A large manufacturing concern, still more a railroad company doing business in New York, must touch the city government at a hundred points, and correspondingly firm will be Tammany's hold upon its president and directors.

As to the liquor dealers, Tammany's power over them is almost absolute. The excise law is complicated and extensive, and it can be held over the dealers like a whip. For example, it is illegal to sell liquor on Sunday, but in many, perhaps in most cases, the saloons have a back door open on that day. This is

done by connivance of the police, who can permit Sunday selling as a privilege, or prevent it as a punishment, according to the political or financial necessities of the case. Even when some fraction of public opinion or a regard for appearances compels them to make an arrest, they can nullify it, if they desire, by the weakness of their testimony against the offender. This is illustrated by the following paragraph, which appeared last November in the city papers :

“Five saloon keepers were arraigned before Justice Voorhis in Essex Market Court yesterday, but the evidence was so slight in each case that the justice said: ‘These arrests are a farce. An officer makes an arrest, and does his utmost to have the case dismissed. I get no evidence on which to hold a defendant. They are all discharged.’”

There are many small extortions which Tammany can inflict for the benefit of its friends. Thus, it was formerly the practice in New York, as it is to-day in Boston, for the owners of private stables to sell the accumulated manure to some farmer, for so much a load. Tammany made a law that stable owners should not sell the manure, but, on the contrary, should pay for having it carted off; and further, that they should employ for this purpose only such person or persons as were licensed by the city. Tammany went so far, in one case, as to send in a bill for removing manure from a stable which had been closed during the whole period covered by the bill. The owner protested against being forced to pay for the fictitious carting of imaginary manure; but Tammany replied that if he did not use the stable it was his own fault. Tammany’s licensee was ready at all times to do his duty.

Such, roughly sketched, is Tammany Hall. To show it in all its ramifications would require the pen of a Balzac. There is scarcely a passion or a weakness of human nature that does not qualify its operations. Even the intrigues

and jealousies of its women, their “social ambitions,” play a part in the politics of the city. Tammany includes the good and the bad; it reaches the high and the low. There is probably not a peanut-vender pushing his illegal cart in the streets of New York whose comfort and prosperity do not depend upon its favor. On the other hand, it has determined, and may determine again, the presidency of the United States. Tammany is almost as old as a political club in this country could be. It is enriched by traditions of patriotism and good fellowship; it touches its members and adherents upon many sides. It is wonderfully organized and disciplined. Its rank and file are mainly honest men. Tammany has great resources: it has the patronage of the city offices, and of all the laborers employed by the city, directly or indirectly; it collects enormous sums by assessment of candidates and office holders, by blackmail of corporations and individuals, by tolls laid upon liquor dealers and criminals. It sits in the police courts. It has an immense power of harassing opponents and of disciplining rebellious followers, through the application of the city ordinances, of the excise laws, of sanitary, building, plumbing, and numberless other acts. This vast club, now practically synonymous with the city government, is ruled despotically by a few men, — nay, by one man, — answerable to nobody. And yet he gives the city a fairly good, though tyrannical government.

But even if it were extremely good, even if it did not involve blackmail and oppression, it is not the sort of government which we are supposed to tolerate in this country. Did we rebel against England, have we declared constitutions, made laws, organized a nation, in order that Mr. Richard Croker, or his successor in the office of Tammany Boss, might put his foot on our necks and keep it there? That is the question which confronts the citizens of New York.

Henry Childs Merwin.

THE EDUCATIONAL LAW OF READING AND WRITING.

IN his comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* Shakespeare makes the doughty constable Dogberry deliver himself to the watch of much inverted wisdom, and the choicest bit is in the words, "To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature." The world has ever since laughed over this delicious bit of irony. It remembers the tears it shed in mastering even the rudiments of writing and reading; and perhaps there is no other character in the great populace of Shakespeare's world so exquisitely wrong-headed, to common thinking, as this dull constable, with his unflinching dignity, his confused judgment. "To write and read comes by nature"! To Dogberry, doubtless, looking out of his blurred eyes upon neighbor Seacole with his gift of writing and reading, it seemed that nowise could one possess this magic art unless nature had endowed him with it. For himself, fortune had made him a well-favored man, — there can be no doubt of that; but nature, in her caprice, had seen fit to leave writing and reading out of his make-up, no blame to him.

I wonder if this prince of blunderers did not stumble upon a truth, and narrowly graze a most profound maxim? The world has gone on repeating, good humoredly, Dogberry's saying, and all the while, I suspect, has had a secret misgiving that he was not far out of the way. Why all this labor over pen and book? Why pass the great steam-roller of compulsory education over all the boys and girls in the land, when we know that in a few years, after the pressure has been taken off, the greater number will write crabbedly, spell by guesswork, and stumble over the words they find in the newspaper? The few who take to books naturally will learn to read anyway; those who have a gift for writing will find some

outlet for expression. It would really be worth while if we could find out the process of nature which results in writing and reading.

In Björnstjerne Björnson's charming story of *A Happy Boy*, the little hero, Öyvind, is shown first as at home in the world of nature about him. His play-mate is a goat, but in a pretty passage he surrenders it to a little girl from whom it had been taken. Then the story goes on: —

"His mother came out, and sat down by his side. He wanted to hear stories about what was far away. So she told him how once everything could talk: the mountain talked to the stream, and the stream to the river, the river to the sea, and the sea to the sky. But then he asked if the sky did not talk to any one. And the sky talked to the clouds, the clouds to the trees, the trees to the grass, the grass to the flies, the flies to the animals, the animals to the children, the children to the grown-up people; and so it went on, until it had gone round, and no one could tell where it had begun. Öyvind looked at the mountain, the trees, the sky, and had never really seen them before." And so, Björnson goes on, his mother, with her little songs, interpreted to him the speech of the cat, the cock with all the hens, the little birds; "and she told him what they all said, down to the ant who crawled in the moss, and the worm who worked in the bark.

"That same summer his mother began to teach him to read. He had owned books a long time, and often wondered how it would seem when they also began to talk. Now the letters turned into animals, birds and everything else. But soon they began to walk together, two and two: *a* stood and rested under a tree, which was called *b*; then came *c* and did the same; but when three or four came

together, it seemed as if they were angry with each other, for it would not go right. And the farther along he came, the more he forgot what they were. He remembered longest *a*, which he liked best; it was a little black lamb, and was friends with everybody; but soon he forgot *a* also: the book had no more stories, nothing but lessons."

Björnson, with that insight into the child's mind which seems to be a special gift to Scandinavian writers, brings to light here the imaginative force which expends itself even upon such mere symbols of ideas as the letters of the alphabet; but he also hints delicately at that transition in a childish experience from the free exercise of his imagination to the hard-and-fast practice of his understanding in the tasks imposed on him in the schoolroom. I am not one of those who flatter themselves that a child may be wafted into the field of knowledge on flowery beds of ease. One of the most humane as well as wise functions of the teacher is to harden the bone and toughen the muscle of the intellect by the exercise of a judicious mental discipline. But it is well for us to take note of characteristics of childhood and build upon these; to study how we may guide and avail ourselves of qualities which may be more active than they are in ourselves; in a word, to follow nature and be obedient to her laws. Happy the child who, like Öyvind, has led so healthy a life out of doors, and been under such loving home care, that the world is alive to him, — so alive that he passes to books and finds in them, too, living voices, responsive notes. Yet even under less favoring conditions, childhood, unhardened by that adjustment to things visible and tangible which marks the mind of the grown man, is significantly the realm for the play of the forces of imagination, and it depends largely upon the training which it receives in school, in companionship, and in nature whether those forces shall be cultivated into reasonable activity, thereby enrich-

ing the whole life, or whether they shall be stunted, stifled by discouragement, warped into ugly growth, even crushed out of existence.

Now, the ingenuity of our modern methods has substituted for the slow, puzzling acquaintance with the alphabet, which turned little Öyvind's plays into lessons, quicker, more sympathetic familiarity with words and sentences. The child not only recognizes a word as a whole, but is taught to reproduce it on the board or on his slate. There can be little doubt that we have made a great advance in our method of giving the child an entrance into the mechanism of reading and writing. Nevertheless, I am inclined to think that, in devising and dwelling upon these improved methods, we have become so enamored of our skill as to leave out of sight the real thing; that we have expended our thought on our tools without sufficiently considering what the tools are to execute. Be this as it may, it is of very great consequence that we have perfected our system of teaching the elements of the arts of writing and reading; for in this necessary discipline the movement has been so rapid as to leave us with the child's fresh mind and active imagination still plastic, not yet dulled by the wearisome iteration of a parrot-like task. If we have been wise, moreover, we have kept alive the child's spirit by many exercises of ingenuity, and by the practice, greatly to be commended, of reading aloud from the poets.

Having shaped the tool, then, to the child's hand, we should be more eager to set him upon using it than to improve and refine it. His own use will do that most effectively. The main thing is to find worthy material and to look to worthy ends. In Björnson's story, the mother is the interpreter to the child of those forms and voices of the sky, the green grass, and all animate nature which his outward eye and ear perceive, and whose inward meaning his imagination is ready to accept. The office of the

imagination is to make real that which is apparent only; and as the mother's hand guides the child in his first steps upon this solid earth, so in this tale, and often in real life, her love and trained imagination help him to shape these real things, until his own powers have been educated to construct, to create. When we pass over from the converse between two living beings like mother and child to that converse which takes place in silence between the child's mind and the printed page, we are changing the mode, not the relation. The mother leads her boy to the school. The teacher takes the mother's place with the speaking voice, but she also brings in to her aid a great company of invisible spirits, interpreters to her as well as to the child of the sure things of heaven and earth. Öyvind, we are told, "had owned books a long time, and often wondered how it would seem when they also began to talk."

This is, in my judgment, the crisis of our educational system. Here is the test to be applied to our methods. The law we have been elucidating is the law of imaginative development. Will our system recognize this law, or will it at this point turn aside and follow its own lower ends? In every system, we say, with profound truth, that it is the teacher who makes or mars; but let us remember that we have now put the child into the hands of teachers whom no man may number; that in making it possible for him to read books we have added enormously to the power of the teacher; and that, of all times in the child's life when this company of invisible spirits may be called in as interpreters, there is none more significant, more impressive, than this, when, standing on the threshold, wondering, listening, his imagination sensitive to the finer influences, he waits to hear what his books shall say to him when they begin to talk.

The supreme endowment of human nature is this gift of imagination, for it is nothing less than the capacity for cre-

ation. In the exercise of it man mounts into the likeness of his Creator. He takes the formless and the void, the chaos of ideas and notions, and shapes and fashions that which is very good. The man of science, scrutinizing the facts of the outward universe, might go on forever making heaps of unrelated things, did not his imagination, kindling with his thought, use the conception of those great laws which reveal to us the mind of God. The historian would see nothing but a bewildering ant-heap of the world of humanity, if his imagination, seizing upon the hidden movements of the mind of man, were not tracing an orderly procedure. The statesman would be lost in a maze of precedents and conflicting passions, did not his imagination give him the power to rise above this level, and see from the heights of human reason the divine law of national progress. And the poet, the dramatist, the novelist, from the substance of things seen reflected in the depths of things unseen, reconstructs by the power of his imagination a world of beauty, of order, and of law.

Now, to the child in his earliest years the most direct appeal to the imagination comes from the clear-sighted dweller in the ideal world. Not yet has experience filled him with troubled questions, with doubt, with perplexity of mind. He is prone to believe, not to disbelieve, and to him should be brought the truth-tellers; those, that is, who themselves believe, whose eyes are open to the things of faith. Deepen in his mind the familiarity with what lies beyond the visual organ. He has not yet learned to believe only what he sees. Fortify in him that power of seeing with the eye of faith, which is so soon to be assailed by hard contact with things visible and tangible. I am not pleading for an idle chase of phantoms and vagaries, but I ask, is there not a body of literature—not the cheap production of indifferent writers, but the rich deposit of

centuries — which, by its simplicity, its reliance upon elemental truths of the soul, its homely instincts, its free spirit of wonder and belief, appeals directly, surely, to the imagination of the child?

Hearing at once these stories from his books, the child recognizes no change in his habit of mind other than an expansion of his powers. There has been no break in his natural development, but literature has come in to deepen one great channel of his being. Not only so, but the growth of this supreme faculty of the imagination is not at the expense of his other powers, the powers of understanding, of reasoning, and of practical sense; it is highly stimulating to the development of these powers. They are still latent, for the most part, awaiting their turn in the order of nature. But throughout life they will owe much of their vitality to the existence of a cultivated imagination, and the training of this habit early in life will serve to keep them in their proper relation to it.

It would be a mistake to suppose that this great faculty of imagination is fostered only by literature, or even by the literature of imagination chiefly. Just as it is exercised by the nature in all the activities of life and mental excursions, so it is fed by countless influences. The boy may not be kindled in his imagination by Homer, yet have his pulses quickened by reading of Thermopylæ. The microscope and the telescope may do for him what Wordsworth or Milton fails to do. He may be indifferent to Hiawatha, yet have his brain set on fire by Custer's expedition; and the disappointment which one might feel when one failed to waken a response by the recital of some favorite poem should not blind us to the truth that the avenues to a child's imagination and love of beauty are more in number than our experience can count.

Only, in the economy of our educational forces, we shall be wise if we make use of that which time has shown to be generally of the highest potency.

There is a concentration of the imagination in works of literary art which renders these most highly charged with the power of feeding the imaginative soul. I am asking attention to what I hold to be a great law of nature in the development of her children, namely, that in early childhood the normal condition of life is a sensitive imagination, curious, wondering, reaching out to the unknown, building busily fabrics, often of strange form, out of the material cast in its way; and our inquiry is, how should this great fact be recognized in our formal educational system? Our highest success is to be found in following patiently in nature's footsteps, not in seeking to correct and transform life into agreement with an *a priori* logic. And as I am confining myself to a consideration of so much of our educational system as relates to reading and writing, I say deliberately that the educational law of reading is summed up in this: Give to the child, as soon as he has mastered the rudiments of reading, some form of great imaginative literature, and continue year after year to set large works before him, until he has completed his school course. For note that in school parlance *reading* is the term applied to an exercise which is an end in itself. A child reads his geography or his history, his book of travel or his problem in arithmetic; but this is not what we mean primarily by reading, for in each case the reading is merely a means toward the acquirement of some further knowledge. I note this, because it is a significant fact that many persons, perceiving clearly what a fearful waste there has been in our educational methods, when year after year has been expended on reading-lessons which result in the end in nothing but a trivial gain in elocution, have maintained that all these reading-lessons should be turned into exercises for some definite end, the reading being subsidiary to the acquisition of information. So we have had geographical

readers and nature readers and historical readers, and I have even heard a claim set up for the advantage to be gained in making supplementary reading-books out of arithmetics.

Now, all this confusion of means and ends may be traced, I think, to the almost entire diversion of reading-books as a class from having in view the great end of setting before the readers noble literature to promoting the lesser end of skill in vocal expression. No wonder that sensible people have become impatient over the paltry results obtained by years of wearisome devotion to graded reading-books. But the remedy is not in the substitution of information readers for so-called literary readers. It is in the recognition of the great, the supreme end which the art of reading should have in view. We have only to ask ourselves what we mean by reading in our own habit of life. We mean reading for pleasure, for the satisfaction of some appetite for reading. And this reading for pleasure is what we recognize universally as the great explanation of literature. It is the delight of the poet to sing, of the novelist to tell his story ; it is the delight of the listener to hear and read.

So, then, as reading is a part of our school curriculum, entirely independent of geography, or history, or science, in all of which it has its lower uses, I repeat that the educational law of reading lies in a steady presentation to the growing mind of those works of art in literature which are the glory of the nation, of the race, and have an undying power to feed the imagination. Give reading no less time than is now given to it under existing methods, but exalt it to a higher place by resolutely excluding all that is indifferent and ignoble ; by choosing with reverent enthusiasm whatsoever is pure, noble, and inspiring. Open the gates wider and wider into that great kingdom of the ideal where the greatest of all ages sit benignly on their thrones

judging the tribes of men. Let the literature thus flooding the young lives with sunshine bring its own glorious lessons of national honor, of loyalty to truth and justice, of righteousness and heavenly beauty.

Bearing in mind this supreme purpose of literature, I would guard well both teacher and scholar against a peril which too much education of a certain sort makes liable. I have heard persons contend that such a system as I have outlined tends to give young people a distaste for literature by turning it into lessons ; that it associates great names with wearisome tasks. I suspect the ground of this charge lies in the perversion of the use of literature ; for, upon examination, it will appear that those who deprecate this course have reference to what, in homely phrase, may be summed up as "parsing *Paradise Lost*." This lets in a flood of light, and brings me to what I shall call a bylaw to our educational law of reading, namely, that throughout the school course, up to the final stage, reading is to be unaccompanied by analysis. Let there be such brief notes and explanations as will serve to clear some obscurities ; let there be some talk, if you will, leading to the enjoyment of what is read ; but never for a moment let us lose sight of this great truth, that reading is for delight, for the enrichment of the soul, and that whatever enters in to disturb this, as criticism, analysis, especially anything which tends to make what is read a corpse to be dissected instead of a living thing of light to be admired and rejoiced in, is in direct violation of a great educational law. The imagination is still increasing its power ; the time for criticism, for analysis, is not yet. We should make no mistake here, but see to it that through all the years of their school life children think of reading as the great, the supreme joy of their days indoors.

Consider, moreover, in support of this position, the far-reaching consequence of

such obedience to our great educational law. When we are teaching children the rules of arithmetic, we are helping specifically to qualify them for the business of life; lessons in geography will enable them to read the newspaper more intelligently; when we teach them history and civil government, we are laying foundations for an intelligent apprehension of citizenship. We say, and with reason, that all the work in school is for the development of the whole child, but we see readily that there is a further and distinct relation between certain lines of study and certain spheres of activity in subsequent life. Now, reading, under our law, is a great and fundamental contribution to the intellectual and spiritual growth of the person; but what a path of light we might trace from a child's reading in school under these conditions through the whole of his after career! In the impressionable years of youth we shall have built those eternal standards of excellence by which the man will ever after test the creations of literature set before him. Far more than this, we shall have made familiar to him delights which, wanting such introduction, he might never know. We shall have given him friends who never will desert him. We shall have enriched his life with treasures which lose none of their brilliancy whensoever they are brought again to light. There can be no manner of question that between the ages of six and sixteen a large part of the best literature of the world may be read, if taken up systematically in school, and that the man or woman who fails to become acquainted with great literature in some form during that time is little likely to have a taste formed later.

When I consider those precious years freighted with golden opportunity, and see so many ingenuous minds doomed by our dull understanding to a listless, humdrum recitation of lifeless prose and verse, while the apples of Hesperides

hang for them outside the schoolhouse doors, if they only knew it, I am filled with concern for the future. The greatness of a country is in the greatness of its ideas, and the youth of a country, shut out from participation in the visions of its poets and seers, will harden into an age skeptical if there be such things as visions.

But there is too much vitality in great literature, too pervasive an influence in its spirit, to permit us much doubt of the issue, and all about we see signs of a great reform in our educational system, by which the indifferent, fragmentary commonplace of our reading-books is giving way to genuine literature; where the largeness of the poetic spirit, moreover, is shown by wholes, and not by meagre specimens. Assuming, then, that our proposition is sustained, and the educational law of reading requires that throughout the common course great literature, and only great literature, shall be read, and that it shall be read for delight, and not as an exercise in grammar, history, biography, criticism, or for any of the minor ends which constantly thrust themselves forward in place of this human joy in great and beautiful things, let us go on to consider that other side of our subject, which in nature as in practice is in so intimate connection. What is the educational law of writing, and how do writing and reading stand related to each other?

Going back, then, to the child whose nature we desire to read that we may have a basis for our educational system, we note that, whatever flights of imagination the child may have, the expression is not through words, but through play. While the child is using speech sparingly, and using it chiefly for the expression of its mere understanding, it is finding through pantomime and histrionic language some outlet for its imagination and fancy. The little dramas which it enacts, its make-believes, its copies in miniature of human life, are not dependent on lan-

guage, and receive little assistance from rhetorical speech. Yet speech it has; a limited vocabulary, to be sure, in which a few words are made to do duty over and over, but still the same instrument in kind as that upon which the mighty notes of great literature are played,—only, be it observed, not yet used by the child for the expression of its imagination. This is a point worth noticing, for many make the mistake of denying the child force of imagination because it does not give voice to its images. Yet the revelations of childhood by men and women, whose consciousness has been continuous, abound in instances where the child has lived in a world of dreams utterly shut out from the perception of those about him.

It is, however, upon this slight basis of limited speech that we have to build in our educational system, and our practice begins at once, before the child learns to write. We train him to talk by means of those familiar exercises in which the blackboard and objects and pictures are brought into requisition. The transition to writing on the board, or on slate or paper, is simple and easily made; and in the early stages, while the child is mastering the rudiments of reading, he is mastering also the rudiments of writing. At the point where he stands on the threshold of books, his advance on both lines has been nearly equal. He can spell out the printed page, and he can write simple sentences. But how vast is now the gulf between the child's power of appropriation through reading and his power of expression through speech and writing! By what leaps and bounds he passes on through the whole course of school life into the region where Shakespeare dwells, and by what slow steps he trudges on to a position where he can express himself in language which can give any pleasure to others!

Now, as we based our educational law of reading upon the existence in the

child of a responsive faculty of imagination, upon what fact in nature shall we base our law of writing? We have caught a glimpse of it in the description already given of the process by which the early stages are passed. There is a naive story, told by Herodotus, of the experiment made by King Psammitichos to discover who were the primitive folk. He placed two children who had not yet learned to speak in a cave, away from the sound of human voice. For nourishment he gave them into the care of goats. And in due time, with all the gravity of a modern scientific experimenter, the Egyptian presented himself before the children, to listen to what they might say. The infants lifted up their voices and cried, “Bekkos!” and as “bekkos” was the Phrygian for “bread,” King Psammitichos, with the courage of a scientist, declared the Phrygians to antedate the Egyptians. We know the common-sense interpretation. The only voice the children had heard was the inarticulate cry of their four-footed companions, and that they had learned. It merely needed the acuteness of a scientist to translate their imitation into an articulate word to be found in a Phrygian dictionary.

The story proved nothing regarding the antiquity of man, but it illustrates well our position. The first speech of children is imitative; we recognize the fact in all our attempts to teach them to talk. Whether we say sentences over to them, or they overhear the speech about them, it is all one; they form their own words and sentences upon the model that is presented. When the child comes to school, we continue the process; we set it examples to copy, we form its oral and written expression upon our own, but we know perfectly well that the child's expression is also formed upon the models which are or are not deliberately placed before it. Every teacher knows that in correcting faulty sentences, mispronunciations, inelegances of words and phrases, she is contending with all the

defective speech of the neighborhood. It is a commonplace of education that nothing more quickly discloses the child's home than its form of speech, and it is the despair of teachers that they are called upon, in the formal, brief lessons of the schoolroom, to overcome the influences which are in the very air the child breathes all the rest of the day.

Accepting, then, this great fact of imitation as the basis upon which to build our educational law of writing, see to what it leads us instantly. It is clear that we are to give the child, from the beginning to the close of its school course, the best and purest models. In our own speech we are to be clear, accurate, and, if we can, beautiful; but what a mighty reinforcement we bring when, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, we permit the boy and girl freely to listen to the masters of English speech! They are too uncritical as yet to distinguish in rhetorical terms between imperfect and correct English, but they are not insensible to the difference between the liquid English of Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Whittier and the uncouth speech of their fellows: little by little they will perceive, though they may not put it into language, the difference between the unsullied English of great writers and the ungainly, uncultivated English of the ordinary newspaper. This sensitiveness to the charm of style is indeed most evident when one listens to pure English from the lips of one whose nature is refined to expression, and whose voice is a tuneful instrument; but under less favorable conditions, when for instance one is reading a work of fine prose poorly printed upon coarse paper, the charm of style will hold one. But the capacity thus to be affected by great literature is largely a cultivated one, and therefore I say that the pupil who for ten years, say from six to sixteen, has read steadily in the writings of those who use the English tongue with grace and strength

has had an immense advantage in acquiring not only a taste for good literature, but a power also of expressing himself in honest English. I set the highest value on this aid in writing and speech, because — and I think teachers of experience will agree with me — it seems almost impossible, in our school years, to do more in the formal exercise of writing than to teach the avoidance of glaring error, and the acquisition of an expression which is negatively good. For the rest, the fine choice of words, the forcible structure of sentences, the regard for all the delicate shades of expression, — that is out of the question. It is all out of the question so far as formal training is concerned, and we may as well not attempt it; but these graces come to one here and one there who is gifted with a penetrating ear, a sense of harmony, and they will be immensely stimulated by constant converse with the flutists, the violinists, the organists, of our great English speech. Not only so, but I am convinced that the great rank and file of our schoolchildren would gain in the power of language which comes from the unconscious imitation of well-bred masters of language.

We have seen how, when the child has reached the point of familiarity with the rudiments of reading and writing, knowing both equally well, there comes at once a wide gulf between the two, and for the next ten years he is reading literature, but writing only feeble, stammering English. The fact is one we need to note again for its bearing upon our educational law. The power of appreciation, of appropriation, indeed, is strongest in these growing years; the power of expression, of reproduction, is in its infancy, and its growth is far slower. The terms of expression are, as I have said, largely imitative; but what is the thing to be expressed? One has only to consider that the great writers whom the boy and girl are rapidly learning to love and appreciate were not

producers, did not themselves find great expression, until after this period of most active appropriation. So, not only would it be idle to look for a parallel course of reading and writing in our youth; it would be an educational mistake to carry our law of imitation into the field of reproduction. That is to say, we may set the highest possible value on the influence which these great writers will have on the expression of boys and girls, but we must not make the mistake of supposing that we can train our pupils into an imitation of their genius. It is a blunder, I am convinced, to set a child to reading Hawthorne's *Wonder Book*, for instance, and then to direct him to tell the stories over again in his own language. One may do this to great profit where a child has been reading an historic fact or a biographical sketch; but where a piece of literature is a piece of art, the thought, the fancy, and the language in which it is couched are inseparable. Far better may we set the child to copying, carefully and patiently, the whole story or poem, that we may impress upon him the integrity of the production.

For what are all these works of genius but the expression of the men and women who stand behind them? And what are we to expect in the attempts of the young but the expression of their natures with all their limitations? In cultivating, therefore, in them the power of expression, how reasonable it is to ask them, at different stages, to write of the things that concern them most, — their sports, their excursions, their little adventures! Now and then, some one, stirred by what he has read, will essay a production imitative of the material, venturing forth thus into a field which may some day be his own; but we should not ask for this. The main thing is that it be spontaneous, and our task is only to correct its grammatical blunders. Consider how, in the whole course of a pupil's writing exercises, a teacher will find but an occasional glimmer of ori-

ginality, and one perceives that this is not something to be looked for, to be aimed at. During the period when the boy and girl are opening wide their minds to the reception of great works of imagination, they are giving forth little in the way of written expression. While, therefore, our law of reading requires abundance, richness, continuous delight, our law of writing calls only for the guidance of the pen, the practice in the manipulation of simple forms, the attainment of accuracy, intelligibility, and directness.

An analogy may be found in the two exercises of reading aloud and handwriting. As the child goes forward with his reading, entering steadily upon broader paths and making higher flights, the progress should be marked in his reading aloud by a steady gain away from idiosyncrasies, peculiarities of voice and manner, to that noble interpretation of great literature which makes the hearer forget the reader in his admiration for that which is read. This marks the diminution of the reader's personality in the presence of the poet's, the romancer's personality. The converse is to be said of handwriting. At first the effort is made to conform the child's style to that of a flawless model. Every departure from that model is criticised, every effort made to keep the handwriting true to the copy. But by and by a change begins to come. The personality of the child is becoming more marked; the assertion of self, of an independent mind, seeks an outlet, and the handwriting gradually fixes itself in certain movements of constraint or freedom which subtly manifest the individuality. What was at first mere imitation now develops into expression.

This, then, is the result which we have reached. The imagination, that crowning spiritual faculty of man, is an endowment of childhood, to be cultivated sedulously through its whole school course by giving it, for its growth and

enlargement, the noblest of literature on which to feed with delight. But the creative faculty, which is the constructive side of imagination, we leave for nature to do with what she will, assured that we can add little or nothing to it by training directly. Meanwhile, we can and may train the growing child in the power of right expression of that which has attained its growth. Thus, the body, during school years, is rapidly approaching its fullest development, and, if we are wise, we attend most carefully to the bodily expression. All the powers of observation, also, are active and alert; we train them in expression through speech and writing, seeking to fit to each child's capacity that splendid instrument, the English language. The powers of reasoning, of discrimination, grow more slowly; but these also we seek to train in expression, not only through mathematical formula, but through the choice of words and the logical structure of sentences. In the order of nature, we have been accumulating for the child the facts, the experience, the objects, upon which he is to exercise that latest power, the guide of his life, the power of an educated reason. At last, if our work has been thorough the two great exponents of life, Divine Imagination and Human Reason, stand revealed: the one nurtured on great emotions and thoughts from childhood up, the other trained by constant effort to guide the child in the expression of his growing powers.

There is now one final educational task in the development of the interaction of the imagination and the reason, a task which is indeed beyond the scope of the common school, and reserved for the college and university; yet it has so intimate a relation to the law we have been elucidating that I cannot forbear to touch upon it ever so lightly.

I have laid great stress upon the absolute necessity of preserving the reading during school years free from the intrusion of analogies or criticism; that it

should be accompanied only by the briefest explanatory comment for the removal of obstacles; that the pupil should be left free to enjoy to the full what was set before him, and should dissociate the idea of a lesson from it. Supposing such a plan pursued year after year, until the student has reached that point to which our minds have been drawn, when his powers of observation, of careful expression, of discrimination, of logic, have been trained in an exercise upon those objects that meet the eye, those facts which come through history, those adventures which are personal. Now, then, his mind is ripe for the exercise of his reason upon this great accumulation of the works of imagination. The hour comes when that analysis which once was an intrusion is a necessity of his nature; when the delight he has known in the reading of great literature is enhanced by the new delight he may have in the study of great literature. Here at last we find the right time for that kind of work which we insisted should not be done. It is the order of nature: first the familiarity with the great art of letters in the glow of generous youth; then the turning of the matured powers of reasoning upon this accumulation for the purpose of ascertaining the sources of beauty; so that at last the student stands side by side with the creator of literature, and enters into his consciousness, the last and finest result of the critical faculty, when it blends with the creative, and scarcely can be distinguished from it.

The years of school life are hardly enough to bring the student to this point, yet I think it highly probable that a course in the high school might be laid out which should be in effect a review of the literature thus far read, with reference to initiating the student into that inquiry as to the nature of works of genius which might well be the delight of maturing years. But such a course would be futile unless, year after year, the students taking it had been acquiring a

friendly, even affectionate acquaintance with the literature upon which they were now to expend their powers of reasoning. The student must make this literature his own before he can hope to use it for purposes of criticism. Consider how wonderful would be the work of a teacher who, undertaking to set forth systematically the great laws of harmony in the composition of works of literary art, should be able to draw from the memories of the class example after example taken from the literature which their school life had made as household words to them.

I have attempted thus to inquire into the educational law of reading and writing, but I have not been solicitous to present it at last in some quotable formula.

Rather, I have been desirous that we should explore those foundations in nature and human reason which may disclose the principles of orderly procedure. We may find it convenient to systematize our knowledge and to reduce it to compact statement, yet in our larger experience we are constantly driven or led into the recognition of the great truth: that nature is the expression of the divine law working under the immanence of the divine love; and that if we would be wise in our training of the young, whether in reading, in writing, or in any other art, science, or philosophy, our first and never ceasing inquiry should be, what is the nature of this child, and how can I best work in sympathy with his laws?

Horace E. Scudder.

CONTEMPORARY ESSAYS.

THE English periodical owes its existence to the essay, the *Spectator* and *Tatler* having been the magazines of their day as well as the classics of their century, and it is by a sort of alternate generation in literature that the periodical in turn brings forth essays after its kind; of all kinds, rather, for there are few topics that are not touched upon nowadays in neat little volumes of mosaic contents. With some readers, this connection of essay and periodical exposes the former to a certain disfavor, of the sort with which yesterday's baking is regarded in the South. It is hard to judge rightly of a literature that is slipping past us, and it is well to keep a little of it, if only to find out whether it is worth keeping. Sir Edward Strachey, in the November *Atlantic*, quotes Maurice as saying "that a man might bring greater honor to his name by writing a great book, . . . yet that he believed more real work was done in the world by having a part in,

and writing on, the actual controversies of the day in which men were taking a practical interest." Here the consideration is an ethical one, but even from a literary standpoint there is something to be said in favor of writing on a small scale and for the present moment. In an age when the creative gift is rare and the affirmative force weakened, some of the best and truest work can be done in a loose literary form like the essay, which is without pretension, almost in fact apologetic, lending itself equally to directness or subtlety of treatment. The form may be regarded simply as a vehicle for the expression of the thought, as is commonly the case with the political or speculative essay; or it may be cultivated daintily and for its own sake, as is more apt to be done in the social essay, which demands for its perfection something of the novelist's outfit, or in the personal essay, which is next door to the journal or autobiography, but lays its

author under less rigid vows as to accuracy of statement.

Many of the best modern essays are in the line of criticism, and here the supremacy of the French is incontestable. The English miscellaneous writers excel in the discussion of topics political, social, or speculative. The monthly and weekly reviews in England, manned by sturdy, well-informed writers, surpass the French, and leave our performance in that kind far behind. In our own literature, which is still, as a whole, pretty desultory, and about which it behooves us, under Mr. Gosse's recent judgments, to be modest, the essay pure and simple, after the old models, seems to have found a congenial soil. Our high-water mark of thought or literary achievement is Emerson's Essays; and since Addison undertook to bring philosophy down to the club and the tea-table no one has brewed a finer combination of philosophy and tea than Dr. Holmes.

Mr. Myers¹ comes to hand as an example of the sturdiness of treatment which we have cited as an English trait. Even when he handles such an impalpable, not to say unprofitable subject as the ghost of psychological research, he does so with a definiteness, vigor, and intellectual conscientiousness that go far to clothe that marrowless creation with dignity, if they do not invest it with life. To speak first of sturdiness, however, in connection with Mr. Myers is to give a wrong impression of his literary personality. He is not a mere topical writer, but a man of letters, who began as a poet, and in whom the poet is still alive. His Saint Paul has passed a little out of sight, but still lingers in many memories. His Classical Essays are more widely known, and have a similar haunting attractiveness. In the present volume, which is made up of essays on both literary and speculative topics, or rather, on one sub-

ject viewed in both lights, the literary interest is throughout intended to be subordinate; but the literary spirit is still dictator, giving to the book the stamp of individual charm, and of another unity than that of theme. It has the high earnestness of the author's Saint Paul; the intelligence, at once active and meditative, of the Classical Essays.

The spiritual attitude which it reveals is in a way a remarkable one. The melancholy but admirable essay on The Disenchantment of France shows how profoundly and sympathetically Mr. Myers has felt that spiritual void and desolation of which, as he acknowledges, France offers a spectacle, not solitary, but more complete than the rest of the world. The paper is poignant with the feeling of one to whom the loss of faith in the world at large is the subject of as deep a regret as the loss of his own. Science is the cause of this misery. Mr. Myers does not attack science nor revolt against its conclusions; he does not, like Signor Valdes's Father Gil, look to faith to give it the lie; he does not, like Robert Elsmere or Mark Rutherford, cling to the best thought that disenchantment has left to him, and make of it a sort of Spartan broth for the nourishment of the spirit. He recognizes that one aspect of the later phases of skepticism is the distrust of emotional guidance, and the very energy of his own emotions quickens this distrust. "Faith, the clinging of the soul to the beliefs and ideals which she feels as spiritually the highest," he considers indispensable; but he goes on to say, "Whereas in all ages a certain nucleus of ascertained fact has been regarded as faith's needful prerequisite, the only difference is that, in our own day, so much of that ancient nucleus has shriveled away that some fresh accession is needed before the flower of faith can spring from it and shed fragrance on the unseen." In other words, it is not religion, but what he calls *material for religion*, that Mr. Myers feels to be lacking. This

¹ *Science and a Future Life*. With Other Essays. By FREDERICK W. H. MYERS. London and New York: Macmillan. 1893.

material he is determined to wrest from science. Science speaks now the only recognized language of authority. The highest science is psychology. In the study of psychology, therefore, lies the cure for our ills, and in psychological research, in scientific evidence of a return to this world after death, Mr. Myers sees the substantial nucleus needed for faith, and an encouragement for hope to spring eternal, as it has temporarily ceased to spring, in the human breast. A new cosmic law, that of interpenetration of spirit and matter, is to bring salvation, and Mr. Myers is confident that the proper material will at once produce the religion. He declares, with a gravity that is disturbed by no undertone of humor, "The negative presumption will therefore be shaken if accepted notions as to man's personality are shown to be gravely defective, while it will be at once *overthrown*" (his own italics) "if positive evidence to man's survival of bodily death can in any way be acquired." Without attempting to argue on supernatural grounds with the discoverer of a new cosmic law, we would venture to indicate the superiority in point of knowledge of the world of another prediction, made two thousand years ago, which says, "Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

Nothing could be more unlike Mr. Myers's lofty sadness and visionary ardor of hope than the temper with which Mr. Balfour¹ surveys the world as it is, and reckons the probabilities of its future. He, too, insists upon belief in immortality as necessary to stimulate energy and make life worth living, but he does not press the question of how this belief is to be maintained in a disenchanted world. The world is, after all, not so very disenchanted, to his mind. To Mr. Myers, who is a poet and a man of sentiment, science seems to have said

the irrefutable word. Mr. Balfour, who has a more practical mind, finds assurance in an attitude of doubt, in the conviction that science has not yet proved her points; in other words, he keeps his mental balance by being skeptical as to skepticism. His *Defence of Philosophic Doubt* was a brilliant arraignment of scientific infallibility, an employment of the Scotch philosophers' dialectic of common sense for ends the opposite to theirs, and with far more effect. Mr. Balfour does not discuss what would happen if a traveler were to return with absolute proof of immortality, because his interest in the future is in ratio to its probability. Such a traveler would have to deal, however, with human nature, and the *Fragment on Progress*, which formed Mr. Balfour's rectorial address at Glasgow, shows what he thinks of the likelihood that any argument or proof would essentially alter that heaven. It is interesting, in this and in the entertaining essay on Berkeley, to note the interaction and harmony of the author's political and philosophical creeds and observations. For Berkeley Mr. Balfour has a strong admiration, for which there is every reason, and a peculiar sympathy, for which there are perhaps two special reasons. Berkeley was the author of a system of philosophy which showed that the existence of matter could not be proved, and of a book on Ireland which proved that the Irish question did not exist.

The present collection of addresses and essays is a less elaborate performance than Mr. Balfour's former book, although there are plenty of evidences of the same philosophic acuteness. The leisure product of a mind active in other directions, these essays are at once very able and very light in weight; extremely well written without indicating any special literary gift. They are much more rational than the essays of Mr. Myers, but the impression which they leave upon the mind is much slighter. There is something a trifle Macaulayan in the extraneous and

¹ *Essays and Addresses*. By the Right Hon. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, M. P. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1893.

orderly manner in which Mr. Balfour marshals his ideas; there is a touch of finality in the ideas themselves. He states available but not always over-popular truths dispassionately, and without flinching; he utters with great readiness neat sayings which are compact morsels of good sense rather than brilliant wit-ticisms; and he is always readable and entertaining.

In the first essay of the book, *The Pleasures of Reading*, he is on Miss Repplier's familiar ground, making a plea for pure pleasure in reading, a protest against university courses of literature, and an onslaught upon all who make their intercourse with books a mere means towards ambition, duty, or any other end. The arguments put forth are similar to those employed by Miss Repplier,¹ and the cause defended is practically the same as hers; but the lady is the more stimulating and persuasive of the two writers. — partly, perhaps, because she is the more unreasonable.

Miss Repplier's powers of persuasion are of the autocratic sort. She commands us to take pleasure in reading, and she summons so stirringly before us the old delights of romance, she brings up with such intimate touches those little joys of literature which, as Jean Paul says, "refresh us constantly, like house bread, and never bring disgust," she speaks her mind in such a whole-hearted, racy, piquant way, that she bestows the pleasure in formulating the law. But if we presume to wander farther, and to take pleasure after our own fashion in other fields of literature, we are instantly made to feel as deserters from the flag. We must agree with the writer quickly, while we are in the way; and if our disagreement were to go so far as to impair the keenness and sympathy of our delight in her work, the penalty would

certainly be ours, and the cost the loss of one of the choicest enjoyments that current literature in our own land and hour has to give.

Miss Repplier's papers on literary subjects are hardly to be classed as critical essays. They belong rather to another *genre* which we may term the bookish essay. Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt wrote essays of this sort, the harvest of book-browsings, the distillation of individual perfumes from quiet gardens of literature, with no attempt at criticism beyond the report of the effect of a volume upon the personality of the essayist. It is in the lines of this bookish and personal tradition that Miss Repplier works. She has not the equipment for a critic, the perspective, the perception of relations; the power of being lost in other minds, and those the most widely divergent, without losing one's literary bearings; the sense of literature as an organic whole, and of its dependence upon life. She does not synthesize, nor find underlying agreement "in many a heart-perplexing opposite." She loves much, but not widely, and will neither run after new gods herself, nor allow her readers to do so. She is audaciously conservative, a free lance for the preservation of bounds. But in her own line, as a book-lover and personal essayist, she is admirable in endowment and performance. She has originality and art. She understands the manipulation of the essay, the amount of negligence permissible and even effective, and the requisite amount of care. She says the most delightful and unexpected things, and says them in the happiest manner, with the exact measure of deliberation and unconsciousness, of humor and conviction. She quotes, as some of the old essayists loved to quote, with just that little stress of personality which is a new interpretation, an addition to the meaning such as may be given by a voice. It is probably one of the consequences of that decay in roman-

¹ *Essays in Idleness*. By AGNES REPPLIER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

tic interest for which Miss Repplier upbraids her public that our pleasure in reading has come to depend very much upon the stimulus of the moment, upon the turn of the phrase, the attitude of the author, upon the conversational powers of the hero and heroine rather than upon our hope of their ultimate happiness. Miss Repplier ministers to this pleasure in the detail. She is not always strong in construction. Her essay as a whole sometimes lacks backbone; her phrase never does: it has strength, suppleness, precision: moreover, it is a live phrase. To watch its movements, its dignity, its reserve, and its spring, above all to see these movements accommodated to those of Agrippina, is to get a little unstrenuous enjoyment out of the printed page. To find anything as good as Agrippina in the reproduction of cat attitude and of the mental domain of Tabbyland, one would have to turn to Gautier and to Pierre Loti; and in sheer liteness of description one would not find in their pages anything better. Agrippina is, on the whole, the deftest achievement of Miss Repplier's vocabulary; but we still remember *Pleasure*: a *Heresy*, as one of her most original and characteristic papers, and the one on *Ennui*, in the present volume, in which occurs the description of that "small, compact, and enviable minority among us" (a writer with less humor might easily have fallen into the blunder of calling it a majority) "who, through no merit of their own, are incapable of being bored," is a bit of writing calculated to afford satisfaction to the literary conscience of its author. The danger which seems to lie in the way of a writer like Miss Repplier is that of exhausting by limitation her range of subjects; but the essential thing, after all, is to have found the right sphere, and Miss Repplier is by this time sufficiently mistress of her domain to extend it at her pleasure.

The want of material, of a substantial

harvest of knowledge, with ideas vigorous enough to thresh and winnow it, has always been felt, and will long continue to exist in our literature, though it is a defect which time will probably make right. But if our prayer for more matter were granted with the condition of less art, we should be unfortunate. If Mr. James had gone into business in literature, and given up the unprofitable pursuit of writing as a fine art, we should have had less literature than we have had, although Mr. James's own reputation might have been increased to an imposing extent by the sacrifice of a little subtlety, and the addition of some sawdust to his work. Mr. Barrett Wendell, in a volume of essays with the title *Stelligeri*,¹ taken from the mention of deceased alumni in the old Harvard catalogue, deals with the American literature of the past, and in his principal essay devotes himself to proving that there is no American literature, that our stars are all excellent rushlights. His main point, that we have no literature, is easily proved, but the test which he applies to each author in turn seems to us a doubtful one. The fact that we have produced nothing which Englishmen, living under less crowded conditions in a new country, could not have produced does not of itself prove that we have no literature. Is there any reason why we should have produced a literature contradictory to our history, why we should write as Choctaws or redeemed Africans? Yet this is Mr. Wendell's touchstone. Nor is there much light thrown upon individuals by this line-and-rule method of criticism. Emerson is not merely a mild, good man like Whittier, nor does Hawthorne come under the same head as Longfellow. They might, for the sake of the argument, be left temporarily in the same category, though it seems hardly worth while in this case. We cannot

¹ *Stelligeri, and Other Essays concerning America*. By BARRETT WENDELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

help thinking that Mr. Wendell lays too much stress upon the minor fact that our literature is not American, whereas the real trouble is that it is not a literature.

To Mr. James the publishing of many books, the daily reviewing, and the rarity of real literary interest are as melancholy signs of the times as the decay of faith is to Mr. Myers. "The bewildered spirit," he writes, "may well ask itself, without speedy answer, What is the function in the life of man of such a periodicity of platitude and irrelevance?" But Mr. James's courage and literary faith hold firm. From his point of view the prospect is most cheering in Paris, where Mr. Myers finds it most depressing; and as in times of unbelief the men who cling to work and to duty are the most inspiring, so there is cheer in the provisional creed, rather breathed than expressed in Mr. James's work, that the way to get a literature is not to advertise for it as original or American, but to learn to look at things truly, and to write as well as possible. There are ethical as well as literary lessons in his essay on Criticism, a paper which goes very near to the heart of the subject, although its author has felt obliged to employ part of his space in defending to his audience the very existence of his art.

Mr. James is so perfectly at home in criticism that we almost forget how small a portion of his work lies technically within this province. In reality it all belongs there. As a novelist, his achievement is all in the line of what we may call critical fiction, in which the same processes of analysis, comprehension, and restatement applied in literary criticism to books are brought to bear directly upon life. Mr. James can hardly be called the discoverer of this vein, but he has certainly worked it more consistently and thoroughly than anybody else. To appreciate his success in it we have only to remember how almost invariably true, from a critical point of view, are those scenes and personages in his books which, judged by

a purely dramatic standard, are so easily found wanting. His characters talk too uniformly well for dramatic truth; they are framed, the fine and the vulgar, in a setting of culture which is sometimes too rich for realism. But how exactly the right critical light is thrown upon them, how carefully the type and the variety are selected, what an immersion in observation and the study of life is shown on every page! The dramatic power, that of bringing real living creatures into a book, must always be counted as the supreme gift in fiction; but if we demand, with impartial rigor, from every writer the same forms of truth, we shall lose many truths, and get mostly conventionalities.

Mr. James's literary criticism cannot be considered superior to his novels, for there is more room for originality in working from life, but it is submitted to the same law of literary progress which is to be seen in his novels. His work has always been abundantly clever, but he has constantly turned his cleverness to more and more account. The present volume¹ shows an advance upon *Partial Portraits*, not in brightness, but in mellowness, and in the power so essential to a critic of finding the true equilibrium of his subject. The essay on *Pierre Loti* is an admirable example of the qualities which Mr. James has cited in the paper on Criticism as forming the special outfit of the critic. It is an illustration of that interpretation and recasting of the work of another which make criticism analogous to acting as an art. It is at once sympathetic and unexaggerated, and it gives in passing a general picture of the French literature of the day, of its qualities and tendencies, which has a truth and justness of perception not often arrived at in our much writing about that literature. Of Flaubert Mr. James, of course, writes with appreciation, though

¹ *Essays in London and Elsewhere*. By HENRY JAMES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

his optimism is a little severe upon Flaubert's boisterous melancholy. The paper on the *Goncourt Journals* is a just and gentlemanly notice of a performance neither gentlemanly nor just. That on *Ibsen* is probably the most complete and illuminating that has been written about that much discussed and not easily understood dramatist. There are two biographical sketches (we had almost added *London* as a third, she is so personified) which are among the best things in the book: one, originally printed in *The Atlantic*, on *James Russell Lowell*, in which Mr. James shows how possible it is to write with affection and admiration of a man without lending him all the virtues that any other man ever possessed; the other on *Fanny Kemble*, written *con amore* and *con brio*, and giving us a sense as of the whole vivid presence of that great personality. One has something of the pleasure in reading it that there would be in coming across a *Landor* conversation that had really taken place. In his representation of another lady of great traditions, *London*, Mr. James seems to us a little perfunctory, as a man almost inevitably must be now and then who writes so much and so well.

*Folia Litteraria*¹ is made up largely of short reviews on points of literary scholarship which have no direct connection, but are strung along on a straight chronological line from the old romances to the nineteenth century, giving the reader the feeling of going through a familiar country on a train that stops only at way stations. They are written in a pleasant tone of light scholarship, and with a warm feeling for poetry. Sometimes the points discussed are tolerably slight, as in an unexplained passage in *Comus*, where the subject is *Milton's* reason for having made *Echo* dwell

"By slow *Meander's* margin green."

Mr. Hales sets down as far fetched

¹ *Folia Litteraria*. Essays and Notes on English Literature. By JOHN W. HALES, M. A.,

Keightley's suggestion that the winding course of the river resembles the repercussion of an echo, and with justice; but his own interpretation, that the *Meander* was a classic haunt of the swan, the bird of sweet song in the ancient poets, seems, though certainly less absurd, hardly more conclusive. *Tennyson*, when asked by Mr. Knowles what he meant by the lines in *Maud*,

"For her feet have touched the meadow,
And left the daisies rosy,"

made the grave reply, gravely accepted by Mr. Knowles, that a daisy trodden upon would be turned over, bringing the rosy under petals uppermost. The older poets are not on hand gently to extract the poetry from their lines for the benefit of prosaic commentators and friends; else *Milton* might have told Mr. Hales that his allusion to *Echo* meant the song of the swan. But was he not as capable as *Leconte de Lisle* of bringing in a name for the sake of its sound? And is not classic association joined here to one of the most beguiling bits of alliteration in literature? If the verse brings up to the reader the thought of a river in a lovely vale, with now and then an echo flying from hill to hill across its waters, is there any reason why it should have meant something more recondite to the poet? In the essay on *Milton's Macbeth*, showing that *Milton* had planned a tragedy of *Macbeth*, and discussing his probable reasons for wishing to enter the lists against *Shakespeare*, Mr. Hales seems to us to have found a more tangible theme, and executed a careful piece of conjectural criticism.

The volume contains two longer papers, — one on *The Last Decade of the Eighteenth Century*, a very happily chosen subject, the other on *Victorian Literature*. Both bear the mark of the lecture in the ground covered and the necessity of constant summarizing, but they are very well arranged, critically sound, and pleasing. Professor of English Literature in *King's College*. New York: Macmillan. 1893.

santly written. *Folia Litterarum* is a book to keep on hand as a collection of extra notes with which to interleave other books rather than one to be taken up and

re-read for its own sake. And that, after all, is the best test of essays. They may or may not be classics, but they must prove themselves good comrades.

A STUDY OF RUSSIA.

SOME of the recent books on Russia have reminded us, perhaps more than anything else, that an essentially new art has arisen in modern times, the art of understanding peoples. Literary fashion, to say nothing of literary incapacity, once made foreign countries the stamping-ground of alien prejudice, and the traveling Philistine who succeeded in recording accurately every deviation he witnessed abroad from ways and sights to which he had become accustomed at home thought he had done a permanent service to literature. This faulty method long distinguished the studies that peoples so closely allied as the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock made of each other. Emerson gave a fair, manly, and on the whole very sympathetic account of the British long before England could afford to send us a Bryce. The narrowness of Dr. Johnson, who declared that America contained nothing but natural curiosities, is still imitated by the insular tourist who annually makes the round of our large cities. But in the case of Russia, cut off from the rest of the world by barriers of language and custom almost insurmountable, the tarrying of literary justice has been still more marked. The early books on that empire, from Herberstein down almost to Haxthausen, have descriptive but little critical value. Largely the work of authors unfamiliar with the speech of the country, these writings showed general as well as historical unfitness for the task of comprehending its people. It was the same incapacity that filled the old books

on Russia with the wildest hearsays concerning the most impossible occurrences as that which to-day sends to our newspapers the mad stories about Nihilists who set fire to forests along the Neva in order to destroy the Winter Palace, or of peasants stricken with cholera panic who burn up whole villages with the aid of petroleum. Emergence from this habit of treating Russia as a Scythian country rich in Slavonian marvels has naturally been slow, but the process has proved not less certain than that of growing civilization and the progressive unification of the nations.

The modern art of understanding peoples is based not only on the humanitarianism which regards no race that is human as alien to it, but also on that latest product of our complex intellectual life, ethnic sympathy, — the power not merely to recognize a common humanity beneath its various racial differences, but to value and enjoy it in and through those differences. It is true that the method of study has also undergone enormous improvement. We no longer regard ethnography as rounded off in itself. Any worthy account of a people in these days is something more than its geography, something more than its history, something more than its politics: it is certainly all these, enriched by knowledge of its language and literature. But it is pre-eminently sympathy with the people in their ethnic life and "idea." Once we have this, the driest details become luminous, while the "outlandish" elements that formerly would have repelled

us are now welcomed as contributions of priceless value to our knowledge. The last dozen years, or more, have seen just such a power as this brought to bear upon the Russian country, until the people whom we once thought to be semi-barbarous have gained a more just appreciation at the hands of traveler and historian, a new value for our literature, a fresh interest for our intellectual life.

One of the latest, in some ways certainly the most notable, of that galaxy of modern writers on Russia which includes such names as Wallace, Leger, Rambaud, De Vogüé, and Brandes, is the well-known publicist Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, whose work, so far as it has been reproduced in English translation,¹ forms the immediate subject of the present notice. How this versatile Frenchman picked up his knowledge of Russia is more or less of a mystery, since, with the exception of a few summer tours in northeastern Europe during the sixties and seventies, he is not known to have sojourned permanently for any length of time in the land of the Tsar. Nor did his "all round" experiences as a publicist writing articles and books, mainly on social and economic topics, seem to qualify him in a special way for any deep or thorough insight into the life and thought of a foreign people. All the more surprising and delightful it was to receive, in the first installment of his work, a view of Russian things which, for its remarkable breadth, brilliancy of coloring, and general accuracy, but above all for its understanding of the Slav character, has not been surpassed. Two additional volumes of the work have thus far appeared in France, the latest bearing date of 1889, and neither of them shows any falling off from the power and promise of the first. This is the most comprehensive account of Russian civilization now in existence. On its broad

canvas Leroy-Beaulieu has spread his rich material with an artistic effect, with a never failing consciousness of the whole in the part, and a close, logical enchainment of the various groupings that are admirable. Writing, evidently, with a knowledge of the Russian language, the author displays an extensive command of original sources of information. In a single volume he tells, with much picturesqueness and descriptive force, the story of nature, climate, and soil, of the Slav race and its temperament, of the peasant, the emancipation, and the village communities. In another we get details of the machinery of government, in some respects fuller, and in all respects newer, than any that are to be found in extended treatments of the subject hitherto printed. The chapters on the religious life of the people, making the third volume, form what is perhaps the most fascinating part of the whole work. Readers are further indebted to Leroy-Beaulieu for a fairly complete account of the revolutionary movement in Russia, the translation of which into English will go far to make good for Anglo-Saxon readers the serious defect, not to say one-sidedness, of Mr. Wallace's otherwise admirable study.

So much, at least, must be said in praise of a work which will gain for its author a wider fame than all his other writings put together. Its shortcomings, leaving out a few unimportant errors, spring mainly from Leroy-Beaulieu's high conception of what such a work ought to be; they are, moreover, inseparable from a method of treatment which demands, along with philosophic insight, sustained brilliancy. We think, for example, that, in his effort to go to the bottom of the Russian character and institutions, the author has overestimated the influence of climate and natural surroundings. He regards the life of Great-Russia as "more than anywhere else a

¹ *The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians.* By ANATOLE LEROY-BEAULIEU. Translated from the third French Edition by ZÉNAÏDE A.

RAGOZIN. Part I. The Country and its Inhabitants. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

strife against nature," and describes this warfare as a "school of patience, resignation, and submissiveness. Unable to slip his neck from under the yoke of nature, he [the Russian] has borne that of man more patiently: the one has bent and fashioned for him the other; the tyranny of climate has prepared him for man's absolute power."

It may fairly be doubted whether there is anything like that connection between climate, political serfdom, and autocratic power in Russia which is here so strongly emphasized. The influence alleged must have been very recent, even in Great-Russia, since it was there that Slav republics, based on a highly developed conception of popular liberties, flourished up to a late period in the nation's history. We must also bear in mind that submission to the power of autocracy in Russia is found not merely among the inhabitants of Great-Russia, with its low winter temperature, but also among subjects of the Tsar who enjoy, both in Europe and in Asia, climates as mild as that of southern Europe. Owing, moreover, to a very efficient system of house-warming, and a comfortable style of winter apparel from the wearing of which all conventional checks have been removed, the Great-Russian suffers less from cold in winter than does the average inhabitant of the United States. If the struggle with a severe climate predisposes to despotism, the free governments of the American continent are an anomaly. Our criticism must be the same of Leroy-Beaulieu's attempt to connect the peculiarities of the Russian environment with certain traits of the Russian character as manifested in the revolutionary movement and in religious phenomena: many of the observations made are undoubtedly just, but others show an extreme refinement of psychological analysis.

Leroy-Beaulieu is frequently happier when he is telling us what he observed in Russia than when he is advising us how we are to think about it. The objective

value of his work is great. He has contributed powerfully to that revised view which is everywhere supplanting our old conceptions of the Slav world. Perhaps the culminating interest of the production for American readers is in its chapters on the problems of Russian administration; and here, in spite of a treatment alternately too tentative and too ambiguous, the author is outspoken enough to satisfy even radical demands. In a preface written especially for the first volume of the English translation, he praises the personal character of an autocrat who, though "with one sign he can put in motion ten millions of men, is a lover of peace," apostrophizing the "self-constituted warder of the peace of the world, — a grand rôle for an autocrat, and we in France wish that he may long continue to enact it." All the same, Leroy-Beaulieu tells us that "the Tsar Alexander Alexandrovitch, crowned in the Kremlin of Moscow, is the contemporary not so much of Queen Victoria as of Queen Isabella of Castile;" and that "if, at the distance of four centuries, the Russian Tsar takes against his Jewish subjects measures which recall the edicts issued in 1492 by Los Reyes Católicos, it is because Orthodox Russia is not unlike Catholic Spain of the fifteenth century." He points to the "frightful development of political crimes" between 1878 and 1883, condemns government interference with education and faith, and urges as a prime necessity reforms that shall usher in the intellectual, political, and religious emancipation of the Russian people. If at the beginning of his work he assures us that when the Tsar signs ukases which our conscience condemns he "does it with a good conscience," at the end of it he declares that "the *status quo* in Russia cannot be maintained with safety to the future of the people."

The task of presenting to English readers this substantial installment of justice to Russia has been appropriately laid upon Madame Zénaïde Ragozin, a

native Russian, among whose qualifications may be mentioned her own historical researches and her long residence in the United States. There has been some slight departure in this first volume from the completeness of the original; but where exigencies of publication required the shortening of particular passages and the leaving out of others, the work has been done with both judiciousness and impartiality. Our comparison of the translation thus far made with the text shows a version that adheres closely to the original, and is written in generally excellent English. Here and there the language becomes colloquial, as when "the nastiness of the thaw" is spoken of; sometimes the author imitates too closely a French expression, as where winds are described as being robbed of their "water vapors," instead of their moisture or humidity. That horrid word "desinenace" is used throughout to indicate a grammatical termination, and "Cosacks" appears as an English version of the French "Cosaques." The special feature of the translation is its annotations. In these Madame Ragozin supplies a running commentary on the text, chiefly from a

Russian point of view, now in the form of footnotes, which are saved from confusion with Leroy-Beaulieu's own notes by a special set of markings, and now in the form of extended paragraphs in small type placed at the ends of the chapters. It would be nothing less than a calamity if this method of supplementing an author's work were to obtain any considerable extension in modern literature; but if there was ever a case in which the practice could be justified, it is the present. In some cases Madame Ragozin amplifies the illustrations of the author; in others she supplies omissions, or brings down to date a book written in the early seventies; in still others we have etymologies which Miklosich himself would indorse. In all these respects her work is welcome. But we doubt the wisdom of French methods of spelling Russian words in a work intended for American and English readers: it would have been better to transliterate the Slavic expressions used by Leroy-Beaulieu into good Anglo-Saxon. It should be added that this first installment of the translation, with its maps and special index, is more sumptuous, and typographically more readable, than its French original.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry. It is only fair to judge a poet who publishes two volumes within a single year by the second, especially when he says of its contents that "he has endeavored to exercise a critical discrimination, and, to the best of his ability, to correct or expunge the frequent obscurity, superfluity, and exaggerated expression of the earlier works." It is thus that Mr. Madison Cawein introduces his *Poems of Nature and Love* (Putnam's), which follows close upon the heels of *Red Leaves and Roses* (same publishers). The faults of this earlier volume, and indeed its predecessors, could hardly be better defined than in the author's own

words. The latest book is not so heavily burdened with them, but a great many red leaves are still left among the roses. The author has even now before him great opportunities for the exercise of self-restraint, to the end that his really poetic imaginings may be less often obscured by a too abundant gift of words. — *Athelwold*, by Amélie Rives. (Harpers.) "Kissing on a hill," or wherever else need be, plays a prominent part in this drama of old England. It is but another reading of the favorite old story of a king's deputy lover who takes heart to "speak for himself," and falls upon destruction in consequence. The at-

tempt at archaic diction is not wholly a success, as the phrase,

"Thou hast an hour before thee
Of most fierce jaw-work,"

will testify. Nor does the strength of the tragedy lie in its dramatic construction. The best things about it are occasional bits of pretty phrasing, such as Elfreda's when she says, —

"I'd . . . wear my crown
As 't were a sunbeam fallen on my head,
So lightly would I wear it."

— The Great Remembrance, and Other Poems, by Richard Watson Gilder. (The Century Co.) A canon of poetry might be made to read — all poems are occasional, but some are more occasional than others. Somehow it happens that when the occasion is of the spirit, and not of outward circumstance, the poem seems more usually a thing to be desired. In so small a book as this last one of Mr. Gilder's, it is not quite encouraging to discover a sort of poetical Topics of the Time. A Grand Army reunion, various aspects of the World's Fair, the deaths of great men, the playing of Paderewski and of Duse, — these give the main occasion to Mr. Gilder's Muse. Magazine subjects, it is almost fair to call them; and certainly it is fair to say that they are touched upon often with grace, and sometimes with force. As for permanence in poetry, it is perhaps fairer still to say that, from the nature of things, such themes, except under the touch of genius, are wont to be "embalmed in verse" in a sense not contemplated by the hopeful poets of old. — Poems Here at Home, by James Whitecomb Riley. (The Century Co.) How much of the success of Mr. Riley's verses depends upon their dialect may be inferred from the fact, which nobody can help observing in this book, that most of the rhymes in plain English which it contains are in no marked manner distinguished from the rhymes of other good men — whose books do not sell. That, however, is merely to say that Mr. Riley is far more at home in the poems for which the uncouth speech of children of smaller and larger growth is the best vehicle of expression. With how quaint a fancy he does these things very few readers need be told. Whether such verses shall be skipped in books — as they sometimes are in magazines — depends upon in-

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dividual tastes. Certain it is that nobody will quarrel with the fitness of illustrating Mr. Riley's rhymes with what may be called Mr. Kemble's dialect drawings. — The Other Side, an Historic Poem, by Virginia Frazer Boyle. (Printed at the Riverside Press.) A Southern woman's vigorous expression of memories of the past and conditions of the present. The little book is hardly of equal poetical strength throughout, but it possesses the serviceable merit of ending quite strongly enough to leave one with a last impression that is favorable. — Songs for the Hour, by D. M. Jones. (Lippincott.) The audience for which Mr. Jones has done most of his singing is evidently the Welsh population in and about Wilkesbarre. It is well, therefore, that there is music in some of the verses, even if they do not possess the qualities of greatness which might interfere with Mr. Jones's career as a local bard. — Bay Leaves, Translations from the Latin Poets, by Goldwin Smith. (Macmillan.) The peculiar merit of this collection of bits translated here and there from nine Latin poets is that each poet retains something of his original flavor. Regarding them simply as English verses, it is almost as if they were by nine different persons, and all of them writers of agreeable verse, — and that is no mean achievement. One may quarrel occasionally with a rhyme, as of *now* with *no*, and may question one point of propriety which presents itself with some frequency: in putting the Latin poets into English is one at liberty to draw freely from the phrases of English poets? Of Lesbia's sparrow, for example, it is a little surprising to read: —

"Now wings it to that gloomy bourne
From which no travellers return."

Possibly the spirit of a poem's new language is caught by the use of phrases which have entered into the very substance of English speech; but the effect upon the reader is somewhat bewildering. He cannot be quite sure whether he is reading Catullus, let us say, or Mr. Smith, or somebody else. Getting away from familiar translations is probably as great a difficulty; else the happy man of Horace would never have been described as he "who tills his old paternal lot." But, trivialities aside, the translations as a whole are excellent, and the book deserves very well of the class to which it will appeal.

Books for the Young. Two more volumes have been added to the not inconsiderable collection of boys' books called forth by the Year of Columbus. Westward with Columbus, by Gordon Stables, R. N. (Scribners), follows its hero's life from his childhood till his death, and the author shows a genuine enthusiasm for his subject that will be apt to prove contagious. Columbus is really the central figure of the story, most of the fictitious characters being introduced merely to fill the scene. The tale keeps very close to history, and is written with simplicity and good taste. — *Diccon the Bold*, by John Russell Coryell (Putnams), is the story of a sturdy, honest English lad who is the sole survivor from a ship destroyed by Mediterranean pirates. Cast upon the Spanish coast, he is kindly cared for by a Jewish family, and thus becomes a suspect of the Inquisition. After various haps and mishaps, he sails with Columbus, and has the proper modicum of New World adventure before returning in safety to his native land. A well-constructed and readable tale, wholesome in tone, and in the main notably free from exaggeration and undue sensationalism. — Recent additions to what may be called the Kirk Munroe Boys' Library of Adventure are, *Raftmates*, a Story of the Great River (Harpers), and *The Coral Ship*, a Story of the Florida Reef. (Putnams.) The former is a companion volume to *Dorymates*, *Campmates*, and *Canoe-mates*, and, like its predecessors, it is a breathless succession of exciting incidents, hairbreadth escapes, and overwhelming catastrophes, all leading to the fortunate ending which comes at the latest practicable moment. The *Coral Ship*, on the whole the best tale yet issued in the Rail and Water Series, tells how a Spanish galleon, laden with the spoils of Mexico, is wrecked on the Florida Reef, and an English prisoner, Sir Richard Alanson, and some negro slaves alone are saved. A youthful descendant of Sir Richard is wrecked in the same spot, and, need we say, discovers the remains of the Spanish ship, incrustated with coral, and also a devoted servitor in the living representative of the chief of the rescued slaves. We commend, while we wonder at, the moderation which makes the salvage from the richly freighted galleon but a single golden vase and a few bars of silver.

History and Biography. Sefton, a Descriptive and Historical Account, comprising the Collected Notes and Researches of the late Rev. Engelbert Horley, together with the Records of the Moek Corporation, by W. D. Caröe and E. J. A. Gordon. (Longmans.) One of the most remarkable churches to be found in Lancashire — a church peculiarly rich in archæological and historical interest — is that of Sefton, a village so near to Liverpool that it should be an easy resource to those Americans who, eager for the older England, are unwillingly detained in that very modern city. This exceedingly handsome volume, designed as a tribute to the late rector of Sefton, contains a description of the church, and a sketch of its history largely founded upon material he had collected. This also included notes on some of his predecessors, and on certain members of the two great families of the neighborhood whose effigies are to be found in the Molyneux and Blundell chapels. The earlier division of the work, which is very well illustrated, is interesting and readable, though probably less complete than it would have been in the hands of its originator; but we think the editors were ill advised in not confining the notice of the Moek Corporation to the two papers written by Mr. Horley. As it is, the annals of this eighteenth-century convivial club occupy an inordinate amount of space in comparison with the really valuable portions of the book. — *Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Horatio Bridge. (Harpers.) Mr. Bridge has done excellent service in giving permanent shape to his recollections; for not only does he publish some very interesting correspondence with Hawthorne, but in a simple, unaffected fashion he gives agreeable hints of Hawthorne's personality among those who were not distinctively literary. — *Abraham Lincoln — Was he a Christian?* by John B. Remsburg. (The Truth Seeker Company, New York.) Mr. Remsburg prints on his title-page these words, "I am not a Christian. — LINCOLN," and then devotes more than three hundred pages to proving this negative. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? — *The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a Sketch of her Public Life and Work*, prepared for the Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Exposition by Command of Her Royal

Highness, Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. (McClurg.) The letters at the beginning of this little book show how Mrs. Potter Palmer requested it, and the Duchess of Teck commanded it. It is apparently thought superfluous to give the author's name, but as he claims nothing more than the distinction of having hastily put together the main facts of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's service to mankind, it is perhaps as well. The facts, to any reader skeptical of the use that can be made of great wealth, must be amazing. — My Year in a Log Cabin, by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) One of the little Black and White Series, and a delightful bit of recollection of youth. It is not so much what happened as the effect upon the boy's consciousness here reflected, possibly refracted in memory, that interests both writer and reader. Yet we sigh a little over these autobiographic bits. Can it be that Howells thinks he is an old man? — Historical Tales, The Romance of Reality, by Charles Morris. (Lippincott.) A series of four volumes, devoted respectively to American, English, French, and German history. The author says that his design has been "to cull from the annals of the nations some of their more stirring and romantic incidents, and present them as a gallery of pictures that might serve to adorn the entrance to the temple of history, of which this work is offered as in some sense an illuminated antechamber." Less rhetorically, we may state that each volume contains from twenty-five to thirty such incidents, usually well selected, and narrated in a concise and fairly readable fashion, and with more simplicity of style than the writer's preface would lead one to expect. The chief merit of the books is that possibly these fragments may excite in some readers a desire for the whole story, well told. — Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantès. (Scribners.) A new edition of a translation which in its earlier form appeared in London in 1831-35, the volumes closely following the publication of the originals in Paris. In the English version the opening portion of the work was but slightly abridged, but probably its length proved alarming, and omissions multiplied in the later volumes. As, afterward, the same plan was pursued in preparing the abridgment of this translation, which is now reprinted, the later chapters are natu-

rally fragmentary in effect, — the account of so important an incident, for example, as the tragic death of Junot, with the melancholy attendant circumstances, being reduced to a few incoherent paragraphs. Madame Junot was such a gossiping, discursive, and voluminous chronicler that a rather severe condensation was inevitable; and while we wish that it had been better proportioned, and her personal history less summarily dealt with in the last volume, we are thankful for the good provided us, and glad that so handsome a reissue of the memoirs has been placed in the hands of a new generation of readers. These will probably find the work "full of quotations," so largely, during the last sixty years, has it been drawn upon by writers treating of the social life of the Consulate and Empire. Madame Junot wrote from an exceptionally intimate knowledge of the Bonaparte family and the imperial court, and if her entertaining pages must occasionally be taken with certain reserves, the various reminiscences, written from widely differing standpoints, which have followed hers, attest, on the whole, her graphic power and substantial accuracy. It is greatly to be regretted that a sketch of the later years of the author's life should not have been prefixed to this edition. There could be no sadder contrast than that between the young, brilliant, elegant, and, it must be added, incurably extravagant *Gouvernante de Paris* and the woman, poor, ill, and harassed by debts, who spent her failing strength in writing with feverish rapidity volume after volume of her recollections of happier times. — Women of Versailles, The Court of Louis XV., by Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) The miserable story of the sovereign who should have been called Louis the Weak is here followed from the accession of the child-king in 1715 to the death of the queen in 1768. Louis XV. and the women of his court have been so often depicted by keen observers with the true Gallic skill in pen portraiture that M. de Saint-Amand has had no difficulty in presenting a series of vivid character sketches. If the lights in the king's picture, such as they are, are given their full effect, the likeness of the timid, irresolute, ennuyé sensualist is in the main a faithful one. As a wholesome

relief, and in sharpest contradistinction to the presentments of the sisters de Nesle and the Pompadour, we have in her simple dignity the figure of the long-suffering Marie Leczinska, — the last woman who has died queen of France, — who, with her like-minded son and daughters, led a decorous and pious life, unaffected by the surrounding pandemonium. — *Old Court Life in France*, by Frances Elliot. (Putnams.) That this work should be thought worthy of republication, twenty years after its first appearance, may be sufficient justification for the complacency of the author's preface to the new edition. But, except that she has read many French memoirs, she shows few qualifications for, in her own words, portraying "the substance and spirit of history, without affecting to maintain its form and dress." Even as a purveyor of historical gossip she evinces small insight into character, and little sense of the distinction between possible fact and the idle rumors which crystallize into legends. Her style is commonplace, and the imaginary illustrative incidents and conversations scattered through the book cannot be commended either for literary grace or as bits of historical fiction. But there is a large number of readers who like a *réchauffé* of this kind, and care not at all whether or no it be really history or literature. The volumes are well printed, handsomely bound, and liberally illustrated. — *Louis Agassiz, his Life and Work*, by Charles Frederick Holder. (Putnams.) We cannot help feeling that this book was written more because a *Life* of Agassiz was a necessity in a series on Leaders of Science than for any intrinsic need of such a volume. It is not so much shorter than Mrs. Agassiz's *Life* of her husband as to take the relative position of a handbook, nor does it attempt, except in the direction of unnecessary pictures, to cover more ground than that established book of authority upon the subject. It does survey with comprehensive view the great scientist's career from Switzerland to Brazil, and as one volume in a series takes its place creditably enough. — *Clarke Aspinall, a Biography*, by Walter Lewin. (Edward W. Allen, London.) Mr. Lewin's excellent introduction, in which he makes a study of biographical writing, encourages one to hope for more than he gets in the rest of the book. Mr. Aspinall was

a well-known figure in Liverpool, and a man plainly of marked individuality, but the narrative of his life scarcely goes beyond the demands of a local audience who already knew him. — The third volume of J. R. Green's *A Short History of the English People* in its illustrated form, as edited by Mrs. Green and Miss Kate Norgate (Harpers), follows hard upon the second. It contains the eighth and ninth chapters, covering the century which saw Puritanism regnant and then supplanted by the Stuart restoration, which is just about to give way, as the volume closes, to the Orange revolution. The portraits, the reproduction of contemporaneous prints, the architectural bits, copies of coins, and a variety of other objects illustrative of the period continue to show the good judgment and taste of the editors. The frontispiece, a folding sheet in colors, is a very interesting view of London Bridge, the earliest genuine view known. If anything could add to the charm of Mr. Green's writing, it is these serviceable illustrations. — *Leaves from the Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini*. (The Century Co.) It is refreshing to find somebody "who is somebody" taking himself with thorough seriousness, in this day and generation. When Salvini has to tell of his dramatic triumphs, is he beguiled into treating them as matters of small concern? Far from it. "I was receiving the ovations of the public, and was almost buried in the flowers that were thrown to me." Such an occasion he delights especially to chronicle. When most of the world acts so well in hiding through very self-consciousness the things which are most grateful to personal pride, here is the actor tossing the mask away, acting not at all, but speaking with utter childlike frankness of the joy of his successes. The book, moreover, owes a large share of its interest to Salvini's remarks regarding his greatest contemporaries on the French, English, and American stage; but, with due deference to the Century Company's habits of spelling, we must believe that he formed his opinions in a *theatre*, and not a *theater*. — *Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas*, by Alfred M. Williams. (Houghton.) Mr. Williams had a picturesque subject to deal with, and one, moreover, tempting to the pictorial writer. He has resisted any temptation to make a brilliant book, and has made a thor-

rather copious than choice. — Early Printed Books, by E. Gordon Duff. (Imported by Scribners.) This is one of the best contributions to the series of Books about Books. Recognizing the fact that “small books on large subjects are, for the most part, both superficial and imperfect,” the author has tried to avoid the danger involved, and is helped in his endeavor by the nature of his subject. Of the very beginnings of printing, with which the book has to deal, there is of necessity a limited amount of knowledge accessible. Mr. Duff has sifted the facts relating to the early printers of various countries and towns, and, preserving some of the least obvious and most significant, has attained very satisfactory results. It is fitting that all of these Books about Books represent so well what the best book-makers, merely as such, can do to-day. — Messrs. Charles Scribner’s Sons have put up five of Mr. George W. Cable’s books, *Old Creole Days*, *Dr. Sevier*, *Bonaventure*, *Strange True Stories of Louisiana*, and the *Grandissimes*, in a neat uniform style, in anticipation of the day when Cable’s Works shall be recognized as belonging to what is commonly called standard American literature. — An Index to Harper’s New Monthly Magazine covers the first eighty-five volumes, from June, 1850, to November, 1892. By an ingenious device, the pages of the former index, covering seventy volumes, have been used, but made to alternate with pages partly filled with the index to the later fifteen volumes. This is a better arrangement than to make the supplementary index in a body at the end of the book. (Harpers.) — Messrs. Putnam’s Sons have reprinted, in the same style as last year’s Hildegard Edition of *The Initials*, *Fredrika Bremer’s The Home*, in Mary Howitt’s excellent and sympathetic translation. It is pleasant to meet this old friend in so attractive a guise, and the volumes might well be regarded as a Jubilee edition, fifty years having passed since the appearance of this English version of what has probably proved the most enduringly popular of its author’s novels. — Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have brought out, in their beautiful edition of Dumas’s novels, *Olympe de Clèves*, not one of the most widely known of its author’s historical romances, but taking a sufficiently high rank amongst them to make it a little surprising that this ex-

cellent translation should be, as is claimed, the first English version of the tale.

Books of Reference. A Dictionary of Foreign Phrases and Classical Quotations, edited by R. D. Blackman. (Putnams.) This is one of the books that might perfectly well have been very good, if only the trouble had been taken to make them a few degrees better. Its material is abundant, but rather ill arranged. “Where the meaning of Foreign Idiom can be better so conveyed, ordinary colloquialisms,” according to the preface, “have been employed.” This is doubtless a good principle, but why enforce it in such an absurd way as to translate “*Tout chemin va à Rome*” into “By hook or by crook”? — just as if the English tongue had not a saying of its own about roads and Rome. — *How Do You Spell It? or Words As They Look*, by W. T. C. Hyde. (McClurg.) This is called “a book for busy people,” and is based upon the assumption that most of them do not know how to spell. A long list of debatable words is therefore printed, with the doubtful letters in bold-face type. The plan is good, in detail it is well carried out, and all unsteady followers of Webster who will keep this book near at hand need have no excuse for stumbling. We cannot help remarking, however, that “Words as they look” is hardly the fairest definition of a procession of innocent words, each and all marked for life, as it were, with a black eye.

Fiction. *Sally Dows, and Other Stories*, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) The story which fills half of this volume and provides the title takes the reader to a country where he is a little surprised to find Mr. Harte. It is the South in the days of reconstruction, and the hero of the tale plays his part in the process by winning the heart of an incomprehensible Southern girl. The story has scenes of genuine spirit, yet as a whole it does not carry a great weight of conviction with it. The three remaining stories are of the West, and in the absence of a signature, we are strongly inclined to think, would strike many readers as the work of a clever person who was or was not born in the West, but for the purpose in hand had gained most of his impulse by reading the stories of the Mr. Harte of twenty years ago. — *Ivar the Viking*, by Paul Du Chaillu. (Scribners.) The author calls his book “a romantic history

oughly reliable one. His narrative is clear, straightforward, and close to facts. Its temperateness of tone might mislead some, but any one who knows the rubbish that has been raised over the subject will be grateful to an author who has sought so steadily for the actual facts of history and biography.

Education. Outlines of Pedagogies, by W. Rein. Translated by C. C. and Ida J. Van Liew. (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., London; C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) Professor Rein is the Director of the Pedagogical Seminary at the University of Jena, and externally and internally this work gives evidence of having been delivered in the form of lectures. Like objects imported under the McKinley tariff, it might well bear the label of Germany as the country of origin. The subject is approached from the philosophical rather than the immediately practical side, and the book will appeal to the increasing class which studies the problems of education as problems of pure science. — *The Kindergarten*, edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Harpers.) Mrs. Wiggin introduces this collection of papers with one of her own on the Relation of the Kindergarten to Social Reform, and the half dozen other writers all struggle more or less successfully with the philosophy of the system. Mrs. Rollins, however, in her Seed, Flower, and Fruit of the Kindergarten, brings her matter into a pretty direct and concrete form by her amusing contrast of the old-fashioned teacher and the kindergartner in their dealing with specific cases.

Textbooks. The Classic Myths in English Literature, based chiefly on Bulfinch's Age of Fable. Accompanied by an Interpretative and Illustrative Commentary. Edited by Charles Mills Gayley. (Ginn.) This book may be regarded as a pioneer, and also a most useful handbook. It marks the deliberate attempt to incorporate the study of myths, chiefly as elements of literature, but also in their comparative significance, into a liberal education. Under present conditions this seems almost requisite; yet if we could have our way, every child would become familiar with these myths from reading them in childhood as stories and legends, so that when he came into the analytical study of English literature he would have no more trouble with these al-

lusions than he would with references to the games he had played at recess.

Literature and Literary History. The new edition of Thoreau (Houghton), of which we spoke last month, has been brought to a conclusion by the publication of six more volumes: Excursions, Miscellanies, and the four seasons, Early Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The new grouping of the volumes of fragments is more orderly than before, and in the Miscellanies some uncollected matter is for the first time made convenient to the student of Thoreau. We say "student" advisedly, for we greatly doubt if the idle reader will attempt his translations from Pindar. A general index in the final volume is an admirable appointment, for one's recollection of Thoreau is of bits which it is hard to localize. Each volume besides has its own index. In re-reading one discovers single sentences which ought to be proverbs, so compact are they of rare wisdom. — The Scribners' series of Cameo books has a charming addition to its numbers in Mr. Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque*. There is no better test of a friend than to find him, after an absence, in strange apparel, and to prove that, in spite of new appearances, the old companionship may be taken up without a regret. Nothing of Mr. Stevenson's is old enough to have outgrown utterly the reigning fashions of its first days, but to come upon *Virginibus Puerisque* in the best clothes of this our own year of grace is to ask afresh whether its wisdom, its cleverness, and its enchanting verbal texture can ever become "out of date." — *The Cloister and the Hearth*, illustrated from drawings by William Martin Johnson. (Harpers.) Charles Reade's wonderful and opulent romance is here presented in two shapely volumes, illustrated, decorated, embellished with side-note pictures, borders, portraits of Reade and Erasmus, headpieces, tailpieces, all manner of single figures and buildings and bits of landscape, but with scarcely anything that can be called composition. The book is a mediæval museum, at the hands both of author and designer, though the author also has made the story strong by his frequent groupings and his vivid narrative. There is more character, often, in the faces in the drawings than there is strength of art in the strictly decorative treatment, which is

based upon authentic facts of the third and fourth centuries ;" and indeed, the story, such as it is, is merely a peg whereon to hang a picture, intended to be carefully correct in all its details, of the life of the Norse chiefs. In short, the writer aims to give in a popular form the historical and archæological researches more elaborately and technically treated in *The Viking Age*. Mr. Du Chaillu holds with unabated ardor his belief in the Scandinavian origin of the English race, and the accepted view is still to him "the Anglo-Saxon myth." His latest volume has the not altogether unusual prefix of a letter from Mr. Gladstone. This letter, a very characteristic one, is given both in type and facsimile ; and the writer, while disclaiming any special knowledge of the subject, declares himself favorably inclined Norseward, as when among Scandinavians he has felt something like a cry of nature asserting his nearness to them. — *The Love Affairs of an Old Maid*, by Lilian Bell. (Harpers.) The Old Maid of this narrative maintains a discreet silence regarding her own Love Affairs, but imparts to her cat all the confidences of her friends on the road towards matrimony and established within the blessed estate. The plan of the story, therefore, gives a capital opportunity for observing the ways of men with maids, and of maids with men. The more difficult characters, the less superficial, Miss Bell has drawn with shrewd understanding and humor and many admirable touches. The weakness of the book lies in its attempt to dispose of too large a number of types ; the result is a little weariness and confusion. But as an evidence of a new writer's possibilities it gives excellent promise. — *Thumb-Nail Sketches*, by George Wharton Edwards. (The Century Co.) A miniature book, with stories and pictures in proportion. The little stories are entertaining incidents of travel, mainly in Holland, and the little pictures are such as a man clever with his pencil might adorn the margins of his home letters withal. Of course the maker of the little volume does not expect it to be taken too seriously ; and for what it is, it is quite good enough. — The descent into paper from cloth, in the case of a novel already published, frequently means that the book is rising in favor, and so throws off some of the impedimenta of price and weight. Among these may

be named : *The World of Chance*, by W. D. Howells (Harpers) ; *Pratt Portraits*, by Anna Fuller (Putnams) ; *An Imperative Duty*, by W. D. Howells (Harpers) ; *Paul Bourget's Love's Cruel Enigma and The Son (The Waverly Co., New York)* ; *West and East*, by Laura Coates Reed (Chas. H. Sergel & Co., Chicago) ; *The Aztec Treasure House*, by Thomas A. Janvier (Harpers) ; *The Captain of the Janizaries*, by James M. Ludlow (Harpers). — On the other hand, there are paper-covered books which appear to begin life thus, as if they had to fight their way in their shirt sleeves, as *A Terrible Family*, by Florence Warden (International News Co., New York) ; *The Vyvyans*, by Andrée Hope (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago) ; *The Reverend Melancthon Poundex*, by Doren Platt (Robert J. Belford, Chicago) ; *Poseidon's Paradise*, the Romance of Atlantis, by Elizabeth G. Birkmaier (The Clemens Publishing Co., San Francisco) ; *Beyond Hypnotism*, by David A. Curtis (The Literary Casket Publishing Co., New York) ; *Clear the Track*, by E. Werner, translated by Mary Stuart Smith (International News Co.). — In Harper's Franklin Square Library are : *Dr. Mirabel's Theory, a Psychological Study*, by Ross George Dering ; *The Burden of Israel*, by J. MacLaren Cobban ; and *The Transgression of Terence Clancy*, by Harold Vallings. — Mr. Howells has added another to his little farces, *Evening Dress* (Harpers), which is as delightful, as gossamer-like in texture, as humorous, as any of the rest. Even the slang of the day melts in Campbell's mouth. — Late additions to the uniform reissue of William Black's works (Harpers) are : *In Far Lochaber*, doubtless the most powerful and impressive of his recent novels ; and *The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat*, a pleasant Thames chronicle, which introduces that agreeable American heroine, the ever-charming Peggy.

Sport. Walter Camp's *Book of College Sports*, by Walter Camp. (The Century Co.) Instead of a dozen graduates coaching one team, according to the present college custom, we have in this book one graduate talking to as many young athletes, from all institutions of learning, as will listen to him. After preaching a good little sermon on the text "Be each, pray God, a gentleman !" Mr. Camp tells many things in the history of American college

athletics, and gives sensible advice on various points. If no other word were said of the book, it should at least be noticed that General Putnam's Ride is to have two companions in the annals of America, Lamar's Run and Bull's Kick.

Religion and Social Science. Sermons, sixth series, by the Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks. (Dutton.) A valuable addition to these sermons is the date of first delivery appended to each. The twenty here given range from 1865 to 1889; and though the note which Bishop Brooks struck a quarter of a century ago was in unison with that of his latest utterance, his friends and disciples will be glad to read his discourses now in the light of his personal history. They are so instinct with his individuality that no one can read them without almost seeing and hearing the preacher; and yet how absolutely free they are from reference to the first person singular! — *Tools and the Man, Property and Industry under the Christian Law*, by Washington Gladden. (Houghton.) An interesting little book, since it aims at formulating the law of love in its possible working through institutions. The premise upon which it proceeds is that, in revealing God to men, Christ laid bare a principle of life which already had been faintly perceived in human relations, as in that of father and son, husband and wife, but was destined to universal application. By that principle he would have us believe the world is finally to move in its conscious orbit, and he maintains that the function of Christianity is constantly to make active effort at hastening the time, reminding men that the law of their being calls for expression not only individually, but organically in society. Christianity, under Dr. Gladden's preaching, brings indeed a sword, and not peace, for it aims at thorough revolution. — *The Scientific Study of Theology*, by W. L. Paige Cox. (Skeffington & Son, London.) A small volume, temperate but firm in spirit, which not only pleads for the study of theology as other sciences are studied, but proceeds to take up certain fundamental questions, as that of the nature of God, the

future life, the miracles of the New Testament, and applies the principles laid down. The writer does not undertake to examine theology as a system, and his purpose is so plainly practical that one is not surprised to find him devoting a chapter to the scientific study of the nature and principles of worship, and dwelling at some length and with great good sense on the relation which the intelligent and even critical man bears to his Maker in the region of worship. What he says of music as a subtle correlative of sacrifice is admirable. — *Socialism and the American Spirit*, by Nicholas Paine Gilman. (Houghton.) Mr. Gilman, who has been an industrious collector of the facts regarding profit-sharing, asks himself the question, Is the socialism which is offered as the next stage in the development of government the same thing in Europe and in America? and proceeds, by an examination both of theoretical socialism and of the characteristics of American life, social and political, to point out how obstructive is genuine Americanism to a doctrinaire socialism. It is refreshing to find a book dealing with its subject in so direct and manly a fashion as this. It brushes away a great many cobwebs; and although its treatment is necessarily somewhat general, there is a constant and successful endeavor of the author to plant himself solidly on the ground of fact. — *The People's Money*, by W. L. Trenholm. (Scribners.) The late debates in Congress have shown pretty plainly that, though a few men perceive clearly the function of currency, a great many, in Congress and out, are in a fog; and the service which Mr. Trenholm renders such in this book is very great, for he writes of cash and credit, of confidence and of law, as bases of money, of the monetary unit, legal tender, paper money, the balance of trade, the volume of money, and the standard of value, in terms so definite, so perspicacious, and so forcible that one who commits himself to Mr. Trenholm's leadership not only finds his way out of the fog, but learns the greater lesson of finding his own way through the mazes sure to offer themselves in whichever direction he turns.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Tyndall and Emerson. THE two letters which follow were written to an American lady who chanced to meet Mr. Tyndall in Switzerland, where she was traveling with her young son : —

ROYAL INSTITUTION, ALBEMARLE STREET,
2d June, 1870.

MY DEAR MADAM, — I have by no means forgotten our meeting at the Riffel, nor our reciting the poetry of your eminent countryman, coming down the slope from the glacier to the hotel. I think we sounded Monadnock.

" Hither we bring
Our insect miseries to the rocks ;
And the whole brood with pestering wing
Vanish, and end their murmuring, —
Vanish beside these dedicated blocks."

I quote from memory, for long ago I lodged these lines and many others of Emerson's in the book and volume of my brain.

I always thought those lines on *Rhodora* exquisite. But what the *rhodora* was "I never knew." Some time ago I was staying with a friend in the country, and while under shelter of a pine wood a group of us talked of the *rhodora*, but none of us knew anything about it. I had quoted some of the lines regarding it in a little book of mine about the Alps, written ten years ago : hence the conversation.

Many thanks to you for the flower ; no other flower could be more acceptable to me.

Some time ago Mr. Emerson gave me a pleasure of which he had necessarily no knowledge. I go down from time to time to Chelsea, to see that grand old man Thomas Carlyle. When I was there last, two books of Emerson were on the table, addressed, "With unchangeable affection to Thomas Carlyle." It did my heart good to see this loyalty.

Poor Mrs. Carlyle handed him over to my safe-keeping when he went to Edinburgh to be installed as rector of the University. She died while he was in Scotland. I afterwards went with him to Mentone. A few weeks ago I was with him in the country. It was a wild day, and we got into a clearing in the middle of a wood, where we sat in calm while the storm rolled

around us. I plucked a cushion of ferns for the old man, placed it on the stump of a tree, helped him to light his pipe, and there we talked of death, and the privilege of being released from the fear of it.

I was so much pleased with Emerson's books and their superscription that I carried them away with me ; they are here beside me.

I think my own single example would demonstrate the futility of all attempts to sever intellectual progress from moral influences, as Buckle tried to do some years ago. For even my science owes a great debt to Emerson, Fichte, and Carlyle, — three men who care little for science. But there were stirred the forces that were latent within me, and that these forces took the scientific direction was a mere accident.

I rarely write so long a letter. Good-bye.

Yours most truly,

JOHN TYNDALL.

Give Mr. Emerson my thanks. I might with truth offer more.

Concord, June 27, 1870.

DEAR MADAM, — I have been much interested by Professor Tyndall's letter, which you have so kindly allowed me to read. The good will he expresses towards myself is highly gratifying to me, as I know well his own eminent worth. I could heartily wish that, since his scientific researches make him so much a traveler, they may, one of these days, bring him to America, where he has already, I doubt not, a larger public of readers than in England. He will, no doubt, like also to give new lessons to that young scholar of his at Riffel formerly, who, I am glad to hear, has come to value his letter. Mr. Tyndall's notices of Carlyle are especially interesting to me, — every word.

I send you warm thanks for your kindness in sending me the letter, which I now reenclose.

With great regard, yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

It will be remembered that Tyndall did visit America two years afterward.

For Clever People. — Your clever Contributor in the Club of last November — who is so clever that he (I use the pronoun impersonally, without regard to sex) has a very nice choice in the way of cleverness — seems inclined to flatter the instincts of so many tedious people that I am ready to ask if what he actually complains of is not that the world is not clever enough. "The worst accusation," he remarks, "that we can bring against clever people is this: they do not care about the truth; their ambition is not to say what is true, but to say something ingenious and entertaining." Now, I confess to feeling that there is so much dullness in the world, so much ignorance, inaccuracy, and conceit have to be put up with, that even the intention to amuse ought to be gratefully accepted. Of course, what we want is the real outcome of good minds in conversation, sincerity, simplicity of purpose, and genuine wit and humor; a pretentious cleverness is rarely, I think, successful, and what I complain of is that pretentious dullness too often is.

For it does seem to me more and more that a melancholy earnestness, a strenuous pursuit of the truth, is one of the signs of the times. Your Contributor's world is no doubt the large world outside of women's clubs and university extension lectures. It has been my experience for a year or two to be asked, for example, whether I have attended the course on Dante; and when I have answered in the negative, to be told that I had missed an invaluable opportunity, and then to be inundated with information on the subject of the great and unhappy Florentine. George Eliot remarks that, no matter what may be his attainments, a man may fail to shine in society because in ordinary conversation it is so difficult to get a cue for a quotation in Greek; but these *nouveaux riches* in polite learning are never at a loss; now that all the world is so intelligent, the most abstruse subjects are sure of an opportunity.

Somebody attended lately a ladies' luncheon, where, as soon as the material courses had been hurried through, the guests were called upon to listen to twenty-five papers, read by as many different authors, upon the question "How does woman best fulfill her mission?" Speaking about the entertainment the next day, I ventured to demur a little, saying that at home one read for

improvement, but one went out for amusement, when a very pretty and elegant matron told me that she made it a point no longer to go into society when the entertainment consisted only of trivial conversation.

"A party in a parlor, all silent and all" — listening to somebody on a platform who reads, recites, addresses, and lectures, seems to be the modern idea of social edification. Mr. Augustine Birrell has remarked that in America we seem still to love talk for its own sake, and really enjoy sitting and being declaimed at in a loud voice, delighting in the rolling sentence and the lofty and familiar sentiment. And it is certainly the fact that let any one, nowadays, stand up and read a paper or recite a memorized speech, no matter on what subject, everybody listens; every heart seems refreshed by the overflow, every intellectual need stilled. Indeed, no little wit, skill, grace, and clever powers of adaptation are pressed into service for drawing-room entertainments; and so long as they go for what they are worth I am grateful enough, only I am tired of the dismal necessity of being instructed at every turn.

A friend, herself a successful writer, happened to be waiting on the veranda of a country inn, when two of the inmates — one a middle-aged farmer's wife, and the other an elaborately dressed city girl — came out and surveyed the stranger. After a time the younger began conversation.

"Hem! Fond of reading?"

"Not always," replied my friend, whom I will call Mrs. X.

"I am," said the young lady, with an air of superior enlightenment. "And I think it is very improving." Having administered this crushing rebuke, she waited a moment; then inquired, "Any favorite authors?"

"Oh, I think not," murmured Mrs. X.

"I have a great many favorite authors," said the young lady, with such severity that Mrs. X. felt constrained to ask, —

"Who are your favorite authors?"

"The Duchess, Mrs. Forrester, Rosa Nouchette Carey, E. P. Roe, and Dickens." Then, watching for some sign of recognition on the part of her audience, she asked, "Ever heard of any of them?"

"Not of the first three, I think."

"Do you know E. P. Roe and Dickens?"

"A little."

"E. P. Roe is very popular with Sunday-schools," the young lady now explained, "and Dickens, *if you can understand him*, is full of humor."

She had hit, albeit an octave below the actual pitch, what seems to me the true contemporary keynote, the sort of tone which makes it embarrassing for a modest person, who has read all his life, and thinks no more of having done so than of having nourished his body with food and warmed it with clothes, to assert himself in the face of an intention superior to anything like mere interest and amusement, of such definite aim for improvement.

A woman at the World's Fair who had charge of an exhibit in the Machinery Building, in a section given over to iron monsters which whirled, revolved, hammered, and shrieked on all sides, told me that one day one of the visitors stood near her, gazing about in a bewildered way for a time; then approached, and inquired, "Is this the Fisheries Building?" The question was found so amusing that it was repeated to one of the managers, who remarked, "That is a capital idea," and thereafter, when asked, as he was asked a hundred times a day, what building it was, he would reply with the utmost gravity, "The Fisheries Building."

Of course this was flippant, for it would have been a good deed to set obtuse wits working clearly; but oh, "the ennui, the fatigue, the despair" of having to put up with fatuity, of following the mental processes of people who will not do their own thinking! The comfort of meeting a mind which rests on the verities, but lets them go without saying, takes for granted what is obvious! Still, while I have a sympathy for people whose desire to instruct others is but moderate, I also think it necessary to exercise moderation in attempts to entertain them, — such attempts often making calamity of the best intentions, as in the case of the man who danced a hornpipe in order to cheer his wife after the death of her mother. I call him a *would-be* clever man, as I call those who involve their sentences; as I call even George Meredith in certain passages which weary the reader, but which may be borne by grace of his speech when it becomes a flame of clear light and heat, with no smouldering residue of dross. Is not cleverness the best English equivalent

for the French *esprit* which Amiel defines thus? "Esprit means taking things in the sense which they were intended to have, entering into the tone of other people, being able to place one's self on the required level; esprit is that just and accurate sense which divines, appoints, and weighs quickly, lightly, and well."

The Hired Man. — One of the chief arguments advanced by upholders of the Single Tax is, that if their scheme were adopted the early conditions of social life in New England would be regained. If this means that we should have the Hired Man back again, I for one shall become an ardent supporter of Mr. Henry George. In the relationship of domestic employer and employee there have been in New England three stages of progress or retrogression, whichever you may choose to call it. First came the era of the Hired Man, then that of the "Help," and finally that of the Servant. The first was a primeval, idyllic period, such as Rousseau dreamed of; the second was a period of semi-civilization, morbidly self-conscious; the third — upon which we have only just entered — is a period of effete civilization imported from Europe. The Hired Man is fast becoming extinct, and unless his traits are presently recorded in *The Atlantic Monthly* the very remembrance of what he was may fade from the minds of men. To prevent this contingency, I now come forward, — not in a spirit of self-sufficiency; without doubt, other members of the Club are far better historians than myself. But I have a special knowledge of the subject. I was brought up, in no small measure, by a Hired Man; I have summered and wintered with him; from him, largely, I imbibed the tastes and principles which have inspired and guided me through life; and if I have been of any service to the community in my day and generation, the credit belongs to him.

The genesis of the Hired Man is somewhat as follows: In primitive New England, farmers hired men to assist them only in particular seasons, especially at haying time. At such a time, in default of grown-up sons of his own, a farmer would hire some neighbor's sons, who would of course live in the family on terms of perfect equality. In the villages, as a rule, people "did their own work," as the phrase runs. When Abraham

Lincoln lived at Springfield, Illinois, he took care of his own horse and cow : that was the practice of the "squire" in a country town ; and in the smaller towns, East and West, it is the practice to-day. But in the larger towns, as business and wealth increased, it became the custom for well-to-do persons, such as the lawyer, the doctor, the gentleman of leisure (not unknown fifty or even one hundred years ago), to have a Hired Man to do the chores. He was called the Hired Man to indicate that he had entered into a contract of some formality : he was hired regularly by the month, — not simply engaged casually for a special piece of work. His duties were to milk the cow, to take care of the horse or horses, to wash the carriage, to saw and split all the wood used by the family, to feed the pig and hens, to shovel snow in winter, to raise vegetables and flowers, to cut the acre or two of grass appurtenant to the house, to drive boys out of the apple orchard, to weed the paths, to mend the fences, to "tinker" the various tools and household utensils used on the premises, to beat carpets, to wash windows, to act as coachman on Sundays and at funerals, and, finally, to educate and bring up all the children of the family.

The native American never became a perfect Hired Man, because he was always looking forward to something better, or rather to something grander and more remunerative. Besides, he was not quite comfortable about taking his meals in the kitchen with the "Hired Girl." But fortunately, just when the services of the Hired Man began to be required, the Irish emigration to the United States set in upon a great scale. The flower of the Irish peasantry emigrated to this country, and it was among this class that the ideal Hired Man was developed. Of course there were many Hired Men among the Irish who had grave faults, and equally of course one of these faults was drunkenness. But, as a rule, Pat got drunk only on particular occasions, and thus, by a little care on the part of the family, any great inconvenience caused by his temporary disability might be avoided. Pat, when drunk, was inveigled or spirited to the haymow, and left there to "sleep it off," while his multifarious duties were distributed among the various members of the household, much to the delight of the children.

It was an especial pleasure for me to have Pat get thoroughly drunk, for then I was allowed to assume the sole responsibility of the stable. But I found it best to keep out of the way when Pat, having "slept it off," arose, shook the hayseed from his clothes, and set about his work. At such times his ordinarily placid temper was ruffled. I remember one occasion when Pat, having unaccountably failed to become intoxicated, caused me much disappointment, and still more embarrassment. It was the last day of Cattle Show, — the drunkenest day in the course of the year. Our town was the county seat, and Cattle Show was held there, annually, in the first week of October. The third and last day of the Fair was the great day. It was then that the "horse trots" came off ; the whole countryside poured in to see them, and everybody who "took a little" customarily seemed to make it a point of honor to take a great deal then. When the last race was finished, a grand rush for home took place, — delayed, however, in some cases, by a stay at the tavern. From dark till midnight, drunken men used to go shrieking and screaming past our house ; and the next morning, on all the main roads, a harvest of empty rum bottles, pints and quarts, might have been reaped in the ditch on either side.

It was, as I have said, the last day of Cattle Show, and we had all been to the races. It was a crisp autumnal night, and growing dark, when I, a boy of twelve, drove up with a flourish to the "back stoop" of our house, got down with an air of importance, threw off my coat, and proceeded to unhitch the horses. "By this time," I exclaimed, in a loud and triumphant tone, "Pat must be as drunk as a fool, and I shall have to do all the work in the stable." But I had made a mistake. "No," said an angry voice out of the gathering darkness, "Pat isn't drunk." And Pat himself came forward, as sober as a judge. What caused this idiosyncrasy on his part I never discovered, but my unjust remark created a breach between us, which was not healed until I fell into an old well, back of the barn, and was rescued from drowning by Pat himself.

However, my recollections of the Hired Man relate chiefly to another member of the class, one James McNiece, an Irishman from the north of Ireland. He was a tall,

dark-haired, blue-eyed man, with a handsome though seamed and rugged face. He was rather Scotch than Irish in temperament, being stern and serious, and having no sense of humor. That he was a grave and dignified person may be gathered from the fact that no one ever called him "Jim." Even among his intimates, very few in number, he was always known as "James." He came to this country as a boy, but old enough to bring with him a stock of information and of traditions with which he regaled me on Sunday afternoons, when, dressed in his best clothes, but without his coat, he reclined in the wheelbarrow, on the shady side of the barn, while I sat on the trestle, or "horse," that supported the grindstone. In the old country, James had lived with an uncle, who, like Bob Sawyer's father, possessed "live horses innumerable," and James was a good horseman. He lacked the nice art of an English groom, but he knew how to use horses, and how to keep them fit for use. Moreover, he had perfect courage and coolness. We had one vicious horse, the terror of the whole family. He might have been got rid of, but a wholesome, conservative instinct for keeping things as they were operated in his favor; and although the elders of the family often wished that he was dead, and sometimes actually talked of selling him or of giving him away, he continued, year after year, to occupy a stall in our stable, and to do his share, or nearly his share, of the work. Various Hired Men had adventures with him. It was Tim, as I remember, that he kicked in the stomach, and it certainly was Mike whose fur cap, together with a considerable wisp of hair, was torn from his head, one winter's day, by the same horse. But Charley — so the beast was named — never got the better of James. I used to stand by in admiration, almost in awe, while James groomed him. There was no great trouble until the currycomb traveled down toward the region of Charley's hind leg; then the horse would show unmistakable signs of lashing out. At that stage in the proceedings all of our former Hired Men had discreetly and hurriedly got out of the way. Not so with James. As the horse drew back his leg to kick, James, instead of jumping out, would press in close to the animal's leg. Then, if the horse actually kicked, James would

receive a shove rather than a blow. But Charley never did carry out his evil intention; he was always successfully "bluffed." This action on the part of James was legitimate and well calculated, but it is not every man who would have the courage to perform it.

Perhaps the best thing about the Hired Man was that he identified his own interests with those of his employer. He always spoke of "our horses," never of "your horses." "Our" lawn was his pride, "our" cow was his concern, and he triumphantly contrasted "our" tomatoes with the inferior vegetables of a like kind which were raised next door. His employer's enemies became his own enemies, and his ardor in this respect sometimes had to be restrained. I remember that our Hired Man, Mike, a very red-headed Irishman, once committed a serious fault in this direction. Some words at town meeting had passed between my grandfather and Deacon Dutton. The next day — it so happened — Mike drove our double carriage into a hind wheel of Deacon Dutton's buggy with so much violence as to break several spokes, and to give the deacon a severe shaking up. Mike swore by all he held sacred that it was a pure accident; but the deacon threatened to prosecute, and I believe that my grandfather compromised the matter by paying the carriage-maker's bill for repairs. He censured Mike with proper gravity, but as he did so there was a twinkle in his eye which corresponded with a similar gleam in the latter's fiery orb.

This same truculent Mike hated negroes. He often gave me to understand that he was ready to kill any negro at sight. There may have been a slight exaggeration in this statement, but I have frequently known him to aim the pole of my grandfather's carriage at some African who chanced to be crossing the street when we came along. Very fortunately, we never quite impaled a negro, but there were several narrow escapes.

Almost all Irishmen have this hatred of negroes. Even James McNiece, of whom I have spoken already, could not endure a black man. He was no milksop. In fact, when he first served my grandfather, James kept wild company. Once, after being out very late, he was observed to have a black eye and a bruised hand. How he received these injuries, and what occurred to the per-

son or persons who inflicted them, we never knew. James was not the man to condescend to explanations. But it was currently reported, and at least half believed among "us children," that he had killed his antagonist outright. For several weeks afterward we momentarily feared to see the high sheriff, in his blue coat with brass buttons, — like Daniel Webster's, — drive into our yard and arrest James on a charge of murder.

However, James very soon gave up the sinful amusements of gambling, drinking, and fighting. He was, as I have said, of a stern, religious temperament, lacking the sense of humor, but hiding a tender heart under a rough exterior and a brusque manner. He was a good hater, and with all his heart — though why I never knew — he hated our opposite neighbor. Nevertheless, when that same neighbor was run away with, it was James who stopped the horse, and saved his enemy's life at the risk of his own. He was a devout Catholic, and once I accompanied him to a vesper service. In the pew with us were two young and pretty girls, who laughed and talked irreverently. James, then a young and good-looking man, leaned over and gravely rebuked them. Even my infantile imagination discerned that this was an act still more heroic than the conquest of Charley.

Parting with a Hired Man was always a sad affair, especially for the children of the family; but it was not the bitter, vulgar, exasperating experience which commonly attends a separation from the "Help," still more from the Servant. Hired Men commonly went away, not because they were dissatisfied nor because they were dismissed, but on account of some change in their circumstances. Mike, the red-haired, the fiery, enlisted in the army in 1862, and fell, with his face to the foe, at the battle of Malvern Hill; Pat, after many years of service, retired to a farm which he had hired; and James McNiece was lost to us in the following manner: —

One summer a strange maid was introduced in the house, as appurtenant to some new-fangled grandchildren. She was a Portuguese, pretty, graceful, and lively. For three months she made fun of James's serious face and grave ways, and at the end of that time, as the natural result, he married her. The marriage turned out

well. Children were born to them, and grew up strong and handsome. They moved to a large city, and, after some vicissitudes, James obtained a permanent place as teamster. He saved money, bought a little house, and the future looked smooth and pleasant before him. But a different fate was in store for James McNiece. I have often thought that these stern, grave people, who have no humor, who take life seriously, who struggle to obey their consciences, are bound to come to some tragic or premature end. Life is more than they can stand. With us light-minded people it is different. We have our little joke now and then. Misfortune may overwhelm us to-day, but to-morrow something strikes us as ridiculous, and we laugh, — the tension is relieved. One morning James McNiece met with an accident. The horse that he was driving ran away, and James was thrown out, run over by the heavy wagon, and killed instantly. His fellow-workmen carried the body home to his widow. "To me," she said long afterward, "he looked beautiful as he lay there in his old clothes."

And so died James McNiece, a good, brave man, who had done his duty, who had achieved what Burns, not without reason, called "the true pathos and sublime of human life." He was a type of the Hired Man, whom I extol for his fidelity, for his good nature, and lastly for a certain raciness of character. A friend as well as an employee, he avoided alike the impudence of the "Help" and the servility of the Servant.

A Runaway River. — Among the apothegms prevalent in my boyhood was one which averred that fortresses should be built by the Spanish, attacked by the French, and defended by the English. This saying had for me possessed small interest — being, as it seemed, the usual proverb in three cantos — until it was my fortune to sojourn in the dominions of Queen Isabella. I then had reason to admit the force of at least one statement made by this proverb; for, whether it be cathedral or fortress, wall or tower, the efforts of the Spanish architect are matchless. As to the Moor of earlier date, he has left behind such evidences in fountain, well, and aqueduct as to justify the claim made by his eulogists that he was the first and greatest of hydraulists.

With some such thoughts as these we cross the grand old Moorish bridge which spans the Guadalquivir, in search of a Roman city whose ruin was wrought through the waywardness of the yellow stream we leave behind us. Presently we overtake a dusky group whom we had fancied to be pilgrims like ourselves. But hark! the vibrant ejaculation, "*Arre, mula!*" It is the muleteer; and as for the ejaculation, have not our guidebooks told us that *arre* is, *Arabice*, "gee up"? So it is. The Arabic lingers in the slang and imprecations heard in the humbler purlieus of the country, long after that stately language has been generally replaced by the resonant Castilian, just as the tawny waters which we have crossed must long have lingered in pool and shallow after the mighty torrent had taken its route elsewhere for the sea.

Flushing with this idea, we step forward and ask the man whose Arabic has given us pause the name of the town that lies before us. Promptly he replies, "*Talca.*" Thus, with other fragments of the language of Spain's early conquerors, is preserved the Arabic corruption of the name of an ancient town, the birthplace of three Roman emperors. The course of the Guadalquivir having changed, the city followed it, reëstablishing itself on the site of what is now known as Seville; and to the abandoned portion was given the name *Sevilla la Vieja*. The obscurity in which it has slumbered these several hundred years may be compared to that which has overtaken some Pennsylvania town skipped by the railway, that dry river of enterprise and traffic. Observing how a place once so great and famous almost fades from the face of the earth for no better reason than that its river has absconded, can we wonder that the facile passageway which water affords is so essential a part of a city's life?

What we behold in *Sevilla la Vieja* is a wilderness of gray rocks, mostly shapeless, covered with verdure and undergrowth, swarming with sheep, goats, and other animals, as though the insect inhabitants of such decay had grown to giant size. Some small concession there may be to the living and the human in the form of streets, possibly implying a municipality and a mayor, though of either there is little indication in the prospect before us: all consciousness

of the life of the present is swallowed up in the vast, the preponderating evidences of the past.

More gray ruins. With its tumbling and tumbled walls, the place seems too gray for a ghost. Such people as once may have walked these streets appear to have been dead so long that they have forgotten to haunt. The aqueduct, broken in at various places, its archways dislodged and fallen, gives the impression of a monster serpent decayed all save its skeleton, and that partially so. And here let me observe that, for some reason, all ruins, from the Roman on the Moselle to those under consideration, are specially in league with luxuriant nature. Within their mournful precincts the verdure is unusually green; the wild flowers are deeper in hue; even the children playing around the crumbling débris seem brighter-eyed and fresher in color than children elsewhere; in a word, all that nature can do in lifting up a voice of protest against the incursions of time is here more conspicuous than elsewhere. Never have I heard such happy laughter as on this spot of earth; the very streams gurgling through the caved-in aqueduct have more of the plashy music of my native brooks than I have listened to in any liquid numbers heard outside the land of home.

The sheep and the goats which are grazing and gamboling about the place seem to have eaten in Arabia of that "insane root" said to take captive the goatish reason. There is something wild in their leaps; a suggestion, moreover, that their horns grow longer and in a finer curve than elsewhere is the nature of their kind. And the sheep, — ah, well, they are the merino sheep which the Ohio farmer has learned to appreciate and to breed.

But look! Coming down the hillside a figure approaches that may have stepped forth bodily from the pages of *Don Quixote* or of *Gil Blas*. It is a swineherd. He wears a jerkin of sheepskin, with the wool turned out on warm days, turned in when the weather is cold, and secured by a belt of the same material. He holds in his hand a long slender staff, which needs only to be bent at the end to look like the shepherd's crook in picture. He is accompanied by a score or two of most eloquent pigs, jet black and glossy; having rather long legs, yet nevertheless exceedingly fat. They

have been fed on acorns in the forest, and are now brought down to drink of the sweet water that flows from this dismantled archway of the past. Their sunset draught being finished, the swineherd gathers them under his unbending crook, and goes off with them in the direction of the mountains.

And now approaches his reverence, a lean, ascetic parish priest. His shovel hat is in good condition, though well worn. His cassock shows that he respects his calling, and that he requires respect from his penitents. Nearing our party, his face lights up with an expression of absolute benignity. He raises his trembling hands and administers a blessing, all the more pathetic because he is old and poor, and much of his asceticism is evidently due to hunger; for his parish can afford none of the luxuries of life, and but scantily some of the necessities. The respectful obeisance of our muleteer shows us that even his lawless class reveres the good *padre*. As the priest moves slowly away, we hear the deep tone of the bell of the church towards which he is walking. The children cease their gambols, muleteer and peasant and artisan stand still, and I know that the spell of the Ave Maria is upon all.

"And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer."

After the brief services announced by that sweet-toned bell, a repast is offered by our priest, — a repast most simple and primitive, consisting of nothing but a little fruit and some of the delicious bread of the country. The very crust is a luxury, and for that reason, to increase its surface, the loaves are made in the shape of crabs. Some goat's milk, taken from the horn drinking-cup, concludes the refectation. Now follows an embarrassed effort at repayment, wholly unsuccessful, though clerical poverty is eloquent in glazed cassock and broken shoon.

As we return, the sun having now descended behind the olive-crowned hills, we are inevitably reminded of another Mount of Olives, associating it in our thoughts with all that is sweet and forgiving and unresisting in the life we have been observing

here. Meanwhile, our reverie is pervaded by the tinkle of innumerable bells, as of returning flocks. Other and larger bells, at varying distances, speak of summons to vespers or to refectation. I recall what an officer in the Mexican war once told me: that everywhere in Spanish America these metallic tongues have a magic music of their own that compels in the rugged volunteer thoughts of chivalry and romance, if not of religious devotion. He further declared that the making of church bells with the melody which is resonant of heaven has for centuries been a lost art. They are no longer made in Mexico, although there, as in Spain, they are still to be heard in perfection.

As the penumbra of evening gathers into the gloaming, objects grow more indistinct to sight, while sounds arise with an increased significance of audible distinctness; just as the sense of hearing is believed to be enhanced by the loss of sight. The vague outlines of tree, rock, and ruin become illustrated, as it were, by the "Arre, mula!" of the muleteer. All noises and humming sounds seem to converge into a torrent of melody which now we recognize as the vesper hymn of some neighboring convent. The gloaming deepens, till out come the stars; not faltering forth with the hesitating twinkle of our own climate and atmosphere, but shining with the full, steady confidence, the joyous effulgence, of stars and planets that know how glad the world will be to view them. One bright particular star seems to us to halt over the Moorish bridge by which we return on our way to Seville. Beautifully clear shines this star, casting a sheen like that of a rising younger moon upon the trembling waters of the Guadalquivir. It starts a remembrance of that old Spanish ballad so admirably translated by Lockhart: —

"My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war;
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star."

Such was, and in memory remains, a twilight view of Seville the Old; such the gray mood of ruins, such the vagaries of a runaway river.